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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL & JULY, 1816.

VOL. XV.

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8. *Histoire Générale et Impartiale des Erreurs, des Fautes, et des Crimes, commis pendant la Révolution Française.* (Par Prudhomme). 6 tom. Paris. An. V. (1797).

AMONG the many historical works to which the French Revolution has given birth, the two most interesting are, beyond doubt, Madame Roland's Appeal to Posterity, and the Memoirs of the Marchioness de la Roche Jaquelein. The most injured royalist could not peruse the former without feeling some degree of reluctant respect for the best of the republicans:—the most stoical republican could not read the latter without acknowledging the virtue, admiring the heroism, and regretting the fate

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of the defenders of the French monarchy. Now that the contest is over, both parties might derive from these books a wholesome lesson of political charity; and in all times, wherever they may be read, they will convince a wise and well regulated mind, that of all evils—of all miseries—of all curses which can befal a civilized country,—revolution is the greatest.

Victorine Donnissan, Marchioness de la Roche Jaquelein, was the only child of the Marquis de Donnissan, *gentilhomme d'honneur* to Monsieur, at present Louis XVIII. Her mother, daughter of the Duc de Civrac, was *dame d'atours* to Madame Victoire. Her parents being thus attached to the court, Victorine was born at Versailles, in 1772, and educated in the Chateau, where she remained till the royal family were dragged to Paris, in 1789. From her childhood she was designed to marry her first cousin, the Marquis de Lescure. Lescure's father was a gambler and a debauchee; and, as if his own ill example were not sufficient to corrupt this his only son, he chose for his tutor a man who was the confidant and companion of his debaucheries! and the father and tutor, when they had involved themselves in any difficulty by their profligate conduct, went to the son for advice and consolation! At the age of eighteen, Lescure was left with a debt of 800,000 francs, incurred by this dissolute parent: he was advised rather to renounce his inheritance than charge himself with the payment; a sense of honour forbade this; and in the course of six years he paid off three-fourths of the debt, and remained with a yearly revenue of 80,000 francs. The former state of embarrassment had occasioned the marriage-contract to be broken; it was renewed when his affairs were thus re-established. At the age of thirteen he had entered the Military School, and remained there three years. His person was good, but he was shy, awkward, and reserved: a deep sense of religion enabled him to restrain passions which were naturally strong; and the same religious feeling insulated him at court, and in the world in which he lived.—A silent man, of solitary and repulsive habits, he loved to dwell upon his own thoughts, and was attached, sometimes even with obstinacy, to his own opinions; but his disposition was gentle, and no circumstance ever disturbed his perfect equanimity. Such a character bears little resemblance to the 'fair ideal' of a maiden's imagination: Victorine, however, from long regarding him as her future husband, had learnt to appreciate the real excellencies of his nature, and esteem and love had grown together. Poitou was his native province; the greater part of that country was attached to the royal cause, and in the summer of 1791, when the revolution had taken a course which, unless it were violently opposed, could only end in the overthrow of the monarchy, a confederacy was formed there, whose movements

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movements were connected with the intended escape of the king. Two regiments had been secured, one of which formed the garrison of Rochelle; 30,000 men would have been ready at the signal, and the general disposition of the country was calculated upon with well-founded certainty. They were to have joined another confederacy, organized in like manner, who would have taken possession of the roads about Lyons, and entered Provence from Savoy to put themselves at the head of the royalist armies. Drouet, the post-master of Varennes, prevented the success of a plan which would have accelerated the civil war, but might not improbably have prevented the most atrocious crimes of the French Revolution. Thus disappointed, the nobles of Poitou took the fatal resolution of emigrating;—it is to this emigration more than any other single cause, that the subsequent evils must be imputed. Lescure, unwillingly, as it appears, went with the current: he returned in consequence of his grandmother's illness, and learning, from diplomatic authority, that there was no likelihood of immediate war, and that he might remain in France during the winter—the interval was chosen for his marriage! Above all other people the French seem to possess a faculty of putting off the thought of misery, and of escaping from its pressure when it comes.

This inauspicious marriage was effected at the end of October, 1791, with emigration and civil war before his eyes! In the ensuing February, the new married couple prepared to quit the country, as almost all of their rank had done. They stopped at Paris on their way; there the queen saw the marchioness, and learning from her her husband's purpose, desired that he would remain in France. This happened immediately after the decree for confiscating the property of the emigrants; and the marchioness, fearful that her husband's character might suffer, (for his intention was known to the party, and he stood pledged to its performance,) entreated the Princess de Lamballe to represent this to the queen. The queen's answer was, 'I have nothing further to say to M. de Lescure; it is for him to consult his conscience, his duty and his honour: but he ought to remember, that the defenders of the throne are always in their place when they are near the king.' His reply when this was repeated to him marks his character—'I should become vile in my own eyes,' said he, 'if I could hesitate a moment between my reputation and my duty. I trust I shall be enabled to prove, that if I remain, it is neither from motives of fear nor of avarice; but if this should not happen, if my orders should for ever remain unknown, I shall have sacrificed my honour to the king, but I shall only have done my duty.' M. Bernard de Marigny, a kinsman and friend of Lescure's, had accompanied him to

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Paris, meaning to partake his fortunes; seeing that his friend was continually at the court, he expressed his determination to follow his conduct, without requiring to be informed of the reasons by which it was governed. This confidence procured for him a similar order to remain in France. Marigny became afterwards one of the most distinguished leaders in La Vendée.

On the 9th of August, it was reported that the Tuileries would be attacked the following day. Lescure would have gone to pass the night there, and be ready to bear part in its defence, for which purpose he always went secretly armed; but M. de Montmorin came from the palace to assure him they were well informed that the attack would not be made till the 12th, and that for the present all was safe, nothing more being intended by the revolutionists than an attempt upon the arsenal, which would be resisted by the national guards. About midnight the stir began; and Lescure saw from the window of his hotel, the armed force of the section assemble, with as little noise as possible. Between two and three in the morning, the tocsin was rung, and Lescure and Marigny apprehending that the court had been deceived, went out to repair to their posts. It was too late—all the avenues were guarded. They were separated in the crowd—Marigny was borne away by the press of the assailants into the midst of the attack, and must have borne a part in it if he had not escaped by carrying away a woman who was wounded by his side. After the fatal events of this day, they were no longer in safety at their hotel; so they disguised themselves and sought shelter at the house of an old servant, in a different part of the town. Victorine's father and mother went first and arrived safely; she herself was in the seventh month of her pregnancy, and followed with her husband, whom she prevailed upon to lay aside his pistols, lest he should be recognized for a Knight of the Poignard, the appellation by which the adherents of the royal family were marked for destruction. When they reached the Champs Elysées, a woman seized Lescure's arm and besought him to protect her from a fellow who meant to murder her; she hung upon one arm, his wife upon the other, and the Sans-Culotte, who was completely drunk, came up and told his story. He wanted to go and kill some Swiss, he said, and had asked this woman the way to the Tuileries; instead of answering him she had run away, and therefore she was an aristocrat: he had killed some of that breed already in the course of the day, and this would be one more. Lescure, with his usual coolness, told the man he was right, and that he himself was going to the Tuileries: the place where they were was lonely, and he could easily have overpowered this wretch, if the two women, whom fear had deprived of all reason, had not clung to him. Nothing therefore could be done

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done but to amuse the man, deceive him, and get rid of him; and in this he succeeded, at last, by appointing a place where they should meet when he had put his wife in safety, noticing her situation, and saying she was a poor coward. Satisfied with this arrangement, the fellow departed, but not without repeatedly expressing a suspicion that they were aristocrats themselves, and a great inclination to murder the woman. It was night: the barracks of the Tuileries were on fire—cannon and musketry were still heard at times,—the streets were filled with wretches armed with pikes, covered with blood, and crying out for more. Many or most of them were drunk. In the midst of this infernal crowd, Victorine, completely bewildered with her fear, repeated mechanically the exclamations which she heard on all sides—Illuminate!—Break the windows!—*Vivent les Sans-Culottes!*

This was but a prelude to the scenes through which Victorine was destined to pass. They effected their escape by means of Thomassin, the libertine tutor of Lescure; this man was a revolutionist, but he loved his former pupil, and being a commissary of police, and a captain in his section, obtained passports for the family, and escorted them himself to Clisson, their chateau in that part of Poitou, which in the country itself is called Le Pays du Bocage, and is now so well known in history by the name of La Vendée. But for Thomassin's assistance they could not have effected their journey, and according to all probability would have been massacred in Paris. Humanly speaking, death would have been better than the long sufferings to which they were reserved; but those sufferings were the means of calling forth virtues which might else never have been unfolded, and those virtues have their reward here and hereafter.

The Bocage is an appellation of local fitness which has been disregarded in the political divisions of the country. Under the old monarchy it made part of Poitou, of Anjou, and of the Comté Nantais; under the revolutionary distribution, it lies in the four departments of the Lower Loire, the Maine and Loire, the two Sèvres, and La Vendée. The nature of the country and the character and circumstances of the inhabitants were alike peculiar; the whole surface consists of low hills and narrow vallies, scarcely a single eminence rises above the other sufficiently to give a commanding view, and there is no extent of level ground. These vallies are watered with innumerable brooklets flowing in different directions, some towards the Loire, some making their way to the sea, others winding till they reach the Plain, a slip of land on the south border of the Bocage, where they form small rivers.—Such is the general appearance of the country. Along the Sèvre toward Nantes it assumes a wilder character; farther east, toward the

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Loire, the vallies expand, and the declivities fall in wider sweeps. There are few forests, but the whole region has the woody appearance of a Flemish landscape. The inclosures are small and always surrounded with quick hedges, in which trees stand thickly; these trees are pollarded every fifth year, a stem of twelve or fifteen feet being left standing. Only one great road, that from Nantes to Rochelle, traverses the country. Between this, and the road from Tours to Bordeaux by way of Poitiers, an interval of nearly 100 miles, there are only cross roads of the worst description. The bye-ways are like those in Herefordshire, where the best account which a traveller hears is, that there is a good bottom when you come to it. They are narrow passes worn in a deep soil between high hedges, which sometimes meet over head; miry in the wet season, and rugged in summer; upon a descent, the way usually serves both for a road and the bed of a brook. One of these ways is like another; at the end of every field you come to a cross-road, and the inhabitants themselves are bewildered in this endless labyrinth if they go a few miles from their own home.

The Bocage includes about seven-ninths of the Vendean country. There are two other natural divisions; the Plain, which has already been slightly mentioned, and which took no direct part in the war; and the Marsh, or the sea coast, a track intersected with innumerable ditches and canals, where the inhabitants bear all the external marks of sickliness and misery: yet have they enjoyments of their own; and charms might be found in the region itself, were it not for its insalubrity. M. Berthre de Bourniseaux, a Vendean, compares his native country to a vast body covered with arteries—but without a heart; without roads, without navigable rivers, without any means of exportation—it had no trade to stimulate, no centre to enliven, no cities to civilize it. The largest towns contained not more than from 2 to 3000 inhabitants: the villages were small and at wide intervals, and the country was divided into small farms, rarely any one exceeding 600 francs in rent. The chief wealth was in cattle, and the landholders usually divided the produce with the tenant. A property which consisted of five and twenty or thirty such farms was thought considerable. There was therefore no odious inequality in La Vendée, and the lord and vassals were connected by ties which retained all that was good of the feudal system, while all that was evil had past away. The French writers lament the unimproved state of the people, their ignorance, their prejudices and their superstitions; but no where in France were the peasantry more innocent or more contented, no where have they shewn themselves capable of equal exertions and equal heroism. There was little pride among the gentry, and no ostentation; they dwelt more upon their estates than was usual in

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in other provinces, and thus for the most part escaped the leprous infections of Paris. Their luxury lay in hospitality, and the chase was their sole amusement; in this the peasantry had their share. When the wolf, the boar, or the stag was to be hunted, the *Curé* gave notice in the church, and the country turned out at the time and place appointed, every man with his gun, with the same alacrity and obedience which they afterwards displayed in war. On Sundays the peasantry danced in the court of the Chateau, and the ladies of the family joined them. The lords seem to have been their own stewards; they went about their farms, talked with their tenants, saw things with their own eyes, shared in the losses as well as the gains, attended at the weddings and drank with the guests. It was not possible that revolutionary principles could mislead a people thus circumstanced.

There are historical grounds for supposing that the Vendeans are descended from the Huns, Vandals and Picts who subdued the western parts of France; their form and complexion support this opinion, giving strong indications that they are neither of Gallic nor Frank descent. Perhaps nothing distinguishes them more from Frenchmen in general than their remarkable taciturnity, unless it be the purity of manners for which their countrymen extol them. Drunkenness is the sin which most easily besets them; worse vices are said to have been almost unknown to them before the civil wars, and the Vendeans in general were said to be good fathers, good sons and good husbands. Few quarrels occurred among them, and no law-suits; they had a wholesome proverb, that no saint had ever been a lawyer, and their disputes therefore were always referred and easily accommodated by friendly arbitration. Among their sports, there are two which seem deserving of notice. Commune would challenge commune to a trial of strength, like that which concludes the game of Steal-clothes in the West of England—a line is drawn, an equal number of picked men lay hold of a long rope, and the party which pulls the other out of its own ground is victorious. The other sport is of an intellectual character. He who kills a pig usually invites his neighbours to a feast, which is called *les rilles;* after the supper, when their spirits are all raised by wine, some one of the company mounts the table and delivers a satirical sermon. *La manière de faire l'amour tient un peu dans ce pays de celle des chats,* says M. Bourniseaux. The men pinch the girls, untie their aprons, and steal kisses, for all which the girls box their ears in return. At marriages, the bride-maids present the bride with a distaff and spindle, to remind her of her domestic duties; and with a branch of thorn, ornamented with ribbands and fruit or sweetmeats, emblematical of the sorrows as well as pleasures of the state which she is about to enter: at the

same time a marriage song is sung; its tenour is that the season of joy and thoughtlessness is past, that the morning of life is gone by, that the noon is full of cares, and that as the day advances we must prepare for trouble and grief;—a mournful but wholesome lesson which is seldom heard without tears. If the bride has an elder sister still in her state of spinstership, she is made to spin coarse flax; and if an elder brother of the bridegroom be unmarried, he has the severe task assigned him of making a faggot of thorns. The sports continue till all the wine is consumed.

The smaller landholders and the townsmen were on good terms with the nobles, but had not the same attachment to them as was felt by the peasantry. Among them the beginning of the revolution was regarded with pleasure; the towns indeed were generally attached to the new principles, but the bond of good-will was not broken, and the Vendeans acquit their countrymen, who took part with the republic, of any share in the atrocities which were committed. In the Plain, some personal animosity was displayed during the first movement of 1789, and some chateaux were destroyed;—this part of the country was much more civilized, and it may be presumed that vice had kept pace with civilization. But in the Bocage the people wished to remain as they were, believing that no change could improve a condition in which they enjoyed peace, plenty, security, and contentment. When the national guards were formed, the lord was called upon in every parish to take the command; when mayors were to be appointed, it was the lord who was every where chosen; and when orders were published to remove the seats of the lords from the churches, they were not obeyed in La Vendée. The peasantry had neither been stung by insults nor aggrieved by oppression; they regarded the lords as their friends and benefactors, and respect and gratitude are natural to the heart of uncorrupted man. The law which imposed a constitutional oath upon the clergy injured them more deeply: their priests were almost all born among them, they spoke the dialect as their mother tongue, they were bred up in the same habits, and the people were attached to them by every possible tie of respect and love. Even General Turreau confesses that their lives were exemplary and their manners truly patriarchal,—*il faut en convenir, la plupart de ceux-ci menaient une vie exemplaire, et avaient conservé les mœurs patriarchales.* When therefore their pastors were superseded by men who had taken an oath which the Vendeans held in abhorrence, the churches were deserted, the new clergy were in some places insulted, in others driven away:—in a parish consisting of 4000 inhabitants, one of these men could not obtain fire to light the church tapers. Partial insurrections took place and blood was shed.

A peasant

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A peasant of Bas Poitou resisted the *gendarmes* with a pitchfork; he had received two and twenty sabre strokes, when they cried to him *Rends-toi!—Rendez-moi mon-Dieu!* was his reply, and he died as the words were uttered.

After the 10th of August, a persecution of the refractory priests began; and the peasants, like the Cameronians in Scotland, gathered together, arms in hand, to hear mass in the field, and die in defending their spiritual father. More than forty parishes assembled tumultuously; the national guards of the Plain routed this ill-armed and worse conducted crowd, and slew about an hundred in the field. Life and free pardon were offered to others if they would only cry *Vive la nation!* there were very few who would accept of life upon these terms: the greater number fell on their knees, not in supplication to man, but in prayer to Heaven, and offered themselves bravely to the stroke of death;—from man they requested no other favours than that a little earth might be thrown over their remains, to preserve them from the wolves and dogs. *Je me garderai bien,* says M. Bourniseaux, *de tracer le tableau des horreurs qui souillèrent la victoire; je passerai sous silence ces femmes, ces enfans massacrés, ces membres sanglans mis au bout des baïonettes et portés en triomphe. Ces horreurs sont malheureusement inséparables des guerres civiles.* M. Alphonse de Beauchamp repeats the same reflection, in the same words, *more suo,* presenting the thoughts and the very language of the writers from whom he compiles as though they were his own. The reflection, however, is not true; these horrors are not inseparable from civil war, grievous as its inevitable evils are. We in England, for instance, have had civil wars, long, obstinate and bloody contests, in which the strongest passions and most powerful principles were at work; but the English never wore human ears for cockades, they never cut off noses to stick upon their bayonets, they never butchered women and children, they had no noyades, no fusillades, no Septembrizings! These were acts of individual cruelty,—ebullitions of that national character which has made the civil wars of France more atrocious than those of any other European people. The government had not yet begun its course of blood, and the Commission which tried the prisoners at Niort, with wise humanity laid the whole upon the dead or the absent, and did not condemn a single person. This insurrection occurred only a few days before Lescure and his family arrived at Clisson; the first news which followed them was of the September massacres, in which many of their dearest friends had fallen. Their chateau was situated in a parish which had taken no part in the tumults, being on the edge of the country near the Plain; the opinions of the people were less violent; and the priests, by a sort of Catholic equivocation, had contrived to

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to take the constitutional oath and protest against any thing which it might contain contrary to the Apostolical and Romish religion. Lescure was believed to be a man wholly devoted to religion and study; for this reason he was unmolested, and Clisson became an asylum for many persons who stood in need of one at this time. Of these, the two most important were Marigny, who still continued to share their fortunes, and Henri de la Roche Jaquelein, the most distinguished of a family to which the Bourbons can never be too grateful. Roche Jaquelein was the cousin and friend of Lescure. The marchioness describes him as a young man simple in his manners, timid in deportment, laconic and unaffected in speech: he had lived little in the world, and was but twenty years old. His countenance, she says, was rather English than French, and a portrait in M. Alphonse de Beauchamp's work confirms this. Notwithstanding an air of timidity, his eyes were quick and animated, and it was not long before events fixed in his features the fierce and ardent expression which denoted his heroic character. He was an officer in the King's Constitutional Guards, and with his friend, Charles d'Autichamp, had escaped, as if by miracle, from the Tuileries on the 10th of August. With equal good fortune they effected their escape also from the capital, which was at that time one wide prison for the royalists. The Abbess of St. Auxonne, sister to the Duc de Civrac, and aunt to Victorine's mother, was another of the refugees at Clisson; the greater number of its inhabitants were women and aged persons; the servants were very numerous, and almost all thoroughly devoted to their masters. Only the maitre d'hotel, and the valet who had been Madame de Lescure's surgeon, were warm revolutionists; but they had been faithful servants, and there was no reason to think that their political principles had divested them of old attachments, duty, and humanity.

At the end of October, Victorine was delivered of a daughter, the unhappy offspring of a most ill-timed and ill-starred union. Under other circumstances she would have nursed the infant herself. But 'Woe unto them that are with child and to them that give suck in those days!' The signs of the times were not then to be mistaken; sooner or later she knew that the storm must break, and she held herself ready to follow Lescure wherever his fate might call him, whether to prison, or to the field. He and Roche Jaquelein had hoped that some timely effort would be made in behalf of the King, or at least that a coup-de-main would be attempted for his rescue, holding themselves ready for any summons. This hope was frustrated; but he foresaw that the Vendeans would be driven into insurrection, and he was determined to cast his fortunes into the same scale. He took no measures to accelerate this event, and made no combinations to ensure its

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its success; but he knew that it must take place, and eagerly desired it. The revolutionary writers insist that the war in La Vendée was the result of plans long existing, and ably concerted; but upon this subject the testimony of the marchioness would be decisive, even if it stood alone—it is, however, confirmed by the best and most unprejudiced writers.

General Turreau says, *il faut être bien ignorant ou de bien mauvaise foi, pour assigner une cause éventuelle et instantanée à la révolte du Bas Poitou.* General Turreau was the faithful servant of the Convention in its bloodiest days, and the faithful servant of Buonaparte after his return from Elba: he hated the old government, and he hated the Bourbons whatever government they might establish; but he never objected to the wildest excesses of revolutionary madness, nor to the heaviest yoke of imperial despotism. General Turreau therefore may be sincere in disbelieving that a sense of religion and loyalty could instantaneously rouse a brave and simple people to arms, because, never having felt either the one sentiment or the other, he is utterly ignorant of their nature and their strength. He supposes a conspiracy of the emigrants, the nobles, and the priests, fomented by foreign powers. M. Bourniseaux, with more knowledge of the circumstances and the people, with more truth, with sounder philosophy, and with a better heart, ascribes the moving impulse to its real source. To expect, he says, that the nobles and clergy, insulted, injured, outraged and plundered as they were by the Revolution, should have embraced the Revolution, would be to know little of the human heart, *ç'eut été demander à la philosophie un miracle, et l'on sait que la philosophie n'en fit jamais.* But he declares, that in the insurrection of La Vendée the priests and nobles were, for the most part, forced to make common cause with the insurgents; that, with very few exceptions, they did not come forward voluntarily to take the lead; that having taken arms they exerted themselves strenuously; but that when terms of pacification were proposed, they were the first to submit, and the peasantry were the last. That the peasants should thus have acted, he says, may well astonish posterity; for they derived nothing but benefit from the revolution, which delivered them from the payment of tithes, and from the feudal grievances. Thus, however, it was: in jacobinical phrase, they were not ripe for the revolution; which is, being interpreted, they loved their king and their God, their morals were uncorrupt, their piety was sincere and fervent, their sense of duty towards God and man unshaken. Hitherto what tumults had broken out had been partial, and provoked merely by local vexations, chiefly respecting the priests; but when the Convention called for a conscription of 300,000 men, a measure which would have forced their

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their sons to fight for a cause which they abhorred, one feeling of indignation rose through the whole country, and the insurrection through all La Vendée broke forth simultaneously and without concert or plan. The same principle which made them take arms made them look to their own gentry for leaders; the opportunity was favourable; nor can it now be doubted, that if the Bourbon princes and the allied powers had known how to profit by the numerous opportunities offered them in these western provinces, the monarchy might long since have been restored.

The 10th of March, 1793, was the day appointed for drawing the conscription at St. Florent in Anjou, upon the banks of the Loire. The young men assembled with a determination not to submit to it; after exhorting them in vain, the republican commander brought out a piece of cannon to intimidate them, and fired upon them; they got possession of the gun, routed the gendarmes, burnt the papers, and after passing the rest of the day in rejoicing, returned to grow sober, and contemplate upon the vengeance which would follow them. One of the most respectable peasants in this part of the country was a wool-dealer of the village of Pin en Mauges, by name Jaques Cathelineau. As soon as this man heard what had past, he saw what the consequence would be, and took the noble resolution of standing up for his king and country,—facing the evils which were not to be avoided, and doing his duty manfully in arms, secure of the approbation of his own heart whatever might be the event. His wife entreated him not to form this perilous resolution, but this was no time for such humanities; leaving his work, he called the villagers about him, described the punishment that would be inflicted upon the whole district, and urged them to take arms. About twenty young men promised to follow wherever he would lead; he was greatly beloved and respected in his neighbourhood, being a man of quiet manners, great piety, and strong natural talents. They rang the tocsin in the village of Poitevinière; their number soon amounted to about an hundred, and they determined to attack a party of about eighty republicans, who were posted at Jallars with a piece of cannon. On the way they gathered more force; they carried the post, took some horses and prisoners, and got possession of the gun, which they named *le Missionaire*. Encouraged by this success, which also increased their numbers, they attacked 200 republicans the same day, at Chemillé, with three pieces of artillery, and they met with the same success. At the same time, a young man, by name Foret, in the same part of the country, killed a gendarme who sought to arrest him, ran to the church, rang the toscin, and raised a second body of insurgents. A third was raised in like manner by Stofflet, a man who had served sixteen years as a soldier, and was at

at that time gamekeeper to the Marquis de Maulevrier. On the 16th of March both these troops joined Cathelineau; they marched that very day upon Chollet, the most important town in that part of the country, garrisoned by five hundred soldiers. These also fell into their power, and they found there arms, ammunition, and money. Easter was at hand; and the insurgents, thinking they had done enough to make themselves feared, thought they might keep the holidays as usual; they dispersed every man to his own house; and a republican column from Angers traversed the country without meeting with the slightest resistance, and also without committing the slightest act of violence;—a moderation which M. de la Roche Jaquelein ascribes to fear.

When the holidays were over, the insurgents appeared again; success had given them confidence in their strength; and looking forward with hope of some important results from the devoted spirit of loyalty which they felt in themselves, and which they well knew pervaded the country, they called for the gentry of the country to lead them on. The man who was most respected in their immediate neighbourhood, was M. Gigot d'Elbée—in his youth he had served in the Saxon army, afterwards as a lieutenant in the Regiment Dauphin-Cavalerie, from which he retired in disgust (if General Turreau may be believed) because he was refused a company.—At this time he was about forty years of age, and resided in the commune of St. Martin de Beaupreau, upon an estate which produced an income of from 3 to 4000 livres. M. Alphonse de Beauchamp, who, when plagiarism fails him, makes as little scruple of supplying the want of knowledge by invention as he does of appropriating to himself the labours of others, pretends that D'Elbée was deeply involved in a plan which the Marquis de la Rouarie had concerted for raising an insurrection in Bretagne; that he had set on foot the movement of Anjou; and was only now called upon to direct measures openly, which he had hitherto guided in secret. M. le Bouvier-Desmortiers, the biographer of Charette, derides this imagination, and demonstrates its absurdity. This author knew D'Elbée intimately, and affirms that, like most of the nobles and gentry, he was compelled to take the field by the peasants. D'Elbée was a man of domestic habits, scrupulous religion, and moral life; fondly attached to his wife, who is extolled both for her virtue and personal accomplishments, and whose love and fidelity were attested by her heroic death. She was in child-bed when the insurgents called upon her husband to come forward in the cause of their God and their king. D'Elbée would not, of his own choice, have taken this perilous post, for he was unmolested and happy, and at that time might have hoped to remain so; but when no choice was left him, he made a virtue

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a virtue of necessity—a wide field was open to his ambition—and he derived also from his thorough devotion to the cause in which he was engaged, and from the satisfaction of performing his duty to the utmost, a more animating support than the most aspiring hopes of mere earthly ambition could have ministered.

M. Artus de Bonchamp dwelt in the same canton with M. D'Elbée, and joined the insurgents at the same time and in the same manner. His military talents were great; and in the history of these dreadful times few Frenchmen have left a more unsullied reputation, or a more honourable name. While these events took place in Anjou, a more general commotion arose in Bas Poitou, from the same predisposing causes and the same immediate occasion. Scarcely a parish from Fontenay to Nantes submitted to the conscription. A barber, by name Gaston, took the command of a party of insurgents, slew a republican officer, put on his uniform, got possession of Challans, then marched against St. Gervais, and was killed. This man disappeared so soon from the stage, that his name and existence were scarcely known in La Vendée; but by one of those odd chances whereby temporary celebrity is sometimes acquired, this Gaston became famous throughout France and Europe. We well remember the figure he made in the English newspapers; Carra denounced him as Generalissimo of the Vendeans, and a member of the Convention who happened to be of the same name, was called upon from the tribune to answer if he were not the brother of the chief of the rebels. The name happened to be distinguished in French history, and to this, no doubt, was owing, in great part, the general reputation of a man who perished as soon as he was heard of. A more conspicuous personage soon appeared upon the same theatre. François Athanase Charette de la Conterie, of a noble and ancient Breton family, was at this time in his 30th year, and had been six years a lieutenant in the navy: his body was feeble, his habits effeminate and frivolous: but the moral picture of a French hero can only fitly be given in the words of a French biographer. We translate the passage; because it ought not to be presumed in this country that every person can read a language which it is scarcely possible to read without contracting some pollution, so extensively and radically is its whole literature depraved.

'Having arrived at that amiable but dangerous age,'—(says M. Le Bouvier-Desmortiers; and be it remembered that this writer is an ancient Magistrate, a Member of the Paris Society of Sciences, Letters and Arts, of the Philosophic and Galvanic Societies, and of the Rouen Academy of Sciences, Fine Literature and Arts,)—'Having arrived,' says this Ancient Magistrate, 'at that amiable but dangerous age, when existence

existence abounds and gives to our new inclinations, in spite of ourselves, a direction which influences the happiness or the unhappiness of life, Charette felt strongly the necessity of loving, or rather let us say of calming the tumult of his senses. Endowed with more ardour than sensibility, he found and constantly followed the maxim of Buffon,* that in love all that is not physical is good for nothing. He loved women very much for his own sake, very little for theirs; always won by them, but never subjected, he gave himself up to the impulse of passion, without bending his soul to the insinuating and sometimes perfidious blandishments of a mistress. This empire over himself, which he knew how to preserve from beauty, did not render him less tender in his connections, and never did any frivolous indiscretion, stinging irony, or bitter criticism,—failings almost inseparable from a man fortunate in his amours, afflict the object whose pleasures he had partaken. Women of sensibility who have been loved by him, you have had sometimes to complain of his fickleness, but you felt the value of his delicacy, you did not accuse him of languor, and charming recollections may make you proud of having crowned with the myrtles of love, the man who was one day to be adorned with the palms of glory.'

It may safely be admitted that we have not in all the three kingdoms an Ancient Magistrate capable of writing like this! M. Le Bouvier-Desmortiers tells us further that as his hero was thus passionately attached to women, and incessantly animated with the desire of pleasing them, he of course employed the art of adorning himself as one of the most approved means in the empire of the fair; that he made it his principal study; and that he occupied himself seriously in the most minute details of the toilet, which was to him less from necessity than from choice, an important business. The English reader may be assured, that the expressions of the Ancient Magistrate are not in the slightest point misrepresented; take them in his proper language.—'*Livré aux femmes et sans cesse animé du désir de plaire, Charette dut employer l' art de la parure comme un des moyens les plus accrédités dans l'empire des belles. Il en faisait sa principale étude. Gravement occupé des plus petits détails de la toilette, c'était chez lui une affaire importante moins encore par nécessité que par gout.*' Let it not be supposed that we have selected these blossoms of French morality with any intention of disparaging Charette, or detracting from his merits. Rather, if it were needful, would we draw from the follies and vices of his youth, a lesson of toleration and charity.

* *Amour, pourquoi fais-tu l'état-heureux de tous les êtres, et le malheur de l'homme? c'est qu'il n'y a que le physique de cette passion qui soit bon; c'est que, malgré ce que peuvent dire les gens épris, le moral n'en vaut rien.—Buffon's Discours sur la Nature des Animaux.*

Such was the execrable philosophy of Buffon; and the impurities of his life faithfully corresponded to such principles.

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The frivolity of his manners and the licentiousness of his life are surely more imputable to the infected atmosphere in which he lived, than to individual depravity; not so the energy, the fidelity, and the heroism which he afterwards displayed, these virtues were his own, and they entitle him to be remembered—if not with Du Guesclin—with the Dunois, the Xaintrailles, the La Hire, of his own country—with the Empecinado, the Porlier, and the Minas of Spain.

Charette's morals did not interfere with his religion,—rather the religion in which he was bred interfered little with morality. A faithful observer of public worship, (says his biographer,) he used to escape from the arms of voluptuousness to church, where he behaved with the reverence due to the sacred mysteries. About three years before this time, he had married a woman much older than himself, the rich widow of one of his kinsmen; he was now living upon his estate called La Fonte-Clause, about two leagues from the town of Machecoul, when the insurgents called upon him to take the command. He refused at first, and pointed out to them the perilous consequences of so rash a measure; a second time they came, and were a second time dismissed with the same prudential advice. But, on the 18th of March, a week after Cathelineau had raised the standard in Anjou, the insurgents again appeared, and declared they would put him to death unless he consented to be their leader. Well, said he, you force me to it, I will lead you on; but remember that you obey me, or I will punish you severely. An oath of obedience was voluntarily taken; and the chief and the people swore to be faithful to the king, and to combat and die for the re-establishment of their religion and the monarchy. *Voilà*, said Charette to those who stood near him, a business of which a naval officer understands nothing, and I shall commit many blunders without suspecting it.

A charge of cruelty has been made against Charette. M. de la Roche Jaquelein says, that from the day of his elevation, he approved, from policy, the cruelties of the insurgents, and suffered them to continue for some time, that there might be no longer any hope of an amnesty, or any thought of arrangements with the ruling powers. Turreau calls him the most ferocious of all the rebel chiefs; and the massacres which were at this time committed by the insurgents at Machecoul, a town of which he was in possession, are imputed to him not only by republican but by royalist writers. From this charge his biographer attempts to vindicate him. Immediately before he took the command, these insurgents had been defeated before Paimbœuf, and their leader, M. Danjui, was made prisoner and carried to Nantes, where he was the first person who perished by the guillotine: they had afterwards taken Pornic, got drunk there,

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there, and being surprized in that state by the republicans, a dreadful carnage was made among them—all ages, all sexes were butchered with refinements of cruelty. One youth was buried up to the neck, and then bowled at with stones till he was killed. Twelve prisoners were promised their lives if they would dig a pit capacious enough to receive the slain,—when they had done their work, they were shot upon the bodies of their companions. These things had exasperated the insurgents; they had arrested many of the patriots as they were called, and imprisoned them at Machecoul; it was difficult to secure and inconvenient to feed them; and the Royalist Committee in that town reasoned, upon these premises, as Buonaparte did at Jaffa. The President of the Committee, a villain by name Souches, cleared the prisons four times by night-massacres! This fellow afterwards mounted the bonnet rouge, when the republicans were the strongest, and got his brains beat out by a miner's pick-axe. Charette's biographer asserts that this general was not in Machecoul when either of the massacres took place—that he reprimanded one of his aides-de-camp for having borne a part in them—that he even kept guard himself at the prison two nights. A man, he says, who was suspected of being connected with the republican party, though acting like a furious royalist, came into his bed-room one morning, and presenting a pistol at his breast, demanded a list of the prisoners who were to be put to death. Charette made answer that he was not the commander of the town, and had no orders upon the subject to give; and immediately left the town. The biographer has perhaps succeeded in shewing that Charette did not command the massacres, but it does not appear that he took any vigorous measures for preventing or checking them. It will be seen that the Vendean chiefs, who were really desirous of saving human life and mitigating the horrors of civil war, succeeded in their noble endeavours, under far more difficult circumstances than those in which Charette was at this time placed; but the national character of the French is so cruel, that humanity, when thus displayed, must always be accounted for an especial virtue in him who possesses it; and that cruelty which is the disgrace and the guilt of the nation must, for that reason, not be imputed to individuals as their own peculiar crime. But to whomsoever the massacres of Machecoul may be ascribed, the consequences were the same. 'The fact,' says M. de Puisaye, 'may have been charged with circumstances more odious, and barbarities which were never committed; but unhappily the grounds for such exaggerations were but too true. Nantes, which would have opened its gates to Bonchamp, preferred the chance of burying itself under its ruins, in the belief that it would be surrendered to Charette; and the people submitted

during so long a time to be the victims of Carrier's sanguinary madness, only because they believed that there was more to fear from the royalists than from the rage of this monster!'

While Charette was acquiring strength on one side, and D'Elbée and Bonchamp on another, a third insurrection was formed in the centre of the Bocage, of which M. de Royrand, an old and much respected chevalier de St. Louis, was, by compulsion, the leader. Les Herbiers, Chantonnay, and le Pont Charron, fell into their hands, and as their successes were more signal at first than those the other insurgents obtained, from them it was that the royalists were indiscriminately called Vendeans. On the side of the Marsh the peasants were headed by Joly de la Chapelle Hermié, a more distinguished man, of whom a memorable tale remains to be told hereafter. During these movements, the family at Clisson were ignorant of all that was passing round them; those who were not in arms were in such a state of stupor, that what was passing in any part of the country was not known at a few leagues distance. The first intelligence was that ten thousand English had landed, and taken Les Herbiers in the Bocage; and absurd as this report was, it seemed not less so that the peasantry should have collected in such force. Roche Jaquelein had an aunt residing not far from that town; he dispatched a servant to her with an unimportant letter, charging the man to make all proper inquiries, and bring back an oral report. This precaution was frustrated by an old chevalier of the same family, who happened also to be one of the refugees at Clisson, and took the opportunity, unknown to any person, of sending a dozen painted hearts to Mademoiselle de la Roche Jaquelein, inclosed in a letter, wherein he said—'you know that persons who have faith in this devotion succeed in all their undertakings.' The chevalier was a man of infirm body and feeble mind: a superstitious adoration of the heart of Jesus had been in vogue in his youth, and to this he alluded: but it was reported among the revolutionists at this time, that the badge of the royalists was a holy heart sewn upon their dress. The servant was stopped at Bressuire, the letters opened, and the next morning Clisson was beset by a party of gendarmes. The first fear was for Roche Jaquelein; having concealed him, Lescure went out to inquire for what reason his chateau was thus visited. He was told that the District had resolved to arrest the chevalier, and that they required all the horses, equipages, arms and ammunition which might be found there. Lescure, whose self-possession never forsook him, smiled at their errand, and observed, that they seemed to mistake his chateau for a strong hold, and the chevalier for the governor, —that there must be some misunderstanding,—the chevalier was a peaceable and weak man, so much so that if he were arrested the fear

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fear would kill him; he would answer for his conduct; but as for horses, forage and muskets, he would give them, because he thought they might be wanted. The brigadier of the gendarmes then took Lescure aside, and told him, in confidence, that he was of the same way of thinking as himself; that he plainly saw the counter-revolution was about to be effected, and would settle this affair as easily as he could, intreating, in return, that M. Lescure would bear testimony hereafter to his good intentions, when it might be serviceable to him. Lescure heard this without making any reply, and thus the alarm passed over. Had it not been for the influence of Thomassin, who preserved his character as a revolutionist, orders would have been given to set Clisson on fire, when the hearts were discovered.

The insurgents now threatened Bressuire, and all at Clisson were full of hope. The next day they were repulsed, and all the national guards of the country round were ordered to repair thither for its defence. Lescure was the commandant of these guards in his own parish. It was from this moment impossible longer to remain in peace,—either he must obey the summons, or he must join the insurgents; there were no possible means of avoiding one or the other alternative, and he knew not even where the insurgents were. A council was held in this unhappy family. Roche Jaquelein spoke first, and declared that he would rather perish than bear arms against the peasants or the emigrants; Lescure also said, it would be disgraceful to act against men in whose hopes and principles he participated. No person, not even among the women, attempted to resist this feeling; and the mother of Victorine observed, 'Messieurs, you are all of the same opinion, rather to die than dishonour yourselves. I approve this courage. It is determined then.' She pronounced these words firmly, then returning to her seat, she added 'Well—we must die.' Thomassin now offered to go to Bressuire, and act as far as he could in their favour. He remained there a week, but could find no means of corresponding with them, so closely were all persons watched. Arrests were now taking place over the whole country; the remaining gentry were thrown into prison, neither sex, nor age, nor infirmity being spared: that the family of Clisson had hitherto escaped was owing to the personal character of Lescure, and the reputation which he enjoyed of a peaceable and studious man. The order for the conscription came at this time, in which Roche Jaquelein was included. A young peasant arrived from his aunt to inquire concerning him; he brought certain intelligence of the progress of the royalists, that Chatillon was taken, and the whole country in arms: and he concluded by addressing Roche Jaquelein, 'Sir, they say that you are going to be drawn for the conscription';

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is this possible, while your peasants are fighting because they will not submit to it? Come with me, the whole country wishes for you, and will obey you.' It may well be supposed that Roche Jaquelein instantly determined to follow him. Lescure's first impulse was to do the same. Roche Jaquelein dissuaded him; 'their situations,' he said, 'were not the same, Lescure was not liable to the conscription, his peasants were not in arms, and he could not leave his family without exposing them to certain danger. For himself, his departure would not be noticed, he would go and examine the real state of things—whether there were any solid hopes of success from the insurrection; it would be time enough for Lescure to decide when that should be ascertained.' One of the women observed, that Roche Jaquelein ought not to pursue his purpose, because the arrest of all at Clisson would infallibly be the consequence. This plea shook the young hero, and he said, he knew not what to answer. Lescure replied, 'Your honour and your principles have already made you resolve to put yourself at the head of your peasantry,—follow that resolution. I am already sufficiently grieved that I cannot accompany you: but certainly the fear of being thrown into prison shall never induce me to prevent you from doing your duty.' Roche Jaquelein fell upon his neck and exclaimed, 'I shall come to your deliverance'—*Eh bien! je viendrai te délivrer:* and from that moment the marchioness says his countenance assumed that fierce and martial air—that eagle-character which never afterwards forsook it.

On the Sunday following, the family were arrested and carried prisoners to Bressuire, the nearest town. It had not been thought proper to employ the gendarmes of the country upon this service, because they were unwilling to perform it: troops from a distance therefore were sent, who behaved with great humanity, and expressed their sorrow for the service upon which they were ordered. Most of the persons arrested had been sent to the Castle of La Forêt sur Sèvre, which had been converted into a prison; among them was M. Thomassin. The gendarmes were apprehensive they would be massacred there, and therefore entreated that Lescure and his family might be allowed to retire to Clisson under a guard; when this was refused, they obtained permission for them to remain as prisoners at Bressuire; and one of the municipality, an honest man, who was their grocer, undertook to guard them in his own house. He advised them not to shew themselves at the window, nor to go down stairs, but as much as possible to put themselves out of remembrance by keeping out of sight;—but for this precaution they might probably have been murdered. General Quetineau commanded the republican force at Bressuire. On the second day of their imprisonment this force marched to attack the royalists

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royalists at Aubiers; five and twenty hundred men filed under the windows singing the Marseillois hymn while the drum beat: these men also had their principles and their sense of duty; and their appearance indicated the hope and ardour which inspired them. The marchioness says she never heard any thing more impressive and more terrible than their song. The following morning it was reported that the brigands had been defeated, and that Roche Jaquelein was besieged in his castle of La Durbellière. They passed a day of dreadful fears: towards evening, the troops who had marched out so bravely on the yesterday, came back in disorder, exclaiming—Citizens, to the succour! to the succour! the brigands are pursuing us! light up your windows! The alarm was so great that Quetineau could not even establish a guard at the gates. The pursuit, however, was not so close as the beaten army had apprehended. Four hundred Marsellois arrived to reinforce Quetineau; their first business was to recommend a massacre of the prisoners, and in spite of the general's orders and the resistance of all the constituted authorities, they seized upon eleven poor peasants, who had been arrested in their beds on suspicion of communicating with the rebels, dragged them out of the town, and invited any persons who pleased to come and take part in their execution! The inhabitants were struck with horror; but there were some wretches from St. Jean d'Angely atrocious enough to accept this invitation to a party of murder! The Mayor of Bressuire still attempted to protect the victims; he was forced from the place; and the peasants kneeling, praying to God, and exclaiming Vive le Roi! to the last, were hewn to pieces with sabres. Had these wretches known that such prisoners as Lescure and his family were in the town, all the good wishes and intentions of the townsmen would have been ineffectual to preserve them.

Every night there were fresh arrests in this unfortunate town: all who were suspected of aristocracy—all whose patriotism was doubted were thrown into prison, the Mayor among the rest, because he had been guilty of endeavouring to prevent the late murders. Some time elapsed in this miserable state of continual dread and danger, when, on the first of May, news arrived that the brigands, after having attacked and taken Argenton le Château, were marching against Bressuire in great force. Quetineau had 5000 men, but with this force he did not think it prudent to defend the place; the walls were all in ruins, and the castle had never been repaired since Du Guesclin took it by assault from the English. In fact he could not depend upon his troops; they were so panic-stricken that he could not even prevail upon the cavalry to make a reconnoissance; accordingly he retreated upon Thouars in disorder, abandoning almost all his ammunition. The prisoners from La

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Forêt were removed first to Niort then to Angoulême. Those in the town were forgotten; and the man who had taken charge of Lescure's family, came, with many of the other inhabitants, to entreat that he would suffer them to take shelter at Clisson;—so he returned to his chatean with a troop of patriots under his protection. About noon on the day of their return, it was reported that the royalists had altered their course, and were not marching upon Bressuire. Lescure immediately determined to raise his peasantry and occupy it before the Blues (as the republicans were called in La Vendée) could return. He therefore sent forth his summons to all the country round, inviting the peasants to repair to a place appointed, where they would find leaders. His own intention was to set out immediately for Chatillon, and there obtain powder and reinforcements, then to repair to the place of rendezvous, and instantly seize Bressuire. His wife, Marigny, and a certain Abbé Dessessarts, who had just escaped from the Blues, were the only persons to whom he imparted his purpose; he dreaded the cold and prudential counsels of the elders of the family. The three men made their arms ready, and Victorine, with a manly spirit, manufactured white cockades. About four in the evening, Lescure informed his mother that an escort was ready to conduct the women to Chatillon. She asked what would become of them if the patriots should return to Bressuire. 'To-morrow at day-break,' replied Lescure, 'I shall be master of Bressuire.—Forty parishes will rise this night by my order.' She turned pale, and made answer that they were undone; and she represented to him the little probability of success, and the imminent and certain danger of the attempt. But Lescure had already suffered too many self-reproaches for his inaction, to listen to such arguments. 'It is only,' says his wife, 'with an unreflecting audacity, with a full devotion of principles, with an enthusiasm noble in proportion as it is blind, that such enterprizes are ever undertaken.' Lescure and Marigny took horse and departed:—they were hardly gone, before a patriot from Bressuire arrived trembling from head to foot, with news that the brigands were in the town. Presently they returned full speed, and shouting *Vive le Roi!* They had met Roche Jaquelein, who threw himself into the arms of his friends, and exclaimed—I have delivered you, then! Roche Jaquelein had an unhappy life, and an untimely end; but that moment overpaid all his sufferings.

His happiness at that moment was heightened by the proud feeling that by his own exertions he had obtained it. Upon leaving Clisson with the peasant, after a circuitous and perilous route he reached St. Aubin; and from thence proceeded to the Anjou insurgents. They received a defeat just as he arrived;—they were about to disperse,—they had not two pounds of powder among them.

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them. D'Elbée, Bonchamp, Cathelineau, Stofflet, and all the leaders, agreed in telling him that all was lost; and he returned alone and hopelessly to St. Aubin. The peasantry, as soon as they heard of his appearance, crowded to him, entreating him to lead them on;—the country, they said, would rise at his name, and on the morrow he would have ten thousand men under his command. Roche Jaquelein did not hesitate a moment: all night the summons went about,—men forsook their beds to take the field; and on the morrow the promised numbers were almost collected, but miserably armed with reaping-hooks, spits, and stakes: there were not more than two hundred fowling-pieces among them. A mason had purchased sixty pounds of powder for quarrying, and this depôt was a treasure. In the morning Roche Jaquelein put himself at their head, and addressed them in words which will be remembered as long as the memory of heroic actions shall be preserved by history. 'Friends!—if my father was here, you would have confidence in him. I am only a boy; but by my courage I will shew myself worthy of commanding you. If I advance, follow me!—if I give way, kill me!—if I fall, revenge me!' These were his genuine words; and no finer are to be found in the annals of any age or country. '*Mes amis, si mon père étoit ici, vous auriez confiance en lui. Pour moi, je ne suis qu'un enfant; mais par mon courage, je me montrerai digne de vous commander. Si j'avance, suivez-moi; si je recule, tuez-moi; si je meurs, vengez-moi!*'

Most of these peasants had never been in action—those who had, had seen their own party defeated. In spite, therefore, of their zeal, the Marchioness says there was a prevailing sense of fear, which their want of arms was not likely to remove. But their leader had the intellect, as well as the heart, which is required for a hero: he perceived at once the manner in which, with such forces, war must be carried on in such a country; and he was at that age when the mind is full of school-boy expedients suited to the activity and redundant strength of adolescence. The Blues had occupied Aubiers on the preceding eve. Roche Jaquelein approached the village in silence, and surrounded it under cover of the hedges: he himself, with a dozen good marksmen, crept into a garden near the place where the republicans were stationed; and then loading under the hedge, fired as fast as his people could supply him with their loaded guns. Having been a keen sportsman, he took sure aim; and it is affirmed that in this manner he fired nearly two hundred times. Being thus annoyed on various parts, the Blues expected a general attack, and made a movement in order to form upon a rising ground in their rear. Roche Jaquelein cried out—They fly! The peasants believed him, and

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rushed through the hedges on all sides, shouting *Vive le Roi!* The enemy were astonished, terrified, and broken;—they took flight—left their two pieces of cannon behind them, and were pursued to within half a league of Bressuire, leaving seventy dead. Inclination and feeling would now have led Roche Jaquelein toward his friends at Clisson; but he knew that it was of more importance to encourage the Anjou royalists with the news of his success. He marched, therefore, all night, to join D'Elbée and Bonchamp, carrying with him the guns and artillery which he had taken. This seasonable reinforcement restored the cause of the insurgents in that quarter:—they re-assembled in great force; attacked the republicans; beat them every where; and acquired consistence, confidence, reputation, and strength. With this army it was that Roche Jaquelein drove the enemy from Bressuire, and performed his promise of delivering his friends.

It was now determined that while the men of the family joined the army, the women and the aged should remove to the Chateau de la Boulaye, between Les Herbiers and Chatillon; that situation being thought the safest, as in the centre of the insurgent's country. Clisson was left as a place of refuge to the patriots who chose to take shelter there. The Marchioness, who had been accustomed to the military fopperies and parade of Versailles, was not a little surprized at the appearance of Vendean soldiers:—no uniform—no regard to stature or uniformity of any kind,—the pomp of war was not thought of—the dreadful circumstances were present—a man's inches were of no import—the head and the heart were all. Some of the cavalry were mounted on pack-saddles, with ropes for stirrups, and wooden shoes instead of boots. Their swords were suspended by pack-thread instead of belts. Some wore white cockades, some green, some black, as they wished to denote their loyalty, their hopes, or their determination to die in the cause. Every man had a bead strung at his button-hole, and a sacred heart sewed upon his dress. The epaulette and tri-coloured cockade of the republicans which had fallen into their hands, they fastened to their horses' tails. When the Marchioness returned to Bressuire, on her way to the intended place of refuge, Bressuire was occupied by about 20,000 such troops as these; rather more than a fourth of whom were armed with muskets: the others were armed with clubs, spits, knife-blades and sickles fastened in long handles, and scythes so mounted as to form a frightful weapon. They were intoxicated with joy, believing themselves invincible:—all the bells were ringing, and there was a bonfire in the market-place, wherein they were burning the Tree of Liberty and the papers of the administration. Delighted at having delivered Madame Lescure, they would insist upon her seeing and

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embracing *Marie Jeanne*, a beautiful twelve-pounder, covered with ornaments and inscriptions in honour of Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu; by the latter of whom it had been mounted at his castle: from thence the Blues had taken it, to employ against the insurgents, and the insurgents having won it in battle, had given it this name; and believing that it was a certain pledge of victory, had begun to regard it as something miraculous; so that they had adorned it with flowers and ribbands, and embraced it, as the Marchioness did also at their desire. She saw about fifty of them kneeling before a Calvary, and absorbed in religious exercises. At evening all who were in the same house with her knelt down, and said their beads after one of the party who recited the prayers aloud. Thrice a day they always performed this act of devotion. No cruelties were practised at this time—no excesses of any kind—no pillage. Marshal Donnissan seeing two officers gambling and about to fight, seized one by the arm, and exclaimed, Christ pardoned his murderers—and would a soldier of the Catholic army kill his comrade! The men immediately embraced each other.

When the agitation of the public mind in La Vendée first occupied the attention of the government, Petion proposed that a force should be sent there sufficient to overawe the people, and thus spare the effusion of blood. This was before the king had been brought to trial; and Danton spoke in favour of moderation, more probably for the sake of opposing the Brissotines than from any better motive. He ascribed, as was indeed the case, the cause of these first commotions to the injudicious measures against the clergy. 'A decree,' said he, 'upon the Catholic worship has been presented to you, which it is true has been dictated by wisdom and philosophy; but wisdom and philosophy alarm the people, who still retain their prejudices: the poor man suffering under the vexations of the rich, consoles himself with the thought that he shall be revenged in the other world; if you take from him this consolation, you yourselves give him the signal for rebellion. Leave him then to his prejudices, and take no great measures till the torch of philosophy shall have penetrated even into the cottage!' The torch of French philosophy reached those cottages but too soon:—we shall have occasion to remember this phrase hereafter. Danton and the ruling party had ceased to preach of moderation when the tidings of this more general insurrection reached the Convention. It came, indeed, from all sides—one cry of alarm. The circular letter of the administration of the Lower Loire to the adjoining departments has been copied by two of the writers whose works are lying before us, as indicating the panic which prevailed at this time. 'Friends and brothers,

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them into execution. They outlawed every person who should have taken part with the counter-revolutionists, mounted the white cockade, or given any outward sign of rebellion: the institution of juries was suspended: every man taken with arms was to be put to death within four and twenty hours; and the evidence of a single witness, before a military commission, was to be considered proof sufficient. Death and confiscation of property were also decreed against the nobles and priests.

The Convention at this time was far from comprehending the full extent of their danger. The revolutionary rulers, indeed, were as decided in their measures as they were detestable for their cruelties and crimes; but it was more owing to the errors of their enemies than their own exertions, that they were not overthrown by the insurgents of La Vendée. The army which Lescure had joined was under D'Elbée's command; this was called the Grand Army: it consisted of Angevins, of Poitevins from that part which is adjacent to Anjou, and of the peasants whom Lescure had raised. Their usual force was about 20,000 men; on important expeditions the number was nearly doubled. Bonchamp had a division of from 10 to 12,000 men, raised upon the Loire on the side of St. Florent, and including some Bretons who had crossed that river; he acted in concert with the Grand Army, and might perhaps be considered as forming part of it; but his chief business was to defend himself against the republicans who occupied Angers. Charette commanded in the Marsh and upon the sea-coast: he had to resist the garrison of Nantes on the one side, and of Sables on the other; and the utmost force which he could ever assemble was estimated at 20,000 men. Royrand, who was opposed by the Blues at Luçon, had about 12,000 men; and there were from 3 to 4000 under M. de Lyrot and d'Isigny, between Montaigu and Nantes. These divisions protected the rear of the Grand Army; but on the north, the east, and the south, it was exposed to danger along an extensive line. Of the leaders who were attached to the Grand Army, the man of the most military genius was the wool-dealer Cathelineau. All who knew him, concur in asserting that a man

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of more gentle manners, more unaffected modesty, more natural eloquence, and military talent—is seldom or never to be found. He was thirty years old—an age in which the intellectual faculties are matured, while the bodily powers have lost none of their elasticity. The troops loved and almost adored him: they called him the Saint of Anjou; they believed that there was safety in battle in being near him,—that one so pious and virtuous must needs be under the especial protection of Providence; and that those who stood, as it were, under the shadow of his wings, might expect to be covered by the same shield. Lescure also was called the Saint of Poitou, and regarded with a sort of religious veneration. D'Elbée mixed too much of ostentation with his piety: he preached too much to the people; he carried images about him; and though in reality a devout and, perhaps, a superstitious man, so much appeared to be done for the sake of appearances, that he was nick-named General Providence, that sacred word being too often in his mouth. Nevertheless he was much respected, and the army was deservedly attached to him: he had no great or comprehensive views; his military talents were not remarkable, and his vanity was easily offended; but he was a brave, honest, and good man. Bonchamp was a far better officer: he had served with distinction in India, under Suffrein; and of all men in the army, his opinion had the most weight. Bonchamp had every requisite, except the important one of good fortune: he scarcely ever went into action without receiving a wound; and thus he was often rendered incapable of service when his services would have been of most importance. Stofflet was brave, active, and intelligent: the soldiers obeyed him better than any other leader, probably because they feared him more: this made him very useful, and the generals had great confidence in him; but the men disliked him, for he was of a hard and brutal nature. At this time he thought only of exerting himself in the common cause; his ambition afterwards became excessive, and produced the most deplorable consequences to himself and to better men. Time would have made Roche Jaquelein a consummate general: he had the eye which sees every thing at a glance—the promptitude which instantly decides upon the wisest mode of action. But he had still too much of the ardour of youth, or rather of boyhood; a noble principle, a loyal, religious, and heroic sense of duty drew him into the field; but when he was there, an animal delight in the sport of war seemed for the time to possess him wholly. 'Why would they make me a general?' said he—'I wish to be nothing more than an hussar, that I may have the pleasure of fighting.' In action, he loved to single out an enemy, and engage in personal combat with him: in pursuit, he was eager to an extreme of rashness; but when the toil and the chase

chase were over, no man was more humane, more courteous, more considerately kind toward the prisoners. His friends wished him to bear a greater part in the councils of war;—Roche Jaquelein stood in no need of councils; his measures would always have been prompt and decided: he thought councils were useless; and frequently, after having delivered his own opinion, fell asleep; not so much, perhaps, exhausted by previous fatigue, as lulled by soporific discourse. Lescure and Roche Jaquelein loved each other like brothers: their friendship was so well known, that their names went usually together in the army; and after death they will not be divided. In principle, in simplicity, in gentleness of heart, and perfect disinterestedness, they were congenial spirits—in other things singularly unlike each other. Lescure as carefully avoided all personal conflicts as his kinsman solicited them,—not from any want of personal bravery, or personal strength,—but from an unwillingness to single out an individual for death; not one person, according to his widow, died by his hand. A republican soldier fired at him so closely, that Lescure escaped only by turning aside the barrel with his hand; he coolly bade the peasants lead the man away prisoner—they put him to death: when Lescure discovered this, he gave way to more anger than he ever on any other occasion was seen to display; and, for the only time in his life, uttered an imprecation. Even when the atrocities which the accursed government of France enjoined, and which the generals and soldiers executed without remorse, had provoked other chiefs, in spite of their natural disposition, to exercise the dreadful right of retaliation, Lescure never suffered the crimes of others to harden his own heart. He is said (and the fact rests upon other testimony than that of his widow) to have saved not less than twenty thousand republicans, who, but for his interference and exertion, would have been put to death, in just reprisal for the cruelties of their comrades, in just punishment for their own. France ought to erect statues to Lescure, and to make the story of his life a school-book for the rising generation;—she stands woefully in need of such examples of redeeming humanity.

Lescure was, perhaps, from his constitution, the least hopeful of all these leaders;—youth, ardour, presumption, and ambition, made most of the others look on with confidence to their eventual success; and some there were who talked with no little complacency of the rewards which they might expect from the king. The most unhappy man in the army was Marshal Donnissan, Victorine's father: his sense of duty led him to the field; his military experience, his prudence, and the feelings which declining life brings with it, made him from the first foresee the deplorable issue of all their efforts and all their sacrifices. At first, little attempt

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was made to organize the force which had been raised; things took their natural course; and among the chiefs, subordination was supplied by that unanimity of heart and soul, which prevailed during the first fervour and fermentation of their loyalty. What was more curious was the equality which prevailed among the royalists—an equality arising from the necessity of their circumstances—the beautiful effect of a disastrous cause. The peasant—the petty shopkeeper—the wool-dealer Cathelineau were the friends and brethren in arms (it is the Marchioness's own expression) of the gentlemen and the nobles, who perhaps but a few months before scarcely regarded them as beings of the same species. Men were now valued for what they were worth. There was nothing affected, says the Marchioness, in this equality—it was real and effectual; every noble who had sense felt it in his heart. This feeling was little understood by the emigrant noblesse; and the error was most injurious to their own cause. Yet the Count d'Artois set them an example, in admitting to his table an officer, by name Duval, who had been a domestic servant of the Marquis de la Rouarie, and by his fidelity, his courage, and his talents, had made himself 'an object of the respect of those whose equal he was become, of the esteem of his chiefs, and of the gratitude of a prince, who (says M. de Puisaye) knew how to do honour to himself by admitting virtue to its proper place.' Shades of political opinion were as little regarded among the Vendeans as distinction of rank. In this, also, they were wiser than the emigrants. It mattered not in La Vendée how far any man had partaken of the hopes with which the revolution began: the course of that revolution was now distinctly seen; and they who stood forth to resist its intolerable oppression, and its unutterable crimes, gave sufficient proof that they had always acted conscientiously according to their judgment.

The troops seldom continued in a body more than three or four days: the chiefs generally remained with a few hundred deserters and strangers to the country, who, having no homes, were always in the field. Whenever an expedition was planned, the peasants were summoned in every parish by the tocsin, and a requisition was read to them in these terms:—In the holy name of God, and on the part of the king, the parish of ——— is invited to send all the men it can raise, to such a place, on such a day, and at such an hour. The chief in whose district the parish was comprised, signed the requisition: every man brought bread with him: the general also provided food by requisition, when needful, from the gentry, the rich land-holders, and the emigrants' estates; but food was generally offered with zeal by the villages through which the troops passed; the female peasants brought it to the road-side, and

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founded the tactics of the republicans, who knew not where to find the enemy of whom they were in quest. There are wars in which discipline is regarded as pedantry; and such wars are tenfold the most destructive. This was of that character; it was not a contest between army and army, but between regular troops and the whole population of these provinces; the issue of such wars, where only the assailing and resisting forces are to be taken into the calculation, may be foreseen almost with certainty. If the country be circumscribed, and the invader merciless, the invasion must succeed, as in Corsica and La Vendée: if, on the contrary, the invaders have to spread themselves over an extensive country, as in Spain, their ultimate destruction may be predicted as certainly as any human event.

There was more discipline in a feudal army, or among a troop of guerrillas, than among the Vendeans. The men could not be induced to form a patrole, or act as sentinels,—these were charges which they would not undertake for any reward, and when it was necessary, the officers were obliged to perform this duty themselves. To this defect in their system some of their most ruinous defeats must be ascribed. When the army was assembled, and different columns were to be formed to march against the different points of attack, the manner of forming them was singular, and not without its advantage. Notice was given, M. Roche Jaquelein is going by such a road—who will follow him? M. Cathelineau goes in yonder direction—who follows him? The men were thus allowed to follow their favourite leader, with no other restriction than that when a sufficient number had volunteered, no more were allowed to join. A system of tactics had been formed perfectly adapted to the nature of the troops and of the country. We have heard much of the improvements made by the French republicans in the art of war, and of the advantages which their armies derived when the field was once left open to merit, and men rose from the ranks to the highest military rank. These things imposed upon the English people too long. In La Vendée it is perfectly certain that generals were employed by the government who had no other claim to promotion than their brutality, and their services amongst mobs or in the

the clubs of the metropolis;—among the royalists they were first selected from old feelings of hereditary respect, but intellect immediately rose to its level, and even before any feelings of selfishness or ambition, or vanity, mingled with and defaced the principle which first roused them to arms. Stofflet and Cathelineau were attended to in the council with as much deference, and obeyed in the field with as much readiness as Lescure and Roche Jaquelein. The first principle of the Vendeans was always to be assailants, to fight only when they pleased and where they pleased—and, inasmuch as they observed this principle, they always fought to advantage. When they reached the point of attack, the companies were formed in the same manner as the column, every man following the captain whom he preferred. Their usual order of battle, according to General Turreau, was in a crescent, with the wings *en flèche* composed of the best marksmen, men who never fired a shot without taking a steady aim, and who never, at ordinary distances, failed in their mark: their skill in the use of fire-arms was such, that he says no military people, however trained, however skilful, could compare with the hunters and sportsmen of Loroux and the Bocage as musketeers. But order of battle was what they seldom thought of; and their tactics are more clearly explained by the Marchioness who understood them better from the conversation of her husband and her friends, than General Turreau did from his defeats or his victories. Their whole tactics, she says, consisted in creeping behind the hedges and surrounding the enemy,—which the nature of the country easily enabled them to do: then they poured in, on all sides, a murderous fire,—not in platoons, but every man as fast as he could load, and make sure of his victim, loading with four or five balls, and firing point blank against men in close ranks. The moment that the Blues appeared confused, or offered opportunity, they set up their dreadful yell, and sprang upon them like blood hounds in pursuit. Men of the greatest strength and agility had it in charge to seize the artillery, to prevent it, as they said, from doing mischief. 'You, sir, you are a strong fellow, leap upon the cannon.' Sometimes with no better weapon than a stake pointed with iron, the peasants would do this, and drive the enemy from their guns. If the attack was made in a more open country, they accelerated the decisive movement, and rushed at once upon the cannon, falling upon the ground when they saw the flash, rising instantly and running towards them. But they preferred the cover in which, from their manner of firing, they were sure of killing five for one. Their officers never thought of saying to the right or the left—they pointed out some visible object, a house or a tree.

Before they began the battle they said their prayers, and almost every man crossed himself before he fired his piece. Meantime,

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as soon as the firing was heard, the women and children, and all who remained in the villages, ran to the church to pray for the victory; and they who happened to be working a-field fell on their knees there under the canopy of heaven, and called upon the God of Hosts to protect those who were fighting for his altars, and for his holy name. Throughout all La Vendée, says the Marchioness, there was but one thought and one supplication at one time. Every one awaited in prayer the event of a battle upon which the fate of all seemed to depend. Turreau speaks with horror of the effect of such a system, and calls upon those officers who had served upon the frontiers, before they were sent into these departments, to say if the Austrians, or the disciplined troops of old Frederick were as terrible in action, or possessed as much address, stratagem, and audacity as the peasants of the Bocage; to say if it were possible that any war could be more cruel and more fatiguing for soldiers of all sorts; and if they would not rather make a year's campaign upon the frontiers than serve a single month in La Vendée. 'You are crushed,' says he, 'before you have time to reconnoitre, under a mass of fire, with which the effect of our ranks is not to be compared. If you withstand their violent attack, they rarely dispute the victory, but you derive little fruit from it: it is scarcely ever that cavalry can be employed in pursuit; they disperse, and escape from you over fields and hedges, through woods and thickets, knowing every path, gap, gorge and defile, every obstacle which may impede their flight, and every means of avoiding them.' Home they went, out of breath, but not out of heart, ready and eager for the next summons, and crying Vive le Roi! *quand même*.... But inasmuch as their flight was easy, retreat for the republicans became murderous. Lost among the labyrinthine roads of the Bocage, they fell in small parties into the hands of the villagers, who made sure, in the retreat, of all stragglers. The pursuit was terrible;—the conquerors knew the ground;—they understood where and how to intercept the fugitives; they could load as they ran, and keep up as quick a fire in the chase as in the battle. The benefit which the republicans derived from five or six victories, were not equal to the evils which they endured in one defeat. 'Dead bodies,' says Turreau, 'were all the spoils of the field: neither arms nor ammunition were ever taken; if the Vendean was pursued he had his musket, and when in danger of being taken, he broke it; but the raw levies whom the Convention at first sent against them, threw away their arms and incumbrances as soon as they took panic; and if only 2 or 300 men were left upon the field, the royalists gathered up 12 or 1500 muskets.'

If there be one thing more honourable to the Vendeans than another in this memorable contest, it is that the republicans never could

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could establish a system of espionage among them; whenever they attempted to employ one of the natives as a spy, the man either trifled with them, or betrayed them. And this Turreau gives as one reason for laying waste the country with fire and sword, and exterminating the people:—but of this hereafter. Their zeal was carried to the utmost height; even this general, the agent of Robespierre and Buonaparte, compares it to that with which the crusaders were animated, and says that the defenders of the Throne and the Altar seemed to have taken the *Preux* of the days of chivalry for their models. They went to battle, he says, as to a festival;—women and old men, and priests, and children exciting and partaking the rage of the soldiers;—he had himself seen boys of twelve years old slain in the ranks; and he may be believed, for M. de Puisaye affirms that Boisguay, who commanded a division of 3000 men among the Chouans, was but fifteen. M. Berthre de Bourniseaux denies the stories which are related of their superstition and gross credulity:—yet there are passages in the Marchioness's Memoirs which clearly shew their proneness to superstition; and surely the cause in which they were engaged, the perpetual danger in which they lived, and the horrors which were continually before their eyes, were likely to inflame their imaginations. It is said that some of the priests promised them a miracle, and declared that all who were killed by the enemy in the cause of the holy church, should rise again from the dead on the third day. It is added that many women kept the bodies of their husbands and their sons unburied, in expectation of this resurrection;—and a yet wilder tale is told by Prudhomme, which some German poet, whose imagination revolts at no conceivable horror, might think a fit subject to be clothed in verse. A girl, who had heard and believed this opinion, suddenly remembered it as she was watching by the death-bed of her lover. It occurred to her how happy it would be for both, if he could be made a partaker of this resurrection,—he was too weak to leave his bed—oh that the Blues might find him there, and give him his crown of martyrdom! Some republican troops entered the village,—she fired at them from the window, and escaped by a back door into the woods. They broke open the doors and murdered the dying man. After some hours she returned,—her first design had been accomplished; and she closed the door carefully. The second day she placed provisions by the bed-side;—the third day came and called him; and clung still to the hope of seeing him revive, till the fourth morning, when she could no longer resist the painful evidence of her senses.

This was a case of individual madness, the effect of love, grief, credulity, and insane hope. From such cases no general inferences can be drawn; but that the Vendeans were generally under the

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influence of strong religious enthusiasm is certain. Man, who is by nature religious, always becomes superstitious in proportion as he is ignorant or ill-instructed; and times of public calamity are always times of fanaticism. But however exalted the imaginations of this brave people may have been, and however extravagant their expectations of the visible interference of heaven, their earthly desires, if the monarchy should by their efforts be restored, indicate equal moderation and nobleness of mind. First they would have asked that the whole of the Bocage, which now made part of three provinces, should be formed into a separate province under the name of La Vendée,—a name which they now regarded with becoming pride; they would have entreated the king that he would be pleased once to honour it with his presence;—that a corps of Vendeans might form part of his body guards;—and that in memory of the war the white flag might always be hoisted upon the towers of all their churches. They desired no diminution of imposts, no exemption from military services, no peculiar privileges, but they would have solicited that some former plans for opening roads and rendering their streams navigable might be effected. Such was the recompense which the Vendeans would have asked if they had succeeded in overthrowing the jacobine tyranny, and placing the innocent Dauphin upon the throne of his murdered father. Shame be to the Bourbons if it be not accorded them now!

Berruyer was commander-in-chief of the republican forces, which did not exceed 20,000 men: he was appointed at the end of March, before which time there had been no unity of command, and consequently no concert in their movements. Among the reinforcements which followed him was a corps raised in Paris, by the name of the Conquerors of the Bastille: 'they displayed,' says M. Beauchamp, 'great courage in this war; but unfortunately these intrepid revolutionists had a most unbridled appetit e for pillage; it might have been said that they came less for the sake of fighting than of plundering; the rich man was always in their eyes an aristocrat, whom they might strip without ceremony; so that the Paris-carriers returned laden with booty the fruit of their robberies.' This is not the statement of a royalist writer. The Marseilles rabble, who were employed in this same dreadful service, left behind them a similar character: throughout the war they are said to have been as cowardly in battle as they were ferocious towards those who had no means of resistance. The rabble of all great cities will be thus far alike,—that in all of them the worst qualities of human nature will have had free scope, while the better seeds have perished for want of culture. Of such men the republican levies were in part composed; in part they consisted of a widely different

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different race,—of men who had entered with heart and soul into the revolution, believing that it was the cause of liberty, of humanity, of all generous feelings, and all ennobling hopes. More willingly would these men have served upon the frontiers, where war was carried on with its old humanities. In La Vendée their principles were equally concerned, but widely different was the effect produced; for these principles which, to themselves at least, sanctified all their exertions against a foreign invader, and made the cause of military and of moral duty the same, when they were led against their own countrymen, produced all the heart-hardening feelings of contempt, hatred, and rancorous enmity; so that the war soon assumed a character of ferocity of which even the former civil wars of France (the most atrocious upon record) afford but a faint prototype. There were also many in the republican armies who would more willingly have fought on the other side; but the government required their services, and they preferred acting as blind instruments in a cause which they inwardly disliked, to the more imminent hazard of joining the royalists. In the royalist army there was a want of military subordination, but perfect unity of principle and of feeling: the republicans were in the strangest state of intrigue and discord. The deputies of the Convention, and the commissioners from the constituted popular authorities, were continually interfering with the generals, opposing, controuling, threatening, and denouncing them: among these men were some of the boldest apostles of anarchy and atheism; wretches who, while they have exhibited to all posterity a proof of the fatal fruits which spring from such seeds, have entailed also an ineffaceable disgrace upon their country, and even upon human nature. The disease of the times had infected the army through all its ranks. Every man was intriguing against those above him, thinking that if his superiors were disgraced or guillotined, he should gain a step, and overlooking the probability that that step also would be a step towards the guillotine for himself.

Most of the generals owed their appointment to their connection with the Jacobine or Cordelier clubs, then rivalling each other in popularity and in extravagant wickedness. This was not the case with Quetineau. Quetineau, before the revolution, had served as a grenadier, in which rank Lescure remembered him, and knew him to be an inoffensive and well-intentioned man. He wished for a reform in the government; like the majority of his countrymen, he followed from conviction the popular cause, obtained promotion by his merits, and had left his corps in Belgium on leave, for the purpose of attending his own family affairs at Thouars. Here his character had made him many friends; the people made him commandant of the national guards by acclamation; the constituted autho-

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rities wrote in his behalf to the minister of war; and he was appointed general of division; he had not intrigued for this promotion, nor even desired it, acknowledging always that he had not talents for a general. Greater talents, however, would not have been of more avail in the circumstances wherein he was placed; at Bressuire, his disorderly troops had refused to execute the orders which he gave for defending the place; he retreated thence to Thouars, and then committed the error of supposing himself in safety; the next day he was informed that the royalists were advancing to attack him there, and prepared for defence when it was too late. The town is strongly situated, and defended on the side of the Bocage by the river from which it derives its name, the water of which is kept up by numerous mill-dams, so that it can scarcely, at any point, be forded. There are four points where it might be crossed by bridges or by a ford; all these Quetineau occupied; but his dispositions were precipitately made and ill executed. Lescure and Roche Jaquelein commenced the attack at the bridge of Vrine, half a league from the town; after six hours feeble cannonade, the Vendeans began to want powder, which they had spent to little purpose. Roche Jaquelein went in search of a supply, and Lescure, being left alone with the command, perceived that the enemy seemed in confusion, and he seized a bayonet and rushed forward to the middle of the bridge, calling upon the troops to follow him; the musket shot and grape were flying too fast around, and not a man followed; he went back to summon them, again exhorted them, and a second time set the example; his clothes were shot through in many places, and danger had more effect upon their minds than example. A third time he repeated the perilous experiment; one peasant followed him. Roche Jaquelein and another officer (La Forêt) arrived at the moment, and came to join him; they crossed the bridge, and Lescure leapt over the enemy's intrenchment—the peasant received a wound: Roche Jaquelein and La Forêt got over unhurt; the troops then came rushing on to support them, and the passage was won. Bonchamp at the same time won the ford. They advanced against the town, and the peasants began to demolish the old wall with pick-axes: the work was too slow. Roche Jaquelein, by help of a man's shoulders, got upon the top, in a place where it was most in decay, and with his hands threw down the stones. In this way a kind of breach was made; which shews how ill the defence must have been conducted. Meantime the other two divisions came up, and Quetineau capitulated with D'Elbée at the moment when Roche Jaquelein and Lescure had forced an entrance. No excesses were committed: the peasants demanded food and wine, and were satisfied: they rang the bells, went to church to return thanks, and amused themselves by

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by burning the Tree of Liberty and the papers of the administration, —an employment which, of all others, seemed to afford them the most delight. Lescure took Quetineau to his own quarters. 'I saw your shutters closed, Monsieur, said the republican general, when I left Bressuire: you thought you were forgotten, but it was not for want of memory that I left you at liberty. Lescure thanked him for his humanity, and told him he was at liberty to go where he pleased: 'but,' added he, 'I advise you to remain with us: your opinions are different, and therefore you will not join us, but you may remain a prisoner on parole, and you shall be well treated: if you return to the republicans they will not forgive you for this capitulation, indispensable as it is; what I propose is an asylum against their vengeance.' Quetineau replied, that if he followed this advice he should be deemed a traitor; that he had done his duty, and should be able to prove it; and that it would dishonour him if it could be supposed he had acted otherwise. He had sufficient reason to repent this confidence in his own innocence, and in the justice of the revolutionary government. Even Phelippeaux, whose name will be honourably remembered for his conduct concerning La Vendée, accused him of conspiring with the royalists, and betraying his trust. He was delivered over to that bloody tribunal which never spared, and his name appears among the 18,613 persons who were guillotined by the National Convention. Start not, reader, in unbelief—there is no mistake in the figures. 18,613 persons were guillotined in France between the 21st September, 1792, and the 25th October, 1795; and even this is but a small part of the judicial murders which were committed during that time! A dictionary has been published of the persons who suffered death: the list contains merely their names, designations, and the date of their execution—and it fills two octavo volumes of 500 pages each, closely printed in double columns.

Twenty *caissons*, twelve pieces of cannon, and six thousand muskets, fell into the royalists' hands; many of the soldiers joined them, and, what was of more importance, some excellent officers gladly took the opportunity of acting in conformity to their principles. There were so many men in the state waiting only for an occasion of taking the royal side, that the long duration of the jacobins is more to be imputed to the dereliction of duty on the part of the emigrants, and the timidity or imbecillity of the princes' councils, than to all the exertions of the revolutionary rulers, or even the enthusiasm of their adherents. From Thouars they marched upon Parthenay, which was evacuated at their approach; they next attacked and won La Châtaigneraie, which was defended by three or four thousand men under General Chalbos. Some disorders were committed here, in which it is not improbable that the

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deserters took the lead. The peasants were then no longer to be retained: they had now been many days from home, and home they were resolved to go; those who had the most booty wishing to secure it, according to M. Beauchamp. On the morrow, only 7000 men were left of the Grand Army; with great difficulty between 2 and 3000 more were collected. They advanced to Vouvart, where the priests, who had been hitherto disguised, resumed their habits, and officiated in the church, praying that they might enter Fontenay victoriously on the morrow. Chalbos had retired upon this town; he dispatched his troops to meet them; the disproportion of numbers was not such as to intimidate the republicans; they managed their cavalry well, and the royalists were repulsed and routed. Four hundred were killed; two hundred made prisoners; D'Elbée was wounded. Lescure and Roche Jaquelein saved six guns; all the rest of the artillery (and Marie Jeanne with it) was lost. Any other men would have been in despair at this reverse;—their powder was gone, no man having more than a single cartridge left; and the peasantry had lost that confidence in which so much of their strength consisted. But the leaders had advanced too far to recede; they affected a gaiety which they did not feel; they spoke of speedy revenge, and called upon the priests to exert their influence upon the people. The priests declared that God had permitted this calamity to punish them for their depredations at La Châtaigneraie. The sudden appearance of a bishop among them contributed more than any thing to excite their hopes and revive their expectations. A volunteer had been made prisoner at Thouars, who said that he was a priest, and had been forcibly enrolled in a republican army; and he requested to see one of the royalist officers, who he said had been his fellow colleague. The officer at once recognized him for the Abbé Guyot de Folleville. The Abbé asserted that some recusant bishops had secretly consecrated him bishop of Agra, and that the pope had appointed him vicar apostolical of the western dioceses in France. In this story there was not a word of truth; but there seems to have been no other motive for the imposition than vanity, and a desire of enjoying as much distinction as possible while his part lasted; for certain it is that he served the royalists faithfully, and died in their cause. He was without talents, or any strength of mind; the bishop of Agra however became a great personage, both among royalists and republicans; he enjoyed the honour attached to his habit, till he was taken prisoner, and the title itself till he laid his head upon the block.

Had it been proposed to the Vendean leaders to practise such an imposition upon the people, they would have been shocked at the profane suggestion. The tale which he told was in itself not improbable; it obtained universal belief; and he appeared upon the stage at

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at a moment when some such stimulus was especially required. He arrived at Chatillon on the very day of the defeat, in his acknowledged character; officiated pontifically, and distributed his episcopal blessing to a people whom the presence of such a personage intoxicated with joy: all their enthusiasm returned, and they thought only of revenging themselves with as little delay as possible for their late reverse. Chalbos had advanced and occupied La Châtaigneraie. Bonchamp, who, after the capture of that place, had separated from the Grand Army, rejoined it, and Chalbos retired upon Fontenay at their approach; they pursued him, singing their litany as they went. It was on the 16th that they had been defeated. On the 24th they took the same position in which they had suffered so much. M. Beauchamp states their numbers at 35,000. Chalbos was posted before the town with 10,000 troops, and a numerous artillery. Before the attack began, the priests absolved the Catholic army. Some of the men asked for cartridges. Beauvollier pointed to the republicans and answered, You will get them there. *Allons, mes enfans!* said the generals, there is no powder, and the cannon must be taken with clubs; we must recover Marie-Jeanne. It is who can run the best! Lescure's soldiers, as at the bridge of Vrine, hesitated when he led the way; he halted, when at some distance before them, and endeavoured to cheer them on with cries of Vive le Roi! A fire of grape-shot which was opened upon him tore one of his boots and broke one of his spurs; but he was not wounded. 'See,' my friends, he exclaimed, 'the Blues do not know how to fire!' The peasants then rushed forward. In the midst of their career, they came to a great cross, and though within reach of the enemy's cannon, they all knelt before it. One of the leaders would have hurried them on. Lescure quietly bade him let them say their prayers. The other party had also their stimulants of zeal. Seven deputies from the Convention were present, encouraging the troops in battle with exhortations and example. In spite of all their efforts, their discipline, and their numerous artillery, they were defeated by the half-armed and disorderly peasants, who entered the town, and spared all who laid down their arms. But one of the republicans having taken up the musket which he had thrown down, and grievously wounded Bonchamp, the peasants then put to death every Blue whom they found in that street, that the criminal might not escape. Two-and-forty pieces of cannon fell into the conquerors' hands, and Marie-Jeanne, to their great exultation, was recovered, though 25,000 francs had been promised to the republican soldiers who should bring it off. Two chests of assignats also were taken,—the first of which the royalists had got possession. One of these was destroyed by the men, who burnt some, tore others, and curled their hair with the rest: the generals

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were in time to preserve the other chest, which contained about 900,000 francs; and endorsing the bills with the words *Bon, au nom du Roi*, they applied them to the use of the army. But the most gratifying result of the victory was the delivering of the prisoners who had been taken in the former action, and had been tried the preceding evening, but by some unusual delay in the proceedings of a French military tribunal, had not yet been executed. Their preservation was not more fortunate for themselves than for three or four thousand republicans who in this reverse of fortune were at the mercy of the Vendeans. It was debated in what manner to dispose of these prisoners whom it was impossible to guard, and who were not to be trusted, if dismissed upon their parole. Marshal Donnissan proposed the easy expedient of cropping them, that they might be known again, and punished if taken a second time in arms. Much was expected from the report which they would spread of the conduct and strength of the royalists;—but the Marchioness acknowledges that revolutionary opinions were more widely diffused, and had taken deeper root than the leaders imagined: and in the other provinces the peasantry and the nobles were not connected by bonds of good will as in La Vendée.

After this victory it was debated whether to attack Les Sables or Niort; the latter should have been their object; its capture would have laid open Rochelle and Rochefort,—and with those ports in their hands, they might have received prompt and efficacious support from England; but while the chiefs deliberated, the men became weary of expecting orders, and dispersed that they might have the pleasure of recounting their exploits at home. The leaders remained three days at Fontenay, during which time they appointed a superior Council of Administration, with the bishop of Agra for president, and composed of persons whose age or profession rendered them unsuitable for arms. The Abbé Bernier soon became the leading member;—first he appeared in the character of an eloquent and ardent preacher—next he displayed considerable military and political talents—and finally discovered an overweening vanity, a selfish ambition, and a spirit of intrigue injurious to the cause in which he was engaged, and fatal to his own reputation. Chatillon was made the residence of the Council, and the centre of the royalists' operations. The Convention now perceived the importance of the insurrection; the extent of the danger had been concealed by the Brissotine minister Le Brun; he had not reported, as he ought to have done, the representations which General Berruyer made of the evil, and this furnished just matter of accusation against him when his death had been determined by the Jacobines. Biron, a duke under the old régime, a republican against his conscience in these perilous times, the unfortunate representative of an ill-fated family,

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family, was appointed commander-in-chief. Among the subordinate generals, Santerre the brewer commanded some Parisian levies, known by the name of *Les héros de cinq cents livres*, the price for which most of them served as substitutes, and equally notorious for their want of discipline and want of courage. Detachments also were drawn from the Army of the North, and sent under Westermann—the man who on the 10th of August first forced his way into the Tuileries. The reinforcements were sent with all possible speed by land and by water, and reached Saumur from Paris in four days; in a short time 40,000 men, half of whom were troops of the line, occupied that city, Montreuil, Thouars, Doué, and Veluers. Nevertheless the royalists got possession of the two latter places, and afterwards entered Montreuil, more through the incapacity of the republican general Lygonier, than by any well-concerted movements of their own. That general, therefore, was displaced, and Menou (the Abdallah Menou of Egypt) succeeded him. It was next determined to undertake some minor operations previous to an attack upon Saumur; but the peasantry were heated with success, and insisted upon being led against that town without delay. Such was their disorder, that in the course of the attack they fired twice upon their own men; and when, for the first time, they were opposed to some cuirassiers, and saw that their musket-shot did no execution, they took panic and fled. This would have proved fatal if two caissons had not overturned upon a bridge, checked the cuirassiers in pursuit, and thus given Marigny time to dispose of his artillery to advantage, while Lescure rallied the runaways. Marceau, who afterwards obtained a high reputation among the French generals, first distinguished himself in this action, by saving, at the imminent risk of his own life, the representative Bourbotte, one of those stern Jacobines who, when condemned to death under the Directory, stabbed themselves at the bar, and handed the bloody knife one to another. There occurred in this action a circumstance which shews that the republicans were not less capable of heroic self-devotion than their opponents. A troop of cavalry was ordered against a battery of the Vendeans. 'Where do you send me?' said the commander, seeing clearly the destruction to which he was exposed. 'To death,' replied General Coustard—'the safety of the Republic requires it.' Weissen (such was the commander's name) instantly obeyed,—but the infantry refused to support him there, and the greater part of his troops, as he had foreseen, were sacrificed. The place, however, in spite of all blunders, accidents, and confusion, was won. Eighty pieces of cannon were taken here, muskets out of number, ammunition in abundance, and in the course of five days 11,000 prisoners had been made,

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made, all of whom were cropped and dismissed. Quetineau was found in confinement in the castle, and Lescure again invited him to remain under the protection of the Royalists who knew how to respect an honest and humane man, notwithstanding any difference of political opinion. He replied, that he could not bear the imputation of treachery which this would fix upon him; and moreover by so acting he should expose his wife to the vengeance of the government; but he observed that the Austrians were masters of Flanders, and the royalists victorious in La Vendée; that the counter-revolution would be effected, and France dismembered by strangers. Lescure replied, the royalists would never suffer it, but would fight for the French territory. 'Ah, Monsieur,' exclaimed Quetineau, 'it is then that I will serve with you. I love the glory of my country—and this is my patriotism.' The people of Saumur were at the time shouting Vive le Roi! He opened the window, and cried out, 'Rascals! the other day you accused me of betraying the republic, and now you cry Vive le Roi, for fear! I appeal to the Vendeans if I have ever done this!' But integrity availed nothing under the Jacobine government. Quetineau was put to death. His wife went to the revolutionary tribunal, and exclaimed 'Vive le Roi!' that she also might be sent to the guillotine: and, as in innumerable other instances, they instantly condemned her.

Lescure was wounded at the capture of Saumur: before he left the army to take care of his wound he assembled the leaders, observed how necessary it was that there should be a commander-in-chief, and proposed Cathelineau—a nomination in every respect proper and politic, and which gave general satisfaction. The officers at this time assumed a strange costume, which gave them much the appearance of banditti. Red handkerchiefs are the manufacture of that country. Roche Jaquelein wore them round his head, round his neck, and several round his waist to carry his pistols there. At Fontenay the Blues had been heard saying, 'Aim at the red handkerchief,' and for this reason the officers advised Roche Jaquelein to leave them off; but as he would not be persuaded, they took to the same fashion, that it might not be the means of exposing him to individual danger. It was determined to keep possession of Saumur, as thereby they became masters of the course of the Loire, and commanded a communication between the two banks; it was necessary that the commander should be a man who enjoyed the confidence of the peasantry, and Roche Jaquelein, much against his inclination, and perhaps against his judgment also, was appointed to this unfit service. The men were as unwilling to submit to this inactive duty as their leaders; it was necessary to determine that four peasants from every parish should serve there, for eight

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eight days at a time, at a pay of fourteen sols per day—this being the first time that pay was proposed. A most important operation was at this time planned. Lescure, having leisure during his confinement with his wound to think of such things, wrote a complimentary letter to Charette, with whom till then there had been no communication; a correspondence followed, which ended in concerting an attack upon Nantes. Charette was to approach from the left bank; the Grand Army crossed at Saumur, and Stofflet, to induce the peasants to quit their own country, for their ardour was again abating, caused it to be proclaimed, unknown to the other leaders, that all who remained would be reputed cowards. His immediate purpose was answered, but the injudicious means drew away also the greater part of the garrison of Saumur. Angers was evacuated at their approach, and here the Prince de Talmont, second son of the Duc de la Trémouille, joined the royalists: he was the first of the court-nobility who fought in France, and the only one who was taken arms in hand.

The siege of Nantes is considered by General Turreau as perhaps the most important military event of the Revolution. 'Perhaps,' he says in French phrase, 'the destinies of the Republic were attached to the resistance of that town.' There is, indeed, great reason to believe that its capture at that time would have been decisive: Bretagne would have risen in arms, and the coast would have been open to England and to the emigrants. General Canclaux commanded there; his history, as given by the Comte de Puisaye, whose most intimate friend he had been before the Revolution, gives a melancholy proof of the effects which revolutions produce upon the hearts and consciences of men. From principle, from feeling, from a sense of religious and political duty, Canclaux was a royalist. Rigid in his own conduct, indulgent toward others, unaffectedly pious, singularly amiable in all the relations of life,—as obliging and as beneficent as man could be, he was beloved by all who knew him, and by all who were under his command. Puisaye knew him as the husband of a wife whom he had loved from her childhood, and to whom he was passionately attached;—he knew him also as a widower, and it was his practice to visit her grave, till political events gave him other occupations. The Prince de Conti had been his patron, and he remained in France, only because the prince did not emigrate. He entered the army, having, as the Comte de Puisaye believes, the example of Monk in his mind. He was employed to fight against the truest friends of the monarchy, the bravest and most devoted royalists; he was surrounded by spies and by executioners; and this man, says his friend, made by his education, by his principles, by his feelings, and by the habits of a long life, to set an example to his fellows of the prac-

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practice of every virtue,—ended in becoming the deplorable instrument of every crime. To such consequences does the man expose himself who deviates from the straight path!—The second in command, Beysser, was a fierce Republican, of the most energetic character, who committed, with all the ardour of revolutionary fury, the crimes and cruelties in which Canclaux coldly, reluctantly, and it may perhaps be said, more guiltily participated. Two representatives were in the city, Merlin of Douay and Gilet. Terrified at their danger, they would have abandoned Nantes, but Canclaux declared that he would answer for its safety; and the people, who dreaded Charette, having the example of Machecoul before their eyes, supported him. Miserable state of things! even those who sincerely wished for the restoration of the monarchy, and the return of that order which allowed every man to pursue his own occupations in peace, fought now in self-defence for a government which they abhorred. Such was the effect of the reputation which Charette's army had acquired for cruelty,—a charge from which the Grand Army was not altogether exempt, notwithstanding the exertions of Lescure and Roche Jaquelein; for it appears by the Memoirs of the Marchioness, that Marigny never spared a prisoner, and persisted, in spite of all remonstrance, in this inhuman system, from a false notion that such barbarity was politic. Large and ill-defended as Nantes was, it would probably have fallen, but for some of the accidents of war. Among the first causes of the failure of the expedition, the absence of Lescure and Roche Jaquelein must be accounted. The personal exertions of both would have done much, their presence more; for those officers and soldiers had now mostly dispersed who would have followed them. A delay which had not been calculated was another cause. Charette made his attack at the hour appointed, and was repulsed before Cathelineau arrived. The Prince de Talmont committed an error in occupying a road which ought to have been left open for the flying republicans; they were flying when he drove them back, and then taking courage from despair, they rallied and made head. Lastly, Cathelineau was mortally wounded, and many other chiefs fell. This loss effectually disheartened the peasants,—they crossed the river in boats,—the right bank was abandoned, and the army dispersed. And the people of Nantes saved themselves from the royalists—to become the victims of Carrier!

Biron meantime had arrived, and taken the command at Niort; from which place he allowed Westermann with his advanced guard to penetrate into the heart of the Bocage. Lescure, whose arm was in a sling, and who had not yet recovered from the fever which his wound occasioned, collected the peasants to oppose him, and took post at Parthenay. The patrole neglected their duty, and

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and Lescure narrowly escaped being taken in his bed. Roche Jaquelein had not been more fortunate in his ill-chosen station;—he who before Nantes might so probably have led the Vendeans to victory, could not persuade them to remain at their post at Saumur; one after another departed to look after their farms and their oxen; till at length, in spite of every exertion, he had only eight soldiers left. Foreseeing this, he had sent into the Bocage as much artillery and ammunition as he could remove; and leaving Saumur in time, he joined Lescure after his escape from Parthenay, and retired with him to Chatillon, in hopes of rallying the army there. From Parthenay Westermann advanced to Amaillon, and set fire to the village. This was the commencement of that atrocious system which the republicans from that time unrelentingly pursued. Next he marched upon Clisson; wrote from thence an extravagant dispatch to the Convention, boasting that he had at length got to the dwelling of Lescure, that monster vomited from hell, and sent his will and his portrait as trophies. He then burnt the chateau to the ground, and consumed all the stores of provisions which had been collected there. From thence he advanced upon Chatillon, where every exertion had been made to collect a force to resist him: Lescure had even sent his wife into the neighbouring parishes to sound the tocsin and harangue the peasants. It was immediately after the defeat at Nantes; the atrocious system of the Blues had terrified the people: their first thought was to put their wives and children in safety. Scarcely 3000 men could be collected: with these it was intended to cover Chatillon; but they were without hope;—at all times they lost their courage when they were to act on the defensive; and now every circumstance tended to dishearten them. Westermann entered Chatillon, and, contrary to his usual custom, committed no cruelties there; but he set fire to the neighbouring chateau belonging to Roche Jaquelein, and made the constitutional bishop of St. Maixent perform *Te Deum* for his success. The Vendean chiefs were not inactive;—they collected the wreck of the army from Nantes; and the peasants, recovering from their first astonishment, breathed only the most exasperated hatred against the government which had condemned their country to be laid waste with fire and sword, and the men who were the guilty agents of such enormities. They collected in great force; their movements were as rapid and as bold as those of Westermann himself; and they had the advantage of acting upon their own ground. The jacobine general was not insensible of his danger: he had forced into the army 2000 national guards from St. Maixent and Parthenay, mostly fathers of families, and he had written to Biron to advance with all speed and support him. But Biron remained inactive at Niort, and Westermann allowed himself to be surprized during

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during the night;—his infantry were cut to pieces—the whole of his artillery and ammunition taken,—and he himself only escaped with about 300 cavalry by the speed of their horses. A frightful massacre was committed by the conquerors, Marigny leading them on in spite of all D'Elbée's exertions.

Westermann was summoned to Paris, to answer for this defeat; but his hour was not yet come, and the measure of his crimes was not yet full: the party to which he had attached himself were in full power, and to this circumstance he owed his acquittal, not to the unquestionable fact that he had served the government with fidelity. Another attempt was made by the republicans to enter the Bocage from the side of Anjou by the Pont de Cé: the royalists gave them battle; on both sides great blunders were committed, and the Blues gained an unprofitable victory. Bonchamp, who was just recovered from a former wound, had his elbow shattered; and this in its consequences was of more importance to his party than the loss of the day. Three days after the royalists attacked the enemy near Vihiers, and obtained a most remarkable victory. None of their generals were present; but the Abbé Bernier persuaded the men that they were in the field, and he in great measure directed the movements: they knew that Santerre was with the Blues, and they had the strongest desire to take him prisoner, and chain him in an iron cage, as a punishment for the part which he had borne at the death of the king—he only escaped by making his horse leap a wall six* feet high. Turreau calls this a most frightful defeat: the troops were not rallied till they reached Chinon, fifteen leagues from the scene of action: only 4000 men could be collected three days after the battle; and some of the fugitives did not think themselves safe till they reached Paris. At this time Cathelineau died of the wounds which he had received before Nantes; and D'Elbée, by an intrigue of his own, was chosen to succeed him in the command. Bonchamp, who ought to have been appointed, was absent at the time, because of his wound, and Lescure also was ill, and ignorant of what was going on. There were cabals also in the republican army: a wretch named Rossignol, who had been a journeyman goldsmith at Paris, was employed under Biron; he had distinguished himself in the attack of the Bastille, and boasted of his share in the September massacres, holding out his right arm, and saying that it had dispatched sixty-three Carmelite priests. Biron arrested this ruffian for his mutinous discourse and for the atrocities which he committed; but these were the triumphant days of anarchy, and such men were

* M. Alphonse de Beauchamp makes the wall ten feet, without appearing to admire the leap.

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the popular heroes. Biron was accused before the Convention, and the arrest of this brave patriot was one of his crimes. An ex-noble could expect no mercy,—he was delivered over to the revolutionary tribunal, and, on frivolous charges of conspiring against the republic, was condemned to the death which he felt to be his proper punishment for having served it. His words upon the scaffold were—'I have been false to my God, my order, and my king: I die full of faith and repentance.' How must this man have envied Lescure and Roche Jaquelein, when he was commanding against them and seeking their destruction! Rossignol was appointed to succeed him. M. Beauchamp calls this monster brave, frank, and disinterested;—his past history has already been noticed, and his after conduct perfectly corresponded to these hopeful beginnings!

The Brissotines had now paid the earthly penalty of their errors —errors arising from presumption, ignorance, irreligion, the shallow philosophy of their age, and the universal corruption of their country. The men for whom they made plain the way, and who brought them to the guillotine, were of a temper to look danger steadily in the face, and go through with the work of blood, in which the others from compunction would have stopped half way. One of their first measures concerning the Vendeans was a direct violation of one of the most sacred compacts between man and man—it was a decree that the prisoners whom the royalists had taken and set at liberty after administering an oath to them not to bear arms again against the king, should be punished if they held themselves bound by that oath. This abominable decree was enacted for the purpose of compelling the royalists to give no quarter, that the republicans might with more vengeance pursue the system of extermination which was now resolved on. The garrisons of Valenciennes and Mentz had surrendered on condition of not bearing arms against the allies;—by a grievous oversight the allies did not stipulate that they were not to act against the royalists in France—men who assuredly ought to have been regarded as an integral and most important part of the alliance. The French government, no doubt, would have disregarded such a stipulation, if they could have gained any thing by so doing; but it is possible that the troops themselves might have refused to act in breach of their pledged honour;—for among these troops were some of the best as well as the worst of the French officers; and honour had not yet been extinguished in the army: that object was left for Buonaparte to effect. The project of a decree for destroying La Vendée and exterminating the people, was proposed to the Convention by the Committee of Public Safety, through their mouthpiece Barrère. 'The Committee,' said he, 'has proposed measures

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sures which go to exterminate this rebellious race of Vendeans—to destroy their hiding-places—to burn their woods—to cut down their crops. It is to gangrenous wounds that medicine applies the knife and the cautery;—political medicine ought to employ the same means and the same remedies;—you do good when you extirpate evil;—you are beneficent to your country when you punish those who rebel against her. Louvois is accused in history for having ravaged the Palatinate with fire, and Louvois is deservedly accused, for he was the minister of a tyrant. La Vendée is the Palatinate of the republic—destroy it, and you save the country!' The trees were to be cut down, the brushwood set on fire, the habitations burnt, the produce and the cattle seized or destroyed, the women and children driven into other parts of France. 'In fine,' says General Turreau, 'the land was utterly laid waste, and nothing left in this perfidious country but heaps of dead bodies, of ruins and of ashes, the frightful monuments of national vengeance.' General Turreau* justifies this system! and the Memoirs in which he justifies it were reprinted by himself, as a necessary and well-timed re-publication, during the short term of Buonaparte's last usurpation, when the royalists in La Vendée were again in arms!

The extent to which this decree was executed would be incredible, if the facts had not occurred in our own time—if they were not public and notorious—acknowledged on all sides, and established by the confessions, the avowals, and justifications of the infernal agents themselves! 'One might say,' says M. Berthre de Bourniseaux, 'that the Vendeans were no longer human beings in the eyes of the republicans:—the pregnant woman—the paralytic of fourscore—the infant in the cradle,—yea, even the beasts, the houses, the stores, the very soil, appeared to them so many enemies worthy of total extermination. I do not doubt but that if they had possessed the power, they would have launched the thunder against this unhappy country, and reduced it to a chaos.' The

* These are specimens of General Turreau's correspondence at the time, addressed to the general of division Grignon—'*Les environs du pays où tu te trouves t'offrent un champ pour fouiller, incendier métairies, bois, &c. et purger le pays des scélérats qui l'habitent. —Croyons que dans ce maudit pays nous ne devons nous fier à personne, et agissons en conséquence. J'ai reçu une croix de St. Louis, un calice, et une patenne. Dépêche-toi de m'envoyer une collection complette de tous ces brinborions. Continue, mon camarade, à brûler le pays, et à exterminer les rebelles: plus je vais en avant, plus je suis à portée de juger qu'il y a peu d'habitans à excepter de la proscription.* General Grignon was, in all respects, worthy of receiving such instructions. On one occasion he said to his brigade: *Vous y brûlerez tout; vous passerez au fil de la baïonnette tous les habitans que vous y trouverez. Il peut y avoir quelques patriotes dans le pays, mais c'est égal!*'—This will remind the reader of the Inquisitor at the siege of Beziers, or of Carcassone, who, when the Catholic invaders were about to storm the town, and expressed some apprehension that the Catholic inhabitants might be involved in destruction with the heretics, replied, 'Kill them all, and God will know his own!'

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effect which this inhuman system produced was to madden the Vendeans;—cruelties provoked cruelties; and on their side the burning desire of vengeance was exasperated by conduct on the part of their enemies more resembling that of infernal agents than of men. It is affirmed that it was one of their pleasures to burn the cattle alive in their stalls, and that more than eleven hundred thousand were destroyed by them thus wantonly and in sport! Rossignol offered a reward of ten livres for every pair of royalist ears;—it was actually claimed and paid, and there were men who wore human ears as cockades! Other and more execrable examples of the same kind are stated in the book before us; but we will not sully our pages with a repetition of such horrors—horrors which, if it were possible, should for the sake of human nature be forgotten. The representatives of the people and the popular societies were possessed by the same spirit as the army. The Committee of Angers wrote to one of the Deputies, entreating him to send the most * holy guillotine and the republican ministers of her worship. Every hour they said proper subjects were arriving whom they wished to initiate in her mysteries; and they expressed their joy that this divinity, the deliverer of the republic, was not to be abandoned! The state of these countries, indeed of all France, at this time, must appear incredible to posterity:—it will not be thought possible that one part of a nation could be diabolical enough to commit such atrocities—and the other part vile enough to endure them. Well may the Count de Puisaye say, that instead of calling these times the reign of terror, the reign of cowardice *(de la lâcheté)* would be a more appropriate appellation. 'During ten months,' says this powerful writer, 'the French nation presented to the eyes of an observer a flock of five and twenty millions of men deprived of the use of their reason or the sense of their strength; among whom a few hundred executioners, dispersed over all parts of the realm, came every day to chuse at their pleasure new victims, whom they seemed to have divided in the provinces and towns, as butchers assort in parks and pastures, whence they may take them out in their turn, the cattle whom they mean to slaughter one after another.' A humiliating calculation, he adds, which it would be too easy to make, would shew that if the men capable of bearing arms who have been thus tamely butchered,

* 'Le Comité vous prie de lui envoyer LA SACRAM SANCTAM GUILLOTINAM, et les ministres républicains de son culte.—Il n'est pas d'heures dans la journée qu'il ne nous arrive des récipiendaires que nous désirons initier dans ses mystères.—Jugez de la joie que nous éprouvons, en songeant que cette divinité libératrice de la république, n'est [illegible] d'être abandonnée.'—In the same spirit, the municipality of this town [illegible] employment to a certain citizen Besnard, 'parce que nous l'avons [illegible] contint Bourbotte, requis de venir nous aider pour l'interrogatoire [illegible] les !'

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that we have no words in the English language which can express the meaning of these terms without a periphrasis!) and by the horrors of crowded and infected prisons. This Carrier, to whom the precedence in guilt is due, if any man may claim precedence in this equality of guilt and damnation,—was a sentimentalist! a philanthropic preacher of benevolence! When he entered Rennes the town was illuminated in his honour, with lights placed behind glasses containing liquids of three colours, so as to make a *tricolor* illumination. He broke those which contained the red liquor, saying they made him shudder, for they reminded him of blood—*cette couleur me fait horreur! elle présente des idées de sang!* This very man actually made the streets of this very city run with blood! The executioner died;—there were many candidates for the place: it was given by public trial to him who could guillotine with most dexterity; and the successful butcher, after this accursed trial, was borne away in triumph, like the winning member upon a contested election, and dined in public by the side of the representatives of the people! he was an object of envy and even of adulation! *Tant il est vrai qu'il est partout des courtisans!* 'So true is it,' says M. de Puisaye, 'that courtiers are found every where.' Three hundred heads were cut off in one day: it rained heavily at the time; the gutters ran with a sanguine stream, and the mud of the streets was literally reddened with human blood! Even this was but a prelude! The representatives of the people ordered graves to be made ready for eight thousand victims!

The Vendeans had at least the satisfaction of dying 'with harness on their backs;' they had the satisfaction of revenging themselves while they lived, and the consolation of knowing that they had done their duty to the utmost, and should leave a noble name and a noble example to posterity. Due advantage had not been taken of their last victory over Westermann: Lescure was not recovered enough for action; General Bonchamp was again disabled by his wound; Roche Jaquelein did not assume the place in council to which his talents and character entitled him;—there was no

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one directing mind among the royalists; and as harvest was at hand, the peasants, wherever the enemy had not yet penetrated to lay waste the country, could not perceive that this was no season for the sickle and the scythe. They received two defeats at Lucon; the second was the severest which they had yet sustained; they had exposed themselves in the plain, and light artillery was for the first time brought against them. These losses were counterbalanced by partial successes; but the tremendous means of destruction which the Convention had decreed were now brought against them on all sides. On the 12th of September the tocsin was sounded in all the districts round about La Vendée; and every man between 18 and 50 was compelled to join the republican armies on pain of being imprisoned as a suspected person,—a charge which in those days invariably led to death. According to M. Beauchamp, not less than 300,000 men were thus raised against the royalists; and it is not to be doubted that a large proportion of these men would more willingly have been fighting in the same cause. The Marchioness states the whole force at 240,000; and of these there were not less than 70,000 troops of the line. They burnt the country before them;—they never spared a prisoner; they murdered the infirm, the aged, the women, the babes at the breast. In return they received as little mercy as they gave: on one occasion a whole battalion, which had taken the title of the Avengers, were cut to pieces to a man; and whenever they were defeated, the women and children seized the fugitives, and put them to death, not unfrequently with that cruelty in which outraged as well as perverted humanity is too often found to take delight.

At this time a secret deputation from the army of Mentz came to the royalist chiefs, and offered to buy over that army to the king's cause, if they would engage to pay the soldiers thirty sols per day, and make a large donation to the officers. It cannot be supposed that Kleber was concerned in this transaction; but that the persons who made this offer were sincere, is certain, for they gave information of the strength and position of the army, which was of great use to the Vendeans. The negociation failed for want of money; some persons proposed to apply the church plate to this purpose; against this the clergy of the Vendean council, and some of the leaders, exclaimed as sacrilege,—forgetting that if the plate were not thus employed, it would become the prey of the republicans. They made liberal promises, but the Mentz army wanted ready money. M. Beauchamp thinks, that if this army had deserted, La Vendée might have been saved: the Marchioness relates the circumstance without expressing any regret; she observes, that no confidence could have been placed in such mercenaries; that as they deserted the republicans for money, so for a larger sum they would

cree of the Convention provoked this dreadful measure, and the Mentz army were specified as having no claim to the ordinary laws of war, because after a capitulation with the allied powers, they were again armed against a part of that alliance. The cry of '*Rendez-vous, Grace!* was therefore, from thenceforth, forbidden in the royalist army; after this consultation and this result, midnight mass was celebrated, and a white flag which the Marchioness had embroidered for her husband's army, was solemnly blessed by the officiating priest. All the royalist forces, amounting to 40,000 men, were at this time collected at Chollet; they attacked and defeated the Mentz army under Kleber, but the general, one of the ablest of the republican school, made a skilful retreat, while, by his orders, a lieutenant-colonel of his battalion remained to be cut to pieces in defending a bridge! The next day they surprized Beysser, wounded him, took all his artillery and baggage, and completely routed his division. The next operation should have been to attack a large convoy belonging to the Mentz army, containing their magazines, their plunder, and their wounded; but Charette at this important moment divided the Vendean force, leading part upon a less important, though successful enterprize; so that for want of adequate strength, D'Elbée and Bonchamp were repulsed by the convoy. From this time, divisions were perceived among the royalists; the Angevins could never forgive the defeat to which they had been exposed; and Charette, out of humour concerning the division of some paltry spoils,—at no time worthy of a moment's thought,—separated entirely from the main army at a moment when it was more than ever necessary that their efforts should be unanimous. They sang *Te Deum* for their victories, when *Miserere* should have been their hymn! The republicans pressed upon them day after day more closely, advancing faster into the Bocage; the women fled from the place as they approached; the Marchioness had with her her infant of nine months old, weaned because perpetual fear and misery had dried the breasts of its nurse; the Marchioness was in the third month of her second pregnancy, —her

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—her mother was scarce recovered from a malignant fever, her aunt the abbess increased the number of this helpless and wretched company; and to complete their wretchedness, Lescure, in the commencement of a disastrous action, received a ball near his left eye-brow, which came out behind the ear. Bonchamp now saw that all was lost in La Vendée, and sent Talmont and D'Autichamp to occupy Varades, that in case of another defeat they might cross the Loire, and carry the war into Bretagne: he knew the disposition of the Bretons, and his great talents make it probable that he had formed some clear and well-projected plan for bold operations in that country. The battle was fought near Chollet, and with the most determined bravery; a reserve of the Mentz army arrived in time to decide it; D'Elbée and Bonchamp were both mortally wounded: whilst the Vendeans bore away the wounded, the Blues, who had suffered too much to pursue them with any vigour, entered Chollet in triumph, set fire to the town, and passed the night in their accustomed orgies of blood and abominations;—whilst the royalists, knowing that Talmont had succeeded in occupying Varades, ran toward the Loire, waiting for no instructions from their generals, as if they believed that when they had crossed the river, all their sufferings were to cease.

In the whole history of this deplorable Revolution, there is not a more impressive circumstance than the passage of the Loire by the Vendeans. The heights of St. Florent, for which point all the fugitives had made, form a sort of crescent, at the foot of which there is an extensive flat shore; the river here is of great width, and in the middle it encircles a small island. Lescure was removed from Chaudron upon a litter during the night; early in the morning they reached the heights, and his widow compares the scene to the horrors of the Last Judgment. Behind them in the distance were the flames and smoke of burning villages;—eighty thousand fugitives were crowding to the shore, soldiers, women, children, the sick, the infirm, the aged, the wounded;—amidst the confusion the predominant sound was that of sobs and grievous lamentations. Already a great number had reached the opposite shore—the islet was crowded with people who had forded thus far; about twenty boats were continually passing and repassing with fugitives; some sought to cross on horseback—all were stretching out their hands to the opposite shore, as if to implore assistance. Four thousand prisoners, taken before the war assumed its present character, had been brought to St. Florent; it was proposed and determined to put them to death. The Marchioness says that no person could be found to execute this determination, and [illegible] they were spared: M. Berthre de Bourniseaux [illegible] servation to Lescure; but his widow tells us

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feeble to be heard when he exclaimed it was horrible to give such an order. The prisoners themselves affirmed that Madame de Bonchamp procured their deliverance from her husband, and on this account they saved her from the butcheries at Nantes. Bonchamp was expiring at the time, and it was certainly believed upon the spot, that the last act of his life was to interfere for the preservation of these four thousand lives; these very prisoners seized the cannon which were left on the shore, and fired grape shot at the fugitives; and when the republican army came up, they dug up Bonchamp's body from the grave, beheaded it, and sent the head as a trophy to Paris!

Roche Jaquelein would fain have stood his ground in La Vendée, or have perished there; but the impulse had been given, and he found it impossible to resist the torrent. Lescure also wished to die in his own country,—he yielded to the intreaties of his friend, and was borne across the river in a state of great suffering, so much so, that when an alarm was given on the opposite shore, he said the republicans would do him a kindness in expediting his death, and bullets would do him less hurt than the cold and the wind. He was carried to Varades, of which place and of Ancenis the royalists obtained undisputed possession. Lescure assembled the principal officers round his bed, and told them it was necessary to elect a General in Chief—they replied he was their General: he made answer that he was mortally wounded, but that should he ever, contrary to his own expectations, recover, he should long be incapable of service; and he recommended Roche Jaquelein as the only person in whom all requisites were combined. Roche Jaquelein accordingly, notwithstanding his own unfeigned reluctance, was appointed by acclamation. Lescure then advised that they should march to Nantes, its garrison was with the republican army; an unexpected attack he thought would make them masters of that important post, and from thence they might communicate with Charette, and re-enter La Vendée. But Nantes had already been fatal to the Vendeans, and there was a prevalent disinclination among them to risk a second attempt upon that inauspicious ground. They determined to march upon Rennes; nor could they have pursued a wiser course, if they had persevered in it. Lescure was offered a hiding place for himself and family—he would not leave the army,—and his wife, who for a moment thought of trusting her infant to this asylum, feared lest it should be sent to the Foundling Hospital, or that it should be treated with neglect: so the whole of the wretched family took their fortune with the crowd,—so it may be called, more fitly than an army. The line of march was about twelve miles in length! first went a numerous advance guard,—then the crowd followed,—a pitiable scene of wretchedness and

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and confusion, guns, baggage, women and children, old men and wounded, soldiers without rank or order, on horse and on foot, every one shifting for himself as best he could. The rear guard had it in especial charge to protect Lescure, who was in a dreadful state of suffering; pain of body and agony of mind seemed to have changed his disposition, and he gave way not only to frequent cries, but to an impatient and fretful anger which he had never before displayed. Had the republicans attacked them in any force upon this disorderly march, or with any judgment, a destruction might have been made to the heart's delight of the bloodiest conventionalist; but the passage of the Loire had never entered into their views: it disconcerted all their combinations, and gave for a time to the royalists, that advantage in Bretagne which they had lost in La Vendée. They marched by Ingraéde, Caudé, Segre, and Chateau Gonthier, upon Laval. The representative Esnue Lavallée collected what force he could to defend the town. M. Beauchamp states it at from 5 to 6000 men, the Marchioness at 15,000; they were defeated with considerable slaughter; the inhabitants received the conquerors with undissembled joy, and more than six thousand Bretons joined the royal standard: this raised their hopes, and they determined to rest at Laval for some days, in order to organize the army as well as they could, and increase their force. This needful repose was of the greatest advantage to Lescure, he recovered strength, and on the second day there were great hopes of his recovery. That night Westermann, with the advance of the republicans, thought to enter the town; the Vendeans met and defeated him in the darkness. This action had so much of chance medley, that each party supplied itself from the ammunition casks of the other, in the disorder; and friend was so little to be known from foe, that a royalist officer was helping a republican out of a ditch, when by the flash of a cannon he saw his uniform, and put to death the man, whom at the instant he had been endeavouring to save. On the following day it was known that the general in chief Lechelle was come up, and was preparing to attack them with his main force, from 25 to 30,000 men, all good troops. Lescure could scarcely be prevented from mounting on horseback and taking the field, he would not be restrained from going to the window, and encouraging the soldiers as they passed; the exertion and agitation counteracted all the good which three days of rest had done, and soon destroyed what hopes of recovery had been till now indulged. This was the first great action in which Roche Jaquelein had commanded; for the first time he felt himself responsible for the event of the day, and the change which this feeling produced in his ardent and impetuous character, shews of what heroic elements that character was composed. Instead of setting an example of headlong courage as he

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had hitherto done, he was always in his proper station, controuling and directing the troops, his eye and his intellect fully occupied, and feeling no want of the arm which he carried in a sling. Happy if he had as well known how to use the victory as to gain it; but youth and inherent modesty made him unwilling to assert that rank in council, which he had shewn himself so able and worthy to support in the field. The republicans stood their ground well, but they were entirely defeated, and no quarter was given;—a whole corps who laid down their arms were marched apart by one of Stofflet's officers and *fusilladed.* General Beaupuy rallied the fugitives, and endeavoured to make a stand at Chateau Gonthier—he was mortally wounded—being carried from the ground, he sent his bloody shirt to his soldiers, that that sight might stimulate them to revenge him. Roche Jaquelein exclaimed to his men, 'What, my friends, are we to lie without the town, and they whom we have beaten within?' They forced the passage of the bridge, and drove the republicans from this last stand, who now fled, leaving every thing behind them, and did not think themselves safe till they reached Angers: it was twelve days before the wrecks of the army could be re-organized. Lechelle died in a few days of vexation and fear, for his men hooted him, and the deputy Merlin of Thionville menaced him with the vengeance of the Convention, which was never accustomed to weigh past services in the scale: he had been a fencing master at Saintes, and had won those victories which drove the royalists from the Bocage.

Great part of the Mentz army was cut to pieces in this battle. Roche Jaquelein wished to pursue the fugitives to Angers, where he might have completed their destruction, and then re-enter La Vendée; and the Marchioness thinks it ought to have been done, when they might thus have returned triumphantly. But whilst he was at Chateau Gonthier, the greater part both of men and officers had returned to Laval, and he did not venture on his own judgment to take so important a step. He therefore turned back to consult with the other chiefs, and from this time, cabals and jealousies began openly to appear. The Prince de Talmont proposed marching to Paris,—an absurd proposal, which has been erroneously imputed to Roche Jaquelein: it would have been madness to attempt this, unless all Bretagne had risen to support them; but the indispensable measure for encouraging the Bretons, who were admirably disposed, was to advance upon Rennes; the capital of the province once occupied, the whole country would have risen, the republicans there would have been cut off, or at least prevented from forming a junction with the force now collecting at Angers, and eighty leagues of coast would have fallen without resistance into the hands of the royalists; thus enabling them instantly to receive

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receive those succours with which England was ready. Unhappily, a man who had been engaged in the feeble insurrection excited by the fugitive Brissotines in Normandy, came from his hiding place at their approach, and persuaded them to direct their course towards his country, and get possession of Granville, saying that he knew the weak part of the town, and would direct the attack. It was determined to proceed to Fougères, and from thence turn either upon Rennes, or toward Granville, as might then seem best: in this uncertainty they set forth, after having remained nine days at Laval. Lescure, in a dying state, accompanied the army; he had always thought his wound mortal, and it was now certain that death was at hand. On the third day before they re-commenced their march, he received extreme unction, and in this state, speechless, but not senseless, it was necessary that the breathing and suffering corpse should be carried on; his wife could not possibly leave him in that state, and to have remained with him would have been exposing herself to certain death,—this, however strongly her feelings at that time inclined to it, would have been acting in opposition to her known duty, and her husband's known injunctions, which were then perhaps more regarded. He was laid upon a mattress in the berlin, with Agatha, a servant who had been bred up with him from childhood, and a surgeon to whom the Marchioness was persuaded to quit her place. She herself went on horseback, and she acknowledges, that seeing that day the bodies of several republican soldiers lying in the road, she purposely rode over them, that she might have the revenge of trampling under foot some of those who had brought her to a state of widowhood. Lescure died in the carriage; and that his death might be concealed from her as long as possible, Agatha remained seven hours in it, alone with the dead body: had the Marchioness been informed of it upon the way, she might have been unable to proceed. At night, when the event was communicated to her, a miscarriage was dreaded, and it was necessary to bleed her; the man who came to perform the operation was six feet high, of a ferocious countenance, with four pistols in his girdle, and a huge sabre at his side: when she expressed her fear at being bled, '*Hé bien!*' he replied, 'I have no fear; I have killed more than three hundred men this war: this very morning I cut a gendarme's throat. I know well enough how to bleed a woman.—Come, give me your arm!' She escaped with a slow fever, which continued till the time of her delivery. Her fear now was that her husband's body should fall into the hands of the enemy, and be exposed to the same brutal outrages as that of Bonchamp's. She wished to have it embalmed, and carry it on with her in the carriage; and not being indulged in this frantic project, she made one of

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of her friends promise to see that it was done. A funeral sermon was performed at Fougères, and the entrails buried there; the body then, being embalmed as circumstances would permit, was coffined, and placed upon a covered cart: on the way, however, it was secretly interred,—as she supposes, by her father's orders: but it was a lasting subject of regret that she knew not where it had been deposited.

The fatal resolution was now taken of marching against Granville instead of Rennes, by which the Bretons were discouraged, and Rossignol was left at leisure to curb them, to rally his scattered troops, and collect an army in the rear of the royalists, to combine with that from La Vendée, and intercept their retreat. There was a hope that England would co-operate with them, and land a force at Granville. And here we must remark, that the Marchioness, in her Memoirs, wherever England is alluded to, speaks of that country in a manner scarcely less reprehensible than the writers who published under the republic or the military despotism. Because the English ministry were so ill informed of the state of things in La Vendée, that their first communication was addressed to Gaston, she says, either the English, instead of their zeal for the royal cause, must have felt a great indifference for the affairs of the continent, or some motive must have induced them to feign this ignorance. She herself wrote the reply to this first overture;—it was written, she says, with sufficient frankness; 'however, we took care to exaggerate our strength a little, that England might not think her sacrifices would be ill bestowed.' 'It must be allowed,' she says, 'that we gave the English facilities enough for their debarkment, and that there was on their part a great tardiness at least.' The second messengers who arrived were emigrants; and those very men who brought dispatches from the English government told the royalist generals not to have full confidence in England, for that it was impossible not to have doubts, if not of her good faith, at least of her activity. And when this ill-conducted, ill-equipped, ill-fated army made their disorderly attack upon Granville, the Marchioness says, the English heard the cannon at Jersey, and might have sent off ships and succours to co-operate! It is perfectly true that the strength of the royalists was not sufficiently understood in England, and that due advantage was not taken of the great opportunity which, more than once, were offered by these western provinces: but the cause is to be found in the intrigues of the emigrants, and their want of good faith toward each other; not in any want of zeal or sincerity in England. The memoirs of M. de Puisaye contain abundant evidence of this. Granville was resolutely defended by the republican garrison, aided by two small vessels from St. Malo: the assailants got possession of the suburbs; and

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and the representative Lecarpentier set fire to them; the royalists lost heart, and began to cry out for a change of plan: it was proposed to march upon Caen, and Roche Jaquelein actually set out with the cavalry, but the peasants insisted upon returning to their own country—most of the officers agreed with them—the passage was by Angers; and they declared that they would force their way into that city though the walls were of fire. The republicans were now collecting behind them;—Pontoison, the first place to which the Vendeans marched on their return, was occupied by six hundred of the enemy, who were driven out, and many of them bayonetted in the streets. The Marchioness speaks of the jolting of her carriage over their dead bodies, and the unutterable sensation when she felt their bones crush under the wheel! Dol was their next station; it became the scene of a frightful conflict. The republicans attacked them at night; they were repulsed; a triumphant shout of *Vive le Roi!* was set up by the whole multitude—a hundred thousand voices, says the Marchioness, of men, women and children; but the royalists took panic, as from want of discipline frequently occurred; and towards day-break they were in full flight. Never had they been so completely overcome with fear. Stofflet himself, one of the bravest in the army, was running like a man bewildered, when the Marchioness's mother met him—stopt him—and recalled him to himself. His conduct then was such as to wipe off all stain. The scene was dreadful beyond description; women were shrieking—children crying; the wretched who could go no farther lay down, and were trampled to death by their comrades. Roche Jaquelein thought that all was lost; placed himself before one of the enemy's batteries, and stood for some minutes with his arms crossed upon his breast, hoping for death. In this attitude he heard a sustained fire in one part of the field, and it restored him to himself: he there found Talmont standing his ground with 400 men; and to that stand the multitude owed their preservation: it gave time for a few officers, the priests, and the women, to stop the fugitives, and turn them back,—for on this occasion the women gathered courage from despair, and exerted themselves with wonderful effect. Bonchamp's widow rallied her husband's soldiers. M. Beauchamp describes the Marchioness as using the same exertions, and demanding vengeance for her husband;—she was incapable of any such effort, from disease and weakness; but her mother seemed to shake off the fears of her sex and the infirmity of age at this trying hour. A priest, mounted upon a little hillock, lifted up a large crucifix, and, with a voice like Stentor, preached to the soldiers, asking them if they were infamous enough to leave their women and children to be butchered by the Blues; the only way to save them was by turning back to meet and defeat the enemy.

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my. 'My children,' he cried, 'I will lead you on with this crucifix: let those who will follow me kneel down, and I will give them absolution. If they die they will go to paradise; but the poltroons who betray their God, and abandon their families, will have their throats cut by the Blues, and go to hell.' More than 2000 men fell on their knees at this exhortation; he absolved them aloud, and then led them to battle, the whole body exclaiming *Vive le Roi! nous allons en paradis!* When the victory was won, he returned in triumph at the head of this band, still bearing the crucifix, and chaunting with his powerful voice the *Vexilla Regis*, while the whole multitude knelt as he approached and passed them. The next day the republicans renewed the attack; they were entirely defeated; and the wreck of the routed army fled to Reunes. Even now if the Vendeans had marched upon that city, the spell which kept down the Bretons would have been broken; but they were no longer animated with hope: they looked merely to effecting their return into their own country, where every man, from his local knowledge, trusted that he should find a lurking place for himself. They sang *Te Deum* at Fougères for their late victories; and the Marchioness remarks, how heart-rending a contrast this ceremony formed with their actual condition.

'We continued our route,' she says, 'every one with the certainty of perishing in battle, or being butchered sooner or later.' The road, as far as they retreated, exhibited shocking proofs of French ferocity. The sick, the wounded, the very children who had dropped behind upon their advance, had been massacred without mercy by the republicans; and all who had received the royalists into their houses, or shewn the slightest instances of compassion toward them, had suffered the same fate. From Laval they moved upon Angers; but the people in Angers were republicans, and did more than the soldiers in preparing for a vigorous defence. They had cause to exert themselves, for the royalist leaders, to encourage their soldiers, promised them the pillage of the town. The Vendeans had boasted that if Angers were walled with fire, they would force their way through; their courage was not found answering in the day of performance. After a disorderly attack of thirty hours, they retreated, without knowing whither to bend their course, in a state of complete insubordination and utter hopelessness. The Marchioness's aunt, the abbess, in this confusion, fell into the enemy's hands—she was eighty years of age. But the national character, at that time, seemed equally incapable of justice and of compassion, and she was condemned and shot two days afterwards, with 700 other prisoners! Whither should this wretched multitude turn? They bent their way back to La Flèche: the bridge was broken down, and 3 or 4000 republicans occupied the opposite bank.

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first they entered that province; and there is great reason for supposing, that this might have raised an insurrection too extensive and too general to have been crushed. But the government, growing wise from experience, was correcting its former errors in the management of this war: they had discovered that fencing masters, brewers, goldsmiths, and tailors, could not at once be transformed into generals, without imminent danger to the men over whom they were appointed; they had learned also that something more than personal courage was required for a commander, and that there were other qualifications besides jacobinism and ferocity. Rossignol, therefore, was superseded, and the command given to Turreau, a man capable of forming military arrangements, and merciless enough to act upon any system, however barbarous. He was at this time with the army on the Spanish frontiers, and till he could arrive Marceau was to hold the command; this officer, during his short career, acquired a high reputation; but the glory, as M. Beauchamp calls it, of annihilating *la grande Vendée*, will add little to his honour in this world, or to his happiness in the next. The royalists halted at Mans: they had no confidence in their chiefs or in each other; and despair had produced the deplorable effect of disposing them rather to wait for their fate with resignation, than to exert themselves for the purpose of retarding and perhaps averting it. No preparations were made for defence; no route was fixed; no place of retreat even appointed in case they should be driven from thence. In this state they were attacked early on the second morning. Roche Jaquelein did every thing which personal intrepidity and activity could effect, but the example was lost upon the great bulk of his army: and the whole multitude would have been involved in one tremendous massacre, if a few hundred peasants had not remained during the night in the town, and, by firing from the windows, deterred the conquerors from passing through in pursuit. The last officers left the town at four in the morning; and these heroic peasants did not retreat till four hours afterwards, and were fortunate enough to escape, as their virtue deserved. When all resistance had ceased, the women, who from hope or despair had concealed themselves in the town, were dragged from the houses into the market-place, and there, before the

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windows of the representatives of the people, massacred in mass! The French soldiers fired in platoons upon them, volley after volley, as those who were outermost of the crowd fell, and exposed their more miserable fellow sufferers, still shrieking and shrinking at the fate which it was impossible to escape. Will it be credited that the soldiers made the writhings and contortions of agony, and the last convulsive shudderings of death, matter for mockery and jest?—M. Beauchamp has recorded the fact. It is but too certain that ignorant and brutalized man is more ferocious and cruel than the wildest beast: but we hope and believe that in no other country upon earth could men and soldiers have been found to perpetrate massacres like these upon women,—women, too, of their own country! Marceau is said to have groaned at these enormities, which he found it impossible to repress, for the soldiers had been trained, like the manhounds of the Spaniards in the Columbian Islands, to their work of blood; and the government had its ministers on the spot, to encourage and halloo them on! He called them off from pillage, by urging the pursuit;—for a space of fourteen leagues the ground was covered with carcasses: not a toise of ground, says M. Beauchamp, without some dead bodies! The Marchioness states the loss at 15,000; and an untold number of the fugitives escaped the slaughter only to perish by the guillotine.

The Marchioness, before she fled from Mans, hid her child in the bed of a republican lady, (herself a mother,) who refused to afford it shelter. One of Lescure's servants, ignorant of what his mistress had done, searched for the infant, and brought it again to the heart-broken mother; the child was now sinking fast under disease, the effect of dentition and of fatigue; a peasant was found to shelter it, when the mother could convey it no farther, without sacrificing both lives; and in a few days its sufferings were terminated. The route of Mans had been fatal to the Vendeans: they reached Laval once more on the 13th of December, and in three days more arrived at Ancenis, in the forlorn hope of effecting their passage over the Loire. The enemy had troops at St. Florent, on the opposite shore. Two boats were found, in which Roche Jaquelein, Stofflet, and about twenty men, crossed, to seize some hay-barges on the other side; and to prevent the men from dispersing as soon as they reached the shore. A republican patrole attacked them while they were throwing out the hay: the men took flight, and Roche Jaquelein and Stofflet had no other resource but to fly also. An enemy's gunboat began to play upon the rafts which the Vendeans were framing, and the remains of this unhappy people, about 10,000 in number, were left without a general. Every man now thought only of himself; and the officers, in spite of all Marigny's efforts, seized the military chest, and shared its contents among

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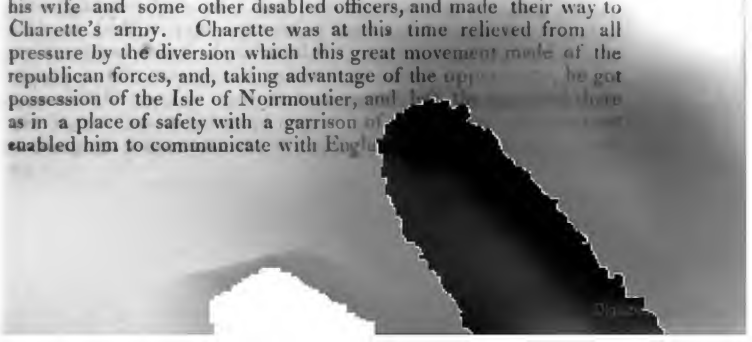
among themselves. They fled to Niort first, then to Blen, there Fleuriot was chosen general—a choice which is said to have offended Talmont, and made him quit the army to pursue his own course. He was taken, guillotined at Laval before his father's house, and his head fixed over the door! The fugitives thought at first of making for Redon;—this might have prolonged their sufferings a little while; they preferred to march on Savenay—a worse resolution could not have been formed. The Loire was on one hand, the Vilain on the other; the bridges were broken down—there were no boats—and the sea flowed on the third side of the triangle into which they had thus been driven. The republicans followed them close, and their destruction was now inevitable. Marigny told the Marchioness that on the morrow the army would be exterminated, and entreated her to save herself during the night. For himself, he said, he hoped to die in defending her banner. The old marshal, when he could command his feelings sufficiently for utterance, persuaded her to make this attempt, and charged her never to quit her unhappy mother; his own duty was to remain with the army as long as it existed. The mother and daughter then sought refuge among the peasants; among these people, who were untainted by the poison of the times, they found humanity and hospitality; more than one family exposed themselves to imminent danger by secreting them,—for, by the law of the Convention, this was made a crime of which the punishment was certain death! The attack of the ensuing day proved as fatal as Marigny had anticipated. Between 5 and 6000 Vendeans perished with arms in their hands,—more fortunate in this than their comrades, who were only spared in battle to be massacred in cold blood. The work of *fusillading* was carried on during eight days at Savenay, till the walls were scaled with blood, and the ditches filled with human bodies! Donnissan, with a few friends, made his way sword in hand through the enemy; but they were overtaken, carried to Angers, and put to death. Marigny, a man of stern mind and Herculean strength, after the most admirable efforts of desperate courage, escaped, to perish more miserably by the villany of his friends.

When the main army, or rather the multitude, of the Vendeans crost the Loire, a brother of Cathelineau put himself at the head of a few hundred Angevins, and carried off the wounded D'Elbée with his wife and some other disabled officers, and made their way to Charette's army. Charette was at this time relieved from all pressure by the diversion which this great movement made of the republican forces, and, taking advantage of the opp[illegible] he got possession of the Isle of Noirmoutier, and [illegible] there as in a place of safety with a garrison [illegible] enabled him to communicate with Engl[illegible]



the command, made it his first object to recover it for the republic; and the rascally garrison surrendered without firing a shot. D'Elbée's wound had laid his breast open; his wife might have escaped, but she would not leave him, and therefore remained to share his fate, and in this state the republicans found them. 'General,' said he to Turreau, 'I trust you will do me the justice to believe that if I could have stood upon my feet, you would not have taken me in my bed.' This justice Turreau has rendered him; but so little is this general capable of understanding the better part of human nature, that he ascribes the religious sentiments which D'Elbée uttered,—not to the sincerity of a dying man,—but to his fidelity to his party! The royalist leader was lying on what would soon have been his death-bed if his ferocious countrymen had respected either virtue or decent humanity; he was to be put to death the next day:—through life he had been known for a virtuous and pious man,—and General Turreau could not believe in the reality of his religious feelings,—he could not believe in the existence of faith and hope and truth!—He says '*il mêlait de temps en temps quelques idées religieuses à ses idées de gloire; mais j'ai dû supposer que c'était uniquement pour donner une dernière preuve de sa fidélité aux conventions du parti!*' General Turreau tells us that D'Elbée was carried from his bed to be shot, being unable to stand,—but he does not tell us that his admirable wife was shot also, on the following day:—it would have been an act of compassion to let them die together,—and if General Turreau had disbelieved the existence of that feeling in the human heart, he might certainly have supported his opinion by the whole conduct of the government which he served, and the men with whom he acted.

Roche Jaquelein meantime, when separated from his ill-fated army, made his way to Charette, who received him coldly and jealously. Two such men were not made to coalesce. The peasants of Roche Jaquelein's estates immediately forsook Charette, and at their head he again made himself formidable. But the young hero approached the end of his memorable career. After a slight advantage his men perceived two republican soldiers whom they would have put to death; he wished to ask some questions of the men, and therefore gave orders to spare them, and ran forward himself, bidding them surrender and promising quarter. One of them turned and shot him through the head,—he died instantly,—the soldier was sabred by the peasants,—they wished to hide the dead because an enemy's column was at hand, and therefore they buried the two bodies in the same hasty grave. Thus perished Henri de la Roche Jaquelein at the age of one and twenty.—*Non omnis moriar* might be written upon his funeral escutcheon with reference to that immortality which the brave and the good enjoy

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joy on earth as well as in heaven. During the peace of Amiens his brother and heir, Louis de la Roche Jaquelein, married the widow of Lescure, who, having been secreted during the reign of terror by the Breton peasants, availed herself of the amnesty which the Directory proposed. To the children of this marriage her memoirs are addressed. After their publication Buonaparte returned to France, and that event has given matter for a melancholy supplement to the history of this devoted family. Louis de la Roche Jaquelein stood forward as his brother had done: and addressed the Vendeans in the ever memorable words of his brother—'If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, revenge me.' He did fall, leaving the Marchioness twice widowed, and the name of Roche Jaquelein twice illustrious.

After the elder brother fell Stofflet took the command of his party, and to his lasting dishonour it must be said that he spoke of him after death, as if glad to be released from the presence of one whose nobleness of mind made him sensible of his own natural inferiority. The same low jealousy and vulgar ambition led him to condemn Marigny to death on a charge of contumacy, and upon this sentence was Marigny seized and executed by a party of Germans under Stofflet's orders. It is by no means certain that Charette did not participate in this foul transaction, but the main guilt undoubtedly rests upon Stofflet and his chief counsellor the Abbé Bernier. It has been said that Joly was in like manner put to death by Charette, but from this imputation he is cleared by his biographer. Joly was a leader of great intrepidity, but of an iron heart; one son fought with him, another was in the republican army, and it was his fate to be sent againt the Vendeans. Knowing his father's temper he did not venture to desert to him without permission, but he repeatedly solicited that permission, and Joly always replied that if this son ever dared to appear before him, he would blow his brains out. In an action in which the republicans were driven from Legé the royalist son was slain; the sight of the child whom he dearly loved, lying dead, had nearly bereaved him of his senses, and it was with difficulty that he was prevented from committing suicide, when some one came to tell him that the body of his other son had been found upon the field, and to ask if they should be buried together. He then fainted away. The two brothers who had thus fallen fighting on opposite sides were laid in one grave. When Joly came to himself, two young prisoners were brought to him to determine if they should be put to death. 'No—no,' he replied, 'I have lost too much this day to destroy [illegible] boys, their death would not restore my children; take [illegible] instead of doing them any hurt!' '*Rendons grâce à [illegible] amollit ainsi le cœur de l'homme,*' says M. le Bouvier[illegible]

covered the insincerity of the other, and the war was renewed,—but not till a set of miserable intriguers among the royalists had effectually destroyed their own cause. Stofflet was taken and shot: and Charette in like manner was hunted down by General Travot, the same general who commanded in La Vendée during the late usurpation, and whose sentence of death has been commuted for twenty years imprisonment, intercession having been made for him by the Vendeans themselves on the score of his humanity. Twenty years imprisonment is a worse punishment than death, and, as the voice of mercy has been heard, we would fain see it prevail farther. It will not be supposed that we say this from any such preposterous opinions as have been advanced by some of our wrong-headed countrymen in Lavalette's case: on that point our opinion has already been stated; and all subsequent events have only tended to confirm it. But there is a special reason why General Travot should be distinguished from the rest of the usurper's accomplices. When the French army in Portugal brought such indelible disgrace upon their country by their flagitious conduct, General Travot was remarkable for setting an example of honour, courtesy, and humanity, and for restraining as far as he could the excesses of those under his command. This fact probably is not known in France as it ought to be: and if on this account the king should be pleased to extend a free pardon to this general, (whose life most certainly has been justly forfeited,) such an example might produce a beneficial effect upon military morals in the country where they stand most in need of all that can be done to amend them.

Charette, as was to be expected, met his death bravely; such was the state of things, even when the system of terror was said to

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* Hoche says in his correspondence, '*Ne perdez jamais de vue que la politique doit entrer infiniment de part à cette guerre. Employons tour-à-tour l'humanité, la ruse, la fidélité, la force, la ruse.*' And to one of his generals he wrote thus, '*Courage, mon bon ami, courage, que la religion ne t'arrête pas. Fais dire la messe, et entends-y s'il est nécessaire.*' Yet Hoche, who was, perhaps, the ablest man that the Revolution brought forth, had grace enough to envy the peasants who had the consolations of faith. He says, '*Heureux habitans du Morbihan, qui ne vit que pour adorer. Dieu et travailler! j'envie votre sort. Que ne suis-je à ta place!*'

be

corpse to the Vendeans, and the military authorities threatened him with death unless he could prove his innocence, by pointing it out, and bringing from it a second cast to confront with the first. He was sent under a guard upon this errand, and when he arrived at the quarry Charette's body was not to be seen,—more than twenty dead had already been thrown upon it;—he had to remove them all, and make a second cast from the festering corpse below!

The war in La Vendée may be said to have terminated with the death of Charette. According to Hoche's statement, who certainly has not overrated the loss, it cost the lives of six hundred thousand Frenchmen; and not a fifth part of the male population was left alive! What a chapter in the history of France! The state in which these unhappy provinces were left may be understood from a single anecdote. Near Chollet there were extensive bleaching grounds, the proprietors of which kept a great number of watch dogs; the town, after having been sacked and burnt, was repeatedly disputed, till at length both parties, weary of contending for a heap of ruins, abandoned it. These dogs, to the number of four or five hundred, took possession of the ruins and remained there for many weeks feeding upon the unburied bodies: after the pacification, when the refugees attempted to return and rebuild their houses, the animals had become so ferocious that they attacked and would have devoured them; and a battalion of republican soldiers were actually obliged to march against the dogs and exterminate them before the place could be reinhabited.

Some vengeance was taken for this wretched country, but not till after a long struggle, and till the first man who raised his voice in the cause of humanity had been sacrificed for the attempt. This man was Philippeaux, an enthusiastic republican; he could not bear the open profligacy and pillage of the republican generals and his fellow deputies, having himself entered into the Vendean war with his whole heart and soul, and a spirit like that of sincere religious persecution!

'The love of what is good and just,' says M. de Puisaye,* 'is naturally

* Those parts of M. de Puisaye's Memoirs which are not necessarily employed in details

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turally in the heart of man; but that very love when guided by an erring conscience may lead him to every kind of iniquity and guilt. Of all fanaticism it is the most to be dreaded, the most terrible in its effects,—that which the factious and the revolutionary know well how to kindle and inflame,—or rather it is the source of all fanaticism, no matter what may be the pretext or the object. I have seen men,' he continues, 'who before the revolution possessed the esteem and respect of their fellow citizens, and deserved them by the constant practice of the religious and social virtues; I have seen these same men afterwards covered with crimes, and applauding themselves loudly for those crimes as for useful and meritorious deeds,—and they did it in good faith!'

Just such a man was Philippeaux. He denounced the Ronsins and the Rossignols because they were mere ruffians, and he contributed to bring Quetineau to the block who had no other crime than that of having been unfortunate. But the ruffian party was the strongest at this time, and Philippeaux himself was guillotined in company with Beysser and Westermann, as accomplices of Danton in an imaginary conspiracy,—the existence of which was never for a moment believed either by their accusers, their jury, or their judges! Westermann had been recalled to Paris after the battle, or rather the massacre, of Savenay, where he had displayed his usual ferocity,—for this man delighted in carnage. M. Beauchamp says that he would throw off his coat, tuck up his sleeves, and then, with his sabre, rush into the crowd, and hew about him to the right and left! He boasted that he had himself destroyed the last of the Vendeans,—that chiefs, officers, soldiers, bishops, princesses, countesses, and marchionesses had all perished by the sword, or the fire, or the water. But he saw that his own fate was determined, and then his eyes were purged. From the moment that he apprehended death, his dreams were of the horrors which he had perpetrated;—like Charles IX. after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he fancied himself beset by the spirits of the murdered, and his hell began upon earth. Human justice had no part in these executions,—but the hand of Retribution was there! And thus it has been throughout the course of this miserable revolution, in which, as if no means were to be left untried which might disturb the moral feelings of mankind, all the impunity which man could give has been given to the most atrocious criminals that ever outraged humanity. Even for the horrors of Nantes, where 32,000 persons were murdered, and more than twice that number destroyed by the infernal persecution, only Carrier and two of his agents suffered

tails uninteresting in themselves, but requisite for his own defence, contain passages of sounder political wisdom than are to be found in any French writer upon the Revolution. Had we entered upon the subject of the Chouan war, we should have endeavoured to do justice to this most able and most calumniated man.

death,

death, and this not for what they had done, but for the intention with which they had done it,—*des intentions criminelles!* Their accomplices who were tried at the same time, and convicted of having murdered children, and worn human ears in their hats as cockades, were not punished, because their intention was not pronounced counter-revolutionary! If ten thousand deaths could have been inflicted upon Carrier, he deserved them all; but his death, inflicted as it was by the men who had authorized and sanctioned all his proceedings, was murder. His crimes were not perpetrated in secret, they were not done in a corner,—they were reported by himself to the Convention, they were in pursuance of orders of that Convention, to the spirit and to the letter; the whole body were guilty; for they who had not, like Collot d'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, Carnot, and Barrère, taken the initiative in blood, and acted in that accursed committee whence the orders for massacre were issued, had assented to all that was done,—the greater number beyond a doubt from cowardice, but their cowardice involved them in the guilt. Some of the guiltiest of these men are still living,—and these are the personages for whose sake the continuance of the Alien Bill has been opposed by the British *Liberales!*

When we remember the shelter which this country has afforded to the fugitives from the Spanish persecution in the Netherlands, to the Huguenots in Louis XIVth's persecution, and to the emigrant clergy under the atheistical persecution, an Englishman may with true religious feeling apply to his country the praise which Pindar bestows upon Ægina, and the prayer with which he concludes it:—

τιθμὸς δέ τις ἀθανάτων
Καὶ τάνδ' ἁλιερκέα χώραν
Παντοδαποῖσιν ὑπέστασε ξένοις
Κίονα δαιμονίαν.
(Ὁ δ' ἐπαντέλλων χρόνος
Τοῦτο πρᾶσσων μὴ κάμοι.)

But never let this island be made an asylum for the Barrères, the Fouchés, the Carnots, and the Buonapartes:—the presence of such men is pollution,—they have the mark of Cain upon their foreheads!

ART. II.—1. *Judicium Regale.* 8vo. Oxford. 1814.
2. *Fazio; a Tragedy.* By H. H. Milman, B. A. Fellow of Brasenose College. 8vo. 1816. Second edition.

THESE two publications, though of different [illegible] in their kind and subjects wholly dissimilar, [illegible] be considered in the same chapter of criticism.

anonymous, it is, we believe, well known to be the production of Mr. Milman: indeed, internal evidence alone would justify us in assigning the two poems to the same author, marked as they are by the same blemishes, and abounding in the same peculiar excellencies; and both of them leaving the mind of the reader not, indeed, in a state of complete satisfaction with the whole, but in great admiration of parts, and in full conviction of the very creditable powers of their author.

This conviction is of course full of hopes for the future: when time and practice, and the acquisition of more general knowledge, with the study of the best models, shall have strengthened his mind and matured his judgment, the author of Fazio cannot but make valuable additions to the national stock of poetry. But if we are full of hopes, we are not without regrets; where so much has been done we think much more might have been accomplished: these poems exhibit, it is true, a richness of fancy, and a variety and power of language; but the fancy is unbridled and luxuriant, and the variety and power of language, are, in too many places, so prodigally misplaced as to appear unnatural and affected, and to create a feeling of tædium and distaste.

A few remarks will make our meaning clear; and as the fault which, in our opinion, principally obscures the merits of the poems before us, is one, from its frequency, almost characteristic of the literature of the day, it may not be altogether useless to take this opportunity of explaining ourselves.

We can scarcely now claim the privilege of novices in our trade, yet we confess we hardly know any term which exactly designates the fault to which we allude. Ambition, as used to express, in the abstract, the qualities of style, is an uncertain, and, in some sense, an incomplete term: but the word 'ambitious' applied to particular productions, or individual writers, has gained, 'in common parlance,' a fixed and adequate signification; every one knows what is meant by 'an ambitious style,' or 'an ambitious writer.' It is this of which we now complain, and it may be loosely defined to be an unnatural and artificial sustainment of the language and imagery, when neither the warmth of the author's mind prompts it, nor the elevation of his thoughts demands it.

Some part of the frequency of this fault may be attributed to the common error in books of criticism of considering the qualities of diction distinctly from those of matter, the mode of expression from the thing to be expressed. Such a separation either in theory or practice is false and dangerous. The former ought clearly to be in entire dependence on the latter. If diction can for a moment be separated from thought, then verses composed at random, of words

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words selected from a Poetical Dictionary, may have *some* value; while on the other hand, if thoughts alone confer value on words, the whole efforts of criticism should be directed to the right cultivation and regulation of the mental powers; and, as far as language is concerned, we shall have only to say, that he who expresses his thoughts simply, whether historian, poet, or philosopher, leaves nothing in *that respect* for his readers to doubt upon or desire. He has communicated that which he desired to impart to others rapidly, clearly, and vigorously.

It would be to understand us in a narrower sense than our words warrant, to suppose that the rule we recommend leads to the exclusion of any one species of ornament, or any degree of elevation, which the most luxuriant fancy, or the noblest subject may demand. Simplicity in our sense is little other than synonimous with fitness. If the thought to be expressed is lofty, or imaginative, the loftiest language, or the most figurative, is the simplest; and we have no hesitation in expressing our opinion, that the language which enunciates the first problem in Euclid is not in the slightest degree more simple, than that which so gorgeously clothes the first address of Comus, on hearing the song of the benighted lady.

Do we then, it may be asked, proscribe all attention to style?—Certainly we think that it should be the last thing in an author's thoughts; but to so captious a question, we might be justified in answering with another, and we would ask if any writer was ever known to attain to substantial eminence, who professedly formed his style on the model of that of another? the second question bears more relation to the first than may be at first sight perceptible, because the practice of such imitation is founded on a supposed separation of style and matter. That styles however vary, and that some are preferable to others, we neither wish nor intend to deny; the variety may be occasioned in two ways: first, when it appears in works of the same species by different authors, by a difference in their minds; and secondly when it appears in works of different species by the same author, by the difference in the nature of the works. In either case it will be equally seen, that attention to words was no necessary ingredient in producing the variety; in the first,—of two writers, one is of a dry and uninventive faculty, whose thoughts rise as it were in anatomy before him; he expresses the main ideas on which his argument hangs, simply and unaccompanied; the other is of a mind fertile in combinations, quick in discovering, and associating the similitudes of things, and ready to relieve them by pointed contrasts; to him no idea presents itself alone: he expresses therefore the same thought, not in more or other words, but accompanied by more and other ideas.

But it is high time to draw to a conclusion remarks upon a point

so indisputable, when fairly stated, that an apology might almost seem necessary for insisting upon it, if the practice of the age did not fully justify us. The writer of prose aspires to be poetical, and the poet is miserably haunted with the dread of being considered prosaic; and to write 'au superlatif' is the common resource of both. But in order to admire an author, the reader must be put into a state of sympathy with him; and no readers, whose admiration is worth a sensible man's wish, can be put into that state but by incidents of *poetical* probability, and natural feelings faithfully expressed. We can rise or fall in such a case with our author; but to be perpetually elevated, and that too upon the waxen wings of mere words, is at once fatiguing and dangerous.

Though we do not attribute to Mr. Milman all the bad consequences of the fault on which we have said so much, yet we cannot acquit him of it. He is far too fond of the superlative degree; scarcely a simile or an epithet is used which does not throw into an extreme that to which it is applied. In moments of passion or repose, characters of whatever description, the grave and solemn judge, or the distracted wife, the common-place officer, or the doating lover, all equally seem to have forgotten the use of that unassuming, yet respectable personage, the positive degree. A charge like this cannot easily be made good in a Review: the same expressions which add a meretricious brilliancy to an extract, being precisely those on which the accusation rests, when the whole is taken together. It is only then by considering the whole with some attention, that we shall become justified in the minds of our readers. But we have a much more agreeable task to perform, the noticing of beauties, which no faults can obscure, and to that we now gladly address ourselves.

The 'Judicium Regale' (we wish it had a less scholastic name) was written very soon after the first abdication of Buonaparte. It represents, as in a dream, the assembly of the 'Sceptred of the World,' sitting in judgment on the fallen adventurer; and each of the oppressed or injured nations of Europe prefers its accusation against him. The title 'dream' or 'vision' has, from long precedent, grown to designate something remarkably heavy and stupid; but Mr. Milman's dream is not very long, and though it bears some marks of haste and carelessness, yet it has a vigour and grandeur amounting in some parts almost to sublimity.

The opening is very brief; the attendant circumstances follow in these lines—

> 'Abroad were sounds as of a storm gone past,
> Or midnight on a dismal battle field;
> Aye some drear trumpet spake its lonely blast,
> Aye in deep distance sad artillery peal'd
>
> Booming

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Booming *their* sullen thunders—then ensued
The majesty of silence—on her throne
Of plain, or mountain, listening sate, and lone
Each nation to those crowned peers' decree,
And this wide world of restless beings rude
Lay mute and breathless as a summer's sea.'

There is a little incorrectness in the second line, and some obscurity in the *application* of the two last; we object also to such expressions as 'majesty of silence,' one of a thousand similar in these poems, and therefore principally objectionable: but when all this is said, still the whole passage remains a fine one; the few incidents, which give us to understand that the present scene is the fruit of many battles, are happily chosen; the metre too is of that slow and solemn cadence, which well accords with, and perhaps in part occasions, that sense of desolate sublimity, which it is impossible not to feel in reading the passage.

The introduction of the criminal is somewhat more in the ambitious style, but it contains great beauties; the epithet 'viewless,' in the first of the lines which we are about to extract, excites a sensation of awe, as if the poet had placed us before an unearthly tribunal. The character which follows is (to say the least) the most correct and most poetical which has yet been given of the late ruler of France. This is but moderate praise; and yet the character of Buonaparte is surely as well adapted for the pencil of the poet, as his person for that of the artist.

'Then at some viewless summoner's stern call
Uprose in place the Imperial Criminal.
In that wan face nor ancient majesty
Left withered splendour dim, nor old renown
Lofty disdain in that sad sunken eye;
No giant ruin e'en in wreck elate
Frowning dominion o'er imperious fate,
But one to native lowliness cast down.
A sullen, careless desperation gave
The hollow semblance of intrepid grief;
Not that heroic patience nobly brave,
That e'en from misery wrings a proud relief,
Nor the dark pride of haughty spirits of ill,
That from the towering grandeur of their sin
Wear on the brow triumphant gladness still,
Heedless of racking agony within;
Nor penitence was there, nor pale remorse,
Nor memory of his fall from kingly state
And warrior glory in his sun-like course,
Fortune his slave, and victory his mate.
'Twere doubt, if that dark form could truly feel,
Or were indeed a shape and soul of steel.'

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The nations appear in order as accusers; our limits will not allow us to add materially to our extracts from this part of the poem; yet we cannot forbear to quote the following lines from those devoted to Prussia, which so spiritedly and so delicately commemorate one, who seems to have been formed for rivetting the love and admiration of all who knew her, and whose memory we take delight in honouring, whenever it is in our power.

'Then blanch'd the soldier's bronz'd and furrow'd cheek
While of coarse taunting outrage he 'gan speak
To her the beautiful, the delicate,
The queenly, but too gentle for a queen—
But in sweet pride upon that insult keen
She smil'd, then drooping, mute though broken-hearted,
To the cold comfort of the grave departed.'

Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal follow; the introduction of the last is short, but touched with spirit; England succeeds, and however desirous the author may have been of outdoing himself on this occasion, we think, as is often the case, that this is much the least pleasing part of the poem; it is, with few exceptions, languid, and strained, and common-place. The lines which follow are, however, good.

'Then all at once did from all earth arise
Fierce imprecations on that man of sin,
And all the loaded winds came heavy in
With exultations and with agonies,
From the lone coldness of the widow's bed,
The feverish pillow of the orphan's head,
From dying men earth's woful vallies heaping,
From smouldering cities in their ashes sleeping,
Like the hoarse tumbling of a torrent flood
Mingled the dismal concord, "Blood for blood!"'

France arises, and at her supplications the life of the fallen tyrant is spared; the conclusion is somewhat impotent, but Mr. Milman must not be blamed for this: had that 'dismal concord' then been listened to, how many a gallant and beloved soul, who now sleeps 'in the sad beauty of the hero's fate,' might have been shedding light and mirth upon his domestic circle; and how many a brave and thoughtless soldier might have escaped the reproach and the punishment of most disgraceful treason!

It is time to dismiss this poem; it is, we believe, little known, and we have made it part of our present article, because we think that it deserves to be more known; it certainly displays as much talent as any thing written by the same author; but it is abundant in all his faults, and we protest, once for all, against a legion of such phrases as—'royalty of mien,' 'majesty of silence,' 'pride of

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of light,' 'grace of grief,' 'sleep of madness,' 'drunkenness of pride' —which mean we hardly know what, certainly nothing that might not, in the common forms of language, have been as strongly and more simply expressed.

Fazio (as the author informs us in a prefatory advertisement) is 'an attempt to revive our old national drama *with greater simplicity of plot*.' For our own parts we were not disposed to question that richness of plot, which it is yet possible that our elder dramatists may have in some instances carried to excess; at all events we doubt, whether the latter part of Mr. Milman's idea was judiciously conceived 'with reference to the stage.' This is not the place to enter into the great questions relative to the drama; if it were, it might be a curious task to attempt the explanation of some very remarkable phenomena, which baffle all à priori reasoning, by running counter to the national character of the people, in which they are displayed. To what shall we attribute it, that the frivolous and ignorant audience of Paris, content with a dark and heavy house, a dirty scene, and six fiddlers, shall listen, with earnest attention, to a lifeless translation of Philoctetes, while the phlegmatic and reflecting citizens of London, in a gaudy house, glittering with innumerable lights, demand show, and song, and bustle, and procession, and supernumerary murders, even in the busy and animated plays of Shakspeare? Perhaps the authority of great talents may have given a decided cast to national taste, before it was yet fully confirmed in *any* habits; perhaps it may be, that to the one nation the theatre is a business; and to the other but a recreation and unbending from severer employments. But whatever the cause, the fact is undoubted, and whoever writes for the theatre must submit to take it into the accompt. If Mr. Milman, or any one for him, should reply, that, disapproving in this respect of the national prejudices, he thought it unworthy to sacrifice his opinions of what was right to the desire of popular applause, we approve most highly of his manly feeling; it is such stuff we would have all poets made of; but we submit, that this is rather an argument for declining to write entirely for the stage, than a justification of an hopeless attempt to oppose with success the inveterate opinions of the people. No audience, but least of all a British audience, can be reasoned into liking; he indeed who appeals to a fairer tribunal, may rely on the goodness of his cause, and the strength of his talents, and though he may thwart many prejudices, that tribunal will do him justice at the last; but the dramatist puts himself before a capricious and pampered tribunal of many heads, the sentence is by acclamation, and the cause decided at a single hearing.

Considered too, as a practical question, another argument strikes us as not without weight in it. The national drama will form the national

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national actors; our great dramatists, those on the representation of whose characters great actors must build their fame, have but little declamation, they paint life in too real a manner, and with too absolute a verity to have much; the consequence is very visible upon our stage—we doubt if the oldest of our readers remembers a tolerable declaimer on it. Now, though we shall hardly be supposed advocates of the wretched system of writing particular parts for particular players, yet it seems unwise, '*with a view to the stage at least*,' to neglect entirely the characteristics of national acting. Fazio appears to us so written, that neither at present could players be found, who would do it justice, nor is there hope that in any future time our green-rooms should produce such. The extraordinary man, who in scenes of violent passion produces an effect which has perhaps never been equalled, and that attractive woman, who in the playful chiding of undoubting love, or in the deepest fervency of female fondness, in uncomplaining and unyielding sorrow, or in ungoverned agony, embodies, to painful reality, the richest conceptions of the child of nature—both these equally fail in mere declamation, and would risk some portion of their well-earned fame, in attempting to represent the principal personages of Fazio.

We shall, therefore, beg leave to consider it rather as a poem to to be read, than a play to be acted. The story may be told in a few words. A young Florentine (Fazio) of slender fortunes becomes enamoured of Aldabella, 'the admired of all beholders,' who, after suffering him to swell her train for some time, finally dismisses him with scorn. An interval, we presume, elapses before he addresses himself to a more amiable and more indulgent lady, whom he marries. The play opens two years after this event, and the first scene exhibits Fazio, devoted to his wife, (Bianca,) and to the pursuit of the philosopher's stone. His midnight labours in philosophy are unfortunately disturbed. Bartolo, an old miser of enormous wealth, who lives near to him, attacked and mortally wounded by robbers, takes refuge in his house, and dies. Fazio is poor, and in the pursuit of wealth that continually eludes his grasp; the temptation to arrive at it by a shorter road is too strong to be resisted: he buries the dead body, rifles the house, and appears, in the second act, lacquied with servants and parasites, the rich and fortunate philosopher Lord Fazio. Wealth and flattery have corrupted stronger natures; but Lord Fazio's was feeble and worthless indeed: he had begun in robbery; another temptation now awaited him in the person of Aldabella, who seems determined to regain her lover at any price. Why, without any love for him, *she* should so easily yield to, or rather invite his first solicitations; she, the cold and capricious lady, whom

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whom all Florence beside worshipped in vain; or how Fazio contrives to love two such women as his wife and his mistress so desperately at the same moment, are mysteries which we do not pretend to explain; but certainly, after a short courtship, we leave them at the end of the second act in most unambiguous circumstances. The third opens with a soliloquy by Bianca, of the rarest merit; with all the softness she unites all the vehemence of female love; and her jealousy seems gradually to work her on to distraction. In this fearful state of mind she casually hears, that the Duke and Senators are sitting in debate upon the mysterious disappearance of Bartolo, and the emptiness of his coffers; she catches at the news; and, solely intent on separating her husband from her rival, she rushes to the council, and accuses her husband of the robbery, and murder. The unfortunate man is dragged before the tribunal, and overpowered at once by his own conscience and the sight of his accuser, makes no defence, and is sentenced to death. The story may here be said to end, the two succeeding acts being solely employed in the vain attempts of Bianca to obtain remission of the sentence, the exposure of Aldabella, and her own death.

Such is the skeleton of this tragedy, and such are the advantages to be derived from 'an increased simplicity of plot:' one moral, and the other economical. The moral, that we so early get rid of all distressing interest;—and the economical, that the work is done by the fewest possible hands. But if the construction of his plot had been faultless, for which of his personages does Mr. Milman expect that we should feel a tragic interest; for Aldabella, a proud, heartless and wanton coquette; for Fazio a weak and wicked man, a duped and spiritless lover, a faithless husband and a thief; or for Bianca, the accuser, and the murderess of her husband? We do not mean to say, that the weaknesses of human nature will deprive a dramatic personage of interest, but their weaknesses should be amiable, or at least not inconsistent with amiable qualities.

Where then, we shall be asked, are the merits of Fazio, that entitle it to so large a space in our journal, when to the plot and characters, those important ingredients, we shew so little mercy? If our readers will bear with us a little longer, we will try to inform them. It is among the high and incommunicable privileges of true genius to derive the most brilliant successes from the conquest of the greatest difficulties, and no wonder, perhaps on that account, that it is among the wanton frolics of her pride to create them.—There is a peculiar gratification in making that attractive which, in feebler hands, would be offensive, or at best uninteresting. Mr. Southey, we imagine, was not insensible to this feeling, when he wandered into the most cumbrous [illegible] of

all mythologies, to bring us back a treasure of the purest and most homebred feelings of the heart. Yet it is surely an error, which substitutes the private self-complacency of the author for the general satisfaction of the reader; for, after all, though we may in such cases admire, or rather *wonder at* the poet more, we certainly love the poem less. Mr. Milman thinks otherwise; his plot is a bad one, and he might, with little trouble, have amended it; but he has preferred the merit of conducting a bad plot with some ingenuity; his characters are feeble and unamiable, and he might have easily made them less so, but he has preferred the task of interesting us in them, as they are.

And with all their faults, Fazio and Bianca do interest us. There is a goodness of nature about the former, which renders him an object of pity, even when his easiness leads him to the commission of vice; and in the midst of his follies, there is a quick perception of them, and a prompt self-condemnation, which redeem him from contempt. This is no unnatural union in the same character. Thus it is not without compunction, and perfectly undeceived, that he first rifles the treasures of Bartolo; and when his new fortunes bring around him the vain, the frivolous, the sycophantic, he is neither insensible of the motives or the unworthiness of such a train, nor duped by the professions made to him. One of them, Falsetto, addresses him thus:

> 'I, my good Lord, am one
> Have such keen insight for my neighbour's virtues,
> And such a doting love for excellence,
> That when I see a wise man or a noble
> Or wealthy, as I ever hold it pity
> Man should be blind to his own merits, words
> Slide from my lips, and I do mirror him
> In the clear glass of my poor eloquence.
>
> FAZIO.
>
> In coarse, and honest phraseology,
> A flatterer.
>
> FALSETTO.
>
> Flatterer! Nay, the word's grown gross.
> An apt discourser upon things of honour—
> Wealth is the robe, and outward garb of man,
> The setting to the rarer jewelry,
> The soul's unseen, and inner qualities.
> And then, my lord, philosophy—'tis that,
> The stamp and impress of our divine nature,
> By which we know that we are gods, and are so.
> But wealth and wisdom in one spacious breast!—
> Who would not hymn so rare, and rich a wedding?

Who

Who would not serve within the gorgeous palace,
Glorified by such strange and admired inmates?'

FAZIO (*aside.*)

Now the poor, honest Fazio had disdain'd
Such scurvy fellowship—howbeit Lord Fazio
Must lacquey his new state with these base jackalls.'—p. 19.

When the poet addresses him in the same strain, he rises to a higher tone of indignant reprehension, and replies to him in spirited lines, which we may hereafter recal to the memory of our readers. So in every step leading to his last and fatal error, he retains the full consciousness of the heinousness of his offence; and in spite of passion, he exclaims, with a mournful confession of the imperfectness of vicious indulgence:

'Why should we dash the goblet from our lips,
Because the dregs may have a smack of bitter?
Why should that pale and clinging consequence
Thrust itself ever 'twixt us and our joys?'

From the moment of his reverse, his character rises in dignity and interest; the agony which the unexpected sight of Bianca as his accuser produces is powerfully drawn, and as it should be—shortly; feelings of a purer and softer nature succeed:

'Mine own Bianca—I shall need too much mercy
Or ere to-morrow, to be merciless.
It was not well, Bianca, in my guilt
To cut me off—thus early—thus unripe:
It will be bitter, when the axe falls on me,
To think whose voice did summon it to its office.
No more—no more of that—we all must die.
Bianca, thou wilt love me when I'm dead;
I wronged thee, but thou'lt love me.—'

The parting scene in prison is equally well executed; to some it may appear deficient in vehemence and depth of passion; we are not disposed to find this fault with it; it is not indeed so long, so laboured or so violent as many scenes under the same circumstances have been, but there is something very impressive in the despair of Bianca, and the tranquil fortitude of Fazio. No murmurs of reproach or regret escape him; the thoughts of his orphan children for a moment agitate him, and when Bianca in her distraction talks ambiguously as if she had removed them from this world, in which their destiny seems so utterly forlorn, the feelings of the father and the christian are manifested still strong and predominant in the midst of so bitter a trial. The whole passage is so beautiful, that we cannot resist the pleasure of extracting it.

'Fazio,

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'Fazio, set me loose!
Thou clasp'st thy murderess!

Fazio.

No, it is my love,
My wife, my children's mother.—Pardon me,
Bianca, but thy children,—I'll not see them—
For on the wax of a soft infant's memory
Things horrible sink deep, and sternly settle.
I would not have them in their after-days
Cherish the image of their wretched father
In the cold darkness of a prison house.
Oh, if they ask thee of their father, tell them
That he is dead, but say not how.

Bianca.

No, no—
Not tell them, that their mother murdered him.

Fazio.

But are they well, my love?

Bianca.

What had I freed them
From this drear villain earth, sent them before us
Lest we should miss them in another world,
And so be fetter'd by a cold regret
Of this sad sunshine?

Fazio.

Oh, thou hast not been
So wild a rebel to the will of God!
If that thou hast, 'twill make my passionate arms
That ring thee round so fondly, drop off from thee
Like sere and wither'd ivy; make my farewell
Spoken in such suffocate and distemper'd tone,
'Twill sound more like——

Bianca.

They live, thank God, they live!
I should not rack thee with such fantasies.
But there have been such hideous things around me,
Some whispering me, some dragging me,' &c.

But it is Bianca after all, on whom the play mainly depends, and whose character the author has most laboured in drawing: his efforts have been attended with a success, on which we found our opinion, that Mr. Milman has one at least of the requisites for the line which he has chosen. To estimate the character properly, it must be considered at some length, and with reference to the whole play in every part; it will then be found consistent, and poetic. Nothing can be more simple; Bianca is a woman of ardent temper, and very strong affections; she has married a man whom she entirely and devotedly loves, but whom *she knows* to have been previously attached to another, and who still retains too manifest

nifest traces of that previous attachment, not to justify some anxiety on her part. With this key, every thing she says or does is natural and intelligible; the idea of Aldabella is a load eternally on her mind, it influences all her conduct, it colours all objects, it mingles with every thought, and finally it works her, as provocations make it more and more poignant, to absolute delirium. Thus in the first scene it appears in half-earnest raillery, which, drawing from Fazio a vehement defence of her rival, warms into serious invective upon her. In a subsequent scene, in which Fazio, meditating an injury, bends to the pitiful but common subterfuge of attempting to provoke his victim to give him some shadow of excuse, the ruling idea manifests itself immediately.

> 'What hath distemper'd thee? this is unnatural;
> Thou couldst not talk thus in thy steadfast senses:
> *Thou hast seen Aldabella.*'

As the whole of this scene, both for subject matter and execution, is commendable, so is this passage singularly well imagined. The answers which Fazio gives her are very unsatisfactory, and her feelings grow stronger, and as they gradually open, her declarations prepare the reader for all that is to follow. The protracted visit to Aldabella at length rouses the visionary ardency of her temper beyond all controul; the first scene of the third act paints the gradually growing agony, that ends in temporary delirium. We wish we could extract it entire, for it is scarcely doing it justice to give it partially; yet the opening soliloquy, in which the storm begins, is too beautiful to suffer from it.

> 'Not all the night, not all the long, long night
> Not come to me—not send to me—not think on me!
> Like an unrighteous and unburied ghost
> I wander up and down these long arcades.
> Oh, in our old poor narrow home, if haply
> He linger'd late abroad, domestic things
> Close and familiar crowded all around me!
> The ticking of the clock, the flapping motion
> Of the green lattice, the grey curtain's folds,
> The hangings of the bed myself had wrought;
> Yea, e'en his black and iron crucibles
> Were to me as my friends. But here, oh here
> Where all is coldly, comfortlessly costly,
> All strange, all new, in uncouth gorgeousness,
> Lofty, and long—a wider space for misery—
> E'en my own footsteps on these marble floors
> Are unaccustom'd, unfamiliar sounds—
> Oh, I am here so wearily miserable
> That I should welcome my apostate Fazio
> Though he were fresh from Aldabella's arms.

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Her arms—her viper coil! I had forsworn
That thought, lest he should come, and find me mad,
And so go back again, and I not know it.
Oh that I were a child, to play with toys,
Fix my whole soul upon a cup and ball;
Oh, any pitiful poor subterfuge,
A moment to distract my busy spirit
From its dark *dalliance* with that cursed image.
I have tried all—all vainly;—now—but now
I went into my children. The first sound
They murmur'd in their evil-dreaming sleep
Was a faint mimicry of the name of father.
I could not kiss them—my lips were so hot.
The very household slaves are leagued against me,
And do beset me with their wicked floutings—
"Comes my lord home to-night?"—and when I say
"I know not,"—their coarse pity makes my heartstrings
Throb with the agony.'—

These lines demand no comment. The sentence which concludes them is immediately verified by the entrance of a servant, who had been dispatched to learn news of his master; with every word that he utters, the misery and indignation of the unhappy Bianca increases. With somewhat of Othello's soul, and not, we think, without some involuntary resemblance of his language, she exclaims—

'Oh, Fazio,
Oh, Fazio—is her smile more sweet than mine,
Or her soul fonder? Fazio, my lord Fazio,
Before the face of man mine own, mine only,
Before the face of heaven Bianca's Fazio,
Not Aldabella's—Ah that I should live
To question it.—Now henceforth all our joys,
Our delicate endearments, all are poison'd.
Aye—if he speak my name with his fond voice,
It will be with the same tone, that to her
He murmur'd her's—it will be, or 'twill seem so.
If he embrace me, 'twill be with those arms
In which he folded her; and if he kiss me,
He'll pause, and think which of the two is sweeter.'

This lays the bleeding heart before us in the most pathetic manner, for there is nothing so moving as affectionate and pleading remonstrance after vehement indignation. We are by nature so prone to pity, that it is difficult to deny it even to guilt when it ceases to be dangerous and has begun to suffer; but it is wholly impossible to refuse it to undeserved affliction, when the object, abandoning all resistance or recrimination, and trusting neither to its

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its own strength nor the goodness of its cause, relies only on the tender affections of those whom it addresses.

We now arrive at the crisis to which all the preceding distress was no more than a necessary preparation: if Bianca had been drawn with feelings in the smallest degree less acute, or less painfully agonised, it would have been impossible to justify the poet's next conception. For at this point she is told of the debate in council on Bartolo's disappearance, and in the madness of the moment she rushes to accuse her husband, regarding *solely* his consequent separation from Aldabella, and never taking into the account any other circumstances that must necessarily attend it. To make restitution of that ill-acquired and pernicious wealth, and to become poor again was to restore to *her* happiness and Fazio; farther than this she did not look. When the duke pronounces on him the first part of his sentence, confiscation of his wealth, she rushes forward rejoicing,

'Oh, we'll be poor again!
Oh, *I forgive thee*, we'll be poor and happy,' &c.

and when he ends with the condemnation to death, she starts, as from a fairy dream, to a horrid and unimagined reality. This was no easy incident to conduct, and was besides a very hazardous one, as complete success in the execution could alone justify it. There will be many, doubtless, who will still condemn it as exceeding the limits of poetical probability; such people must pass on to the toilsome repentance of Bianca, to her harrowing remorse, and to the expiation which she offers by a broken heart.

Mr. Milman must see by the extent of our remarks the value which we set upon his performance; we have examined his pretensions to public favour with perfect impartiality: it has been sometimes our duty to censure, but more frequently it has been our grateful task to express our approbation of him. Before we part on this occasion, he will excuse us if, in the same tone of justice and friendship, we address a few words of advice to him. We do it the more boldly from the good sense which we discover in his alterations on comparing the first and second editions of Fazio. In the first he had not, indeed, committed the foul crime of pampering loose imaginations by licentious images, but he certainly had, in some instances, dressed virtuous passion in too warm and vigorous language. These have all been corrected, and the voluntary correction of error is very creditable: Mr. Milman well knows that what is innocent in itself may become pernicious from the weakness, or the corruption, of the recipient. It was well said by whoever was the author of Brittain's Ida—

'But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it soone be blam'd,
For now the shameles world of best things is asham'd.'

That the author of Fazio is blest with no common portion of poetic genius it is impossible to doubt; indeed it is with this conviction, rather than with full satisfaction in his performance, that we rise from the reading of it. All that he has yet done is but the presage and the promise of the future poet; it is as nothing to build his fame upon; he may stifle the flame by injudicious treatment, he may suffer it to expire by neglect. Let him not be deceived by the dangerous and ambiguous oracle, that poets must be born, not made; they must be made, as much as painters, as sculptors, as orators are made. True it is that nature must do much; but culture, moral and intellectual, and all the thousand circumstances that give the colour to man's life, must do as much, or more.

To Mr. Milman we feel warranted in saying, that the path lies open before him; we exhort him to fulfil his destiny; but if he makes the resolution, it should be made seriously and deliberately, with a full knowledge of the sacrifices it will require, and the objects to which it legitimately leads. It is not to rise on the popularity of a London season, to be a speculation for booksellers, engravers, and music-makers, to be a shuttlecock for reviewers, an idol of sentimental young ladies, or the oracle of a cóterie,—these are neither the objects, nor the path which leads to them the school, of a true poet. Under such circumstances, and in such scenes, it is said that human nature is to be studied, and a necessary knowledge of the world acquired; with as much truth, we imagine, it might be asserted, that smooth shillings and crooked sixpences would teach us the coinage of the country. Vanity, indeed, (the very cankerworm of mental excellence,) is soothed and pampered, but the powers of the mind are enervated, its attention dissipated, its application blunted, and all its creative freshness utterly blighted.

The true poet, as he has a nobler aim, so has he a more laborious and, we will add, a more delightful discipline to submit to; he that pledges himself to the pursuit should consider that he has undertaken no less than the general improvement of his intellectual faculties, the perpetual study of nature in all her forms and accidents, and above all, the elevating, the purifying, and the softening of his heart. By long and enthusiastic labours, of no limited or exclusive range in literature, he must enrich his memory and regulate his taste; not only the present, but the past, not only the poets, but the historians, the philosophers, the critics, and the divines, are capable of adding new treasures, or better order, to his acquired stores. In accord with these pursuits, will be the perpetual study of nature in all the grandeur, the variety, the sublime harmony of inanimate creation, in the faithful instincts and beautiful forms of animals, and above all, in the mysterious volume of the Heart of Man.

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Man. But, lastly and chiefly, the poet will be busy in the improvement of his own moral frame; he will strive to act always from lofty motives, and for worthy objects; he will accustom himself, on principle, to yield to the impulses, and delight in the ties, of domestic affections; he will encourage the softness of his feelings, because he knows that the tenderest may still be the firmest heart; he will be earnest in the practical study of his duties, and his happiness will be prayer, and elevation of the soul to heaven.

A being so disciplined would be neither too wise, nor too great, for those around him; neither idle, nor abstracted, nor ignorant of wordly matters; and anxious to diffuse happiness, he would be practically useful in his sphere, and be the light and life of his own immediate circle. Yet consistently with all this within his own breast, he might have, perhaps, a purer and a fairer world of his own conception; the scenes of his own painting, the music that sounded only in his own ear, the forms that passed before his mental eye, and the spirits he had himself given birth to, might be richer, and sweeter, and brighter, and nobler, than the realities on which they were founded. But, though beyond nature, they would not be unnatural; and thus alone, by the exhibition of models that may be loved and followed without fear or reproach, can poetry perfectly fulfil her noblest aim of purifying while she augments the sources of human pleasure.

ART. III. *Travels in Beloochistan and Sinde; accompanied by a Geographical and Historical Account of those Countries; with a Map.* By Lieutenant Henry Pottinger, of the Honourable East India Company's Service. 4to. London. 1816.

WE can scarcely conceive a bolder undertaking, or one more fraught with perils and difficulties and discomforts of every kind, than that which is described in the volume we are about to notice. Two British officers, under the disguise of 'horse dealers' in the employ of a Hindostannee merchant of Bombay, launch into the midst of an unknown and barbarous country, the inhabitants of which are robbers by profession, and inspired with that deadly hatred of infidels, which is so strong and universal a feature among the followers of Mahomet, in every part of the world to which his baneful doctrines have extended;—liable, moreover, every moment, to be detected as spies, where detection would probably be destruction. The country itself, through which they set out with a determination to penetrate, was known to be such as would necessarily deprive them of the conveniences, and very often of the necessaries of life: they knew they must not only be exposed to the common dangers and fatigue of travelling, but to the severer trials of hun-

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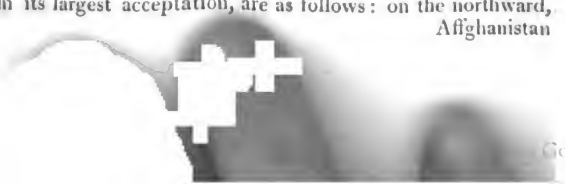
ger, thirst, and sickness—the almost certain result of exposure to great vicissitudes and extremes of climate, between that of the snowy mountains and the burning sandy plains.

With all these discouragements before their eyes, and a thousand others that the busy imagination would be apt to conjure up, Captain Christie and Lieutenant Pottinger determined to see none of them; but with light hearts, and ardent minds, set out on their journey, anticipating only the pleasure they should derive from developing the geography of 'countries utterly unknown to Europeans, of whose people, government, and customs, no records are extant since the time of Alexander the Great.' The very idea of retracing the steps of the Macedonian conqueror gave an interest and animation to their enterprize, and seemed to infuse new zeal into the breasts of our travellers. The result of this arduous undertaking is the volume which Lieutenant Pottinger has given to the public; the general outlines of which, he tells us, 'were originally compiled in an Official Report of the journey, and submitted to the Governor General, for the information of the Supreme British Government of India; but that he afterwards threw it into the shape of a regular Diary, and inserted such anecdotes and descriptions, illustrative of the manners and habits of the natives, as would have been superfluous in the Official Report.' In this shape it may be considered as forming the counterpart of Mr. Elphinstone's volume, and completing the description of the vast tract of country between Persia and Hindostan, by adding to the account of Caubul that of its two most southern provinces, or tributary states, Beloochistan and Lower Sinde. We are indebted for these volumes, as well as the 'Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire,' by Lieutenant Macdonald Kinneir, and the important and interesting 'History of Persia' by Sir John Malcolm, to the restless ambition of Buonaparte, whose views on the Eastern world, after the peace of Tilsit, could neither be mistaken, nor treated with indifference by the British government at home, or its representatives in India: the latter of whom, with a laudable zeal, and in the proper spirit of military precaution, anticipated every measure that the former could have desired, by the mission of Sir J. Malcolm to Persia, of Mr. Elphinstone to Caubul, of Mr. Smith to Sinde, and of our present travellers through Beloochistan.

It may be of use to the reader if, before we set out, we exhibit, from various parts of the volume, a brief sketch of the general aspect of the country, its extent, divisions, and population: this appears the more necessary, as neither Chardin, nor Hanway, nor any of the modern writers on Persia, Affghanistan, or Hindostan, have given any account of them. The boundaries of Beloochistan, taken in its largest acceptation, are as follows: on the northward,

Affghanistan



Affghanistan and Seistan; on the westward, the Persian provinces of Laristan and Kirman; on the southward, the Indian Ocean or Erythrean Sea; and on the eastward, a part of Sinde and Shikarpoor. Omitting some projecting points, it may be said to extend between the parallels of 25° and 30° of northern latitude, and between 58° and 68° of eastern longitude, comprehending a surface whose mean length may be estimated at 550 and breadth at 300 geographical miles.

Mr. Pottinger, on his own authority we believe, makes it to consist of six divisions.

1. The provinces of Jhalawan and Sarawan, and the district of Kelat.
2. The provinces of Mukran and Lus.
3. The province of Kutch Gundawa, and district of Hurrund Dajel.
4. Kohistan, (country of hills,) west of the desert.
5. The Desert.
6. The province of Sinde.

The incorrectness of such a division must be obvious, as Sinde is a tributary state of Caubul, governed by its own Ameers, over whom the Khan of Khelat, the Chief of Beloochistan, has neither jurisdiction, power, nor pre-eminence; but as these countries are perpetually changing masters, the divisions of them are of little importance: those above-mentioned, with the exception of Kutch Gundawa, which is naturally a part of Sinde, and Mukran, which borders on the sea, were traversed by Lieutenant Pottinger.

The Brahooick mountains springing abruptly, to a conspicuous height and grandeur, out of the sea at Cape Mowaree or Monze, and running nearly in a northern direction till they fall in with some of the numerous branches thrown off by that enormous pile known by the name of the Hindoo Koosh, or the Indian Caucasus, form a natural and precipitous barrier between the plains of the Indus and the mountainous regions of Beloochistan. From this main trunk, on its western side, branch out inferior chains of mountains in every direction, leaving between them valleys that are generally narrow, but capable of cultivation, with sloping sides well adapted for feeding cattle. The ranges of mountains, however, in advancing to the northward, instead of forming vallies, are connected only by plains of sand, totally destitute of vegetation; and they finally disappear in this direction, in the two great sandy deserts of Seistan and Kirman. Mr. Pottinger unfortunately had no barometer with him, to assist him in ascertaining the height of any of these mountains; but he conjectures, from a comparison of the Ghauts or passes, with some of those in Hindostan, and from observations on the beds of rivers and the temperature of the atmosphere, that the city

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of Khelat, which stands on the most elevated part of the Brahooick range, is about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. In so mountainous a country, one would naturally expect to meet with rivers of corresponding magnitude; no such however occur. 'There is not,' says Mr. Pottinger, 'a single body of running water in the northern parts of this country, worthy of a more eminent appellation than a rivulet, unless when swollen by partial floods to a tumultuous and unfordable torrent; nor one even of that description, that can be said to flow through a regular and unbroken channel to the main.' And in another place he observes, on approaching Shiraz—

'Since landing at Sonmeany, I had now performed a journey of upwards of one thousand five hundred miles, of which thirteen hundred were in as direct a line as the paths would admit, from east to west; and yet this was the *first* place in which I had seen a running stream sufficiently deep to have taken a horse above the knee; a conclusive proof of the extraordinary aridity of the intermediate countries, and furnishing an example, perhaps unparalleled on the face of the globe, when the diversity of soil, temperature, and appearance of the surface, that I found in them, is taken into consideration.'—(p. 239.)

The beds of these mountain torrents are the best, we might almost say the only, roads through the country; but they are dangerous to halt in at night, as the bursting of a storm on the mountains sometimes pours down almost instantaneously such a flood of water, as sweeps away every thing in its progress. The historian of Alexander's expedition (Arrian) notices the same fact, and says that, one night, as the army lay encamped in the bed of a river, a sudden inundation rushed upon them with such fury, that many women, children, and cattle were swept away.

In the whole of this extensive country, there is scarcely a forest tree, at least nothing that can be called a wood or forest, though plenty of thickets or jungles are to be found in the bottoms of the vallies, or skirting the beds of periodical torrents. Mr. Pottinger is no botanist; the few arborescent plants mentioned by him are the platanus, mimosa, tamarisk, oleander, hedysarum, ficus, melia of different species, besides tamarind, walnut, mango, and other fruits common to India, Persia, and Affghanistan, and some of those that are cultivated in Europe.

The resources of such a country can neither be numerous nor important; and the total want of roads and rivers renders its products, such as they are, available only for the support of its own population.

Of the early inhabitants, Mr. Pottinger has not been able to collect any satisfactory account. The eastern division, in which the capital stands, was, before his journey, almost as unexplored as the

the interior of Africa; and the Greeks, from whom we possess the earliest knowledge of the western frontiers of India, were either so ignorant of this tract, or found it by report so inhospitable a waste, that they have been almost silent with respect to it: they saw that it was mountainous, and learned that on those mountains there was a race of natives, whose manners and occupations resembled the Scythians, and thence they denominated this country, Indo-Scythia. All the armies that, posterior to the Greek invasion, have passed from India into Persia, and the contrary, except that of Nadir Shah, have, from the appearance of the wild and rugged mountains on one side, the barren deserts on the other, and the consequent poverty of the inhabitants, studiously avoided Beloochistan. The natives themselves affect to be descended from the Mahomedan invaders of Persia, and are desirous to be thought of Arabic extraction; but as neither their features, their manners, nor their language bear the smallest similitude to those of Arabs, Mr. Pottinger rejects their pretensions, and thinks, with more probability, that they are of Toorkoman lineage, their institutions, habits, religion, and every thing, except language, being the same; and this anomaly he thinks may satisfactorily be explained, by supposing them to be of the Seljuke race of Tartars that settled in Persia, and were afterwards driven out by the Kharisman princes, but not until they had remained long enough to adopt the colloquial dialect of Persia, which the Belooches still speak with no more alteration than an intercourse with the bordering nations might be expected to produce.

The Belooches however, generally so called, are probably not the aborigines of the country. There is a second great class of inhabitants, known by the name of Brahooes, who generally live in the mountains, but are equally, if not more, numerous than the former; they are divided into small tribes or societies called Kheils; are governed by their own chiefs; and are, to all appearance, the descendants of a nation of Tartar mountaineers. Neither of these two great classes have any written tradition, nor do they seem to have any notion of their history, except what is made up of the wildest and most absurd fables, anterior to the establishment of Islamism among them.

There are, besides these two great classes, a distinct race of people called Dehwars, or villagers, whose pursuits are agricultural, and who answer precisely to the description given by Mr. Elphinstone of the Taujiks among the Affighans. They speak pure Persian, both here and in other parts of Asia where they are found; and Mr. Pottinger conceives them to be the descendants of the ancient Guebres. The rest of the population is made up of Hindoos, who are found in every part of the Eastern world from which, as

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is the case in China and Japan, strangers are not universally excluded.

The three principal tribes of the Belooches are the Nharoees, the Rinds, and the Mughsees; and these again branch out into a great multitude of sub-divisions, each having its proper chief. The Nharoees are neither the most numerous nor the most powerful; but they are a tall, handsome, active race of men: without possessing great physical strength, they are enured to every change of climate and season, and accustomed to every species of fatigue.

'Bound by no laws, and restrained by no feelings of humanity, the Nahroés are the most savage and predatory class of Belooches; and, while they deem private theft dishonourable and disgraceful in the extreme, they contemplate the plunder and devastation of a country with such opposite sentiments, that they consider it an exploit deserving of the highest commendation; and, actuated by that feeling, they will individually recount the assistance they have rendered on such occasions, the numbers of men, women, and children they have made captives, and carried away or murdered, the villages they have burned and plundered, and the flocks they have slaughtered when unable to drive them off.'

'The lawless incursions, during which these outrages and cruelties are committed, are here called *Cheepaos;* and as they are almost always conducted under the immediate superintendance and orders of the chiefs, they form a very considerable source of profit to them. The depredators are usually mounted on camels, and furnished, according to the distance they have to go, with food consisting of dates, sour cheese, and bread; they also carry water in a small leathern bag, if requisite, which is often the case in the midst of their deserts. When all is prepared they set off, and march incessantly till within a few miles of the point whence the cheepao is to commence, and then halt in a jungle or some unfrequented spot, in order to give their camels rest. On the approach of night they mount again; and, as soon as the inhabitants have retired to repose, they begin their attack by burning, destroying, and carrying off whatever comes in their way. They never think of resting for one moment during the cheepao, but ride on over the territory in which it is made, at the rate of eighty or ninety miles a day, until they have loaded their camels with as much pillage as they can possibly remove; and, as they are very expert in the management of those animals, each man, on an average, will have charge of ten or twelve: if practicable, they make a circuit, which enables them to return by a different route from the one they came; this is attended with the advantage of affording a double prospect of plunder, and also misleads those who pursue the robbers, a step generally taken, though with little effect, when a sufficient body of men can be collected for that purpose.' (pp. 58, 59.)

We took occasion, in our last Number, to draw a parallel between the kheils or tribes of the Affghans and the clans of the Highlands

Highlands of Scotland; to that parallel we may fairly add the *cheepao* of the Belooches and the *foray* of an Highland chief; and the similarity of manners and condition does not end here. The Belooches possess, in an eminent degree, the savage virtue of hospitality, and they consider pilfering as a despicable practice; indeed, if their protection be once promised, either voluntarily or by purchase, they will die before they fail in their trust; and this virtue is equally practised in public and private life. There is in every town a building set apart for the reception of strangers, called the *Mehman Khana*, or House of Guests; before the door of which a carpet is always spread. 'The Sirdar, or head of the kheil, embraces the stranger, the followers of the visitor successively approach, the Sirdar gives them his hand, which they press to their foreheads and lips: they all then sit down; the Sirdar inquires four times after the health of the stranger, his friends and followers; and the ceremony concludes by the new-comer making an equal number of inquiries after the welfare of the family, kheil or society, followers, and friends of the Sirdar.'

The Belooches pass their time in lounging about from one tent to another, in gambling, smoking, chewing opium and bhang; but the vice of drunkenness is unknown among them. Their food consists chiefly of wheaten or barley cakes, rice, dates, cheese, sweet and sour milk; soup made of dholl or peas, seasoned with capsicum and other heating herbs; onions, garlic, the leaves and stalks of the assafœtida plant, stewed in butter, with the addition of flesh meat, whenever they can procure it. They are fond of field sports of all kinds, shooting, hunting, and coursing; their greyhounds are trained with great care, and a good one is valued at two or three camels, or even more. Firing at marks, cudgelling, wrestling, practising with swords, and throwing the spear, are also favourite diversions with them; and neighbouring kheils cope with each other at these exercises. The last four they understand scientifically; and Mr. Pottinger was assured they were so expert at firing at a mark, that many of them could invariably hit a target not more than six inches square, at full gallop; and he adds, 'I can positively affirm, that the different guides I had during my journey killed, at the distance of fifty or sixty yards, many small birds, such as hawks, sparrows, &c. with a single ball.' (p. 66.)

Like other Mahomedans, they take as many wives as suit their circumstances or their desires, some in the lowest station having no fewer than seven or eight, and the khans of course twice, or three times that number; the women are treated with attention and respect, but are not allowed to ramble about in public. They have numbers of slaves of both sexes, the fruits of their cheepaos, whom they treat with a degree of kindness that would almost reconcile

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concile one to the endurance of that state of supposed misery, which seems to have existed in all ages, and among the most polished nations of antiquity.

'When first taken, they look upon themselves as the most unfortunate beings in existence, and, to say the truth, the treatment they then experience is of the harshest and most discouraging description; they are blindfolded and tied on camels, and, in that manner, transported, to prevent the possibility of their knowing how to return; the women's hair and men's beards are also shaved off, and the roots entirely destroyed by a preparation of quick lime, to deter them from any wish to re-visit their native soil; but they shortly get reconciled to their fate, and become very faithful servants. I shall relate an anecdote, which will best exemplify the footing on which they live with their masters. Captain Christie, speaking on this subject, expressed his surprize to Eidel Khan Rukhshanee, the Sirdar of Nooshky, that the numerous slaves which he had, should work so diligently, without any person to look after them. "Why not?" said he—"they are clothed, fed, and treated like the other members of my family, and if they do not labour, they are well aware, that bread will be scarce, and they must then suffer as well as ourselves; it is their interest to have plenty, because they know that whatever may fall to my lot, they get a share of it." Captain Christie assented to the justice of these observations, but added, he should have thought them likely to run away. "Nothing of the kind," replied the old Sirdar, "they are too wise to attempt it: in the first place, they don't know the way to their own country; but even admitting they did, why should they wish to return? They are much happier here, and have less worldly cares; were they at home, they must toil full as hard as they now do; beside which, they would have to think of their clothes, their houses, and their food; situated as they now are, they look to me for all those necessaries; and, in short, that you may judge yourself of their feelings, I need only inform you, that the severest punishment we can inflict on one of them, is, to send him about his business." (p. 54).

The Belooche soldier is an animal of a most formidable appearance. He carries a matchlock, sword, spear, dagger, and shield, besides a multiplicity of powder-flasks, priming-horns, and pouches, the last of which are crammed to the top with balls, slugs, flints, and all the deadly apparatus of war. It would seem indeed, that the warrior's prowess is estimated entirely by the number and weight of his accoutrements. The common dress is a coarse white or blue calico shirt reaching down to the knees, buttoned behind the neck, and open in front: trowsers of the same, puckered round the ankles; a small silk quilted cap, to which, when full dressed, they add a turban of checked or blue cotton, and a sash of the same colour round their waist. The women's shifts are of the same materials, reaching down to their heels; being open in front, the bosom is considerably exposed: they wear trowsers of silk mixed

mixed with cotton proportionably wide. The elderly ladies have a coloured handkerchief round the head, but the young women draw up their hair, in separate locks, which are united at the top in a kind of knob, that at a distance looks like a cap.

The 'wake' for the dead is kept with revelry and jollity, as was formerly the case in many parts of Great Britain, and as it still is in Ireland. They marry, as Mr. Pottinger thinks, according to the law of Moses, though he does not pretend to have discovered any traces of a Jewish origin among them; yet, as a branch of the Affghans, tradition, both written and oral, assigns to them a descent from the Israelites.

The Brahooes have none of the ferocious character of the Belooches; they are active, strong, and hardy, equally enured, from their roving life, to the mountain cold and the desert heat. They have neither the tall figure, the long visage, nor the raised features of the Belooches, but short thick bones, round faces, and flat lineaments. Some few till the ground, but they mostly subsist by their flocks, which yield them cheese and ghee, coarse blankets, carpets, and felts. Their food consists chiefly of mutton, which they devour in a half-dressed state, without salt; it is cured for winter consumption by drying it in the sun, and then smoking it over a fire of green wood. They are a quiet and industrious race of men, free from those habits of rapine and violence that disgrace the Belooches; and their fidelity is such, that the chiefs of the latter are glad to retain them as their most confidential servants. Their dress is nearly the same as that of the Belooches, they use the same weapons, and follow the same amusements; but their women are not secluded from the society of men, but all live and eat together. The character of the government, if such it can be called, takes its complexion from the personal character of the chief. This personage may be considered as an absolute despot over a number of petty despots, who, though generally elected by their respective tribes, must nevertheless be approved by the principal khan. In their private disputes he interferes only when he is called upon, but in that case his decision is law. In his wars, each Sirdar or head of a clan must assist him with his contingent of troops; all the tribes indeed hold of him as feudal lord of the soil, and their tenure is that of military service. Every member of a kheil or clan, if he thinks himself aggrieved by his own khan or sirdar, may appeal to the khan of Khelat; he too inquires into all the cases of murder, or affects to do so, and no criminal can be executed without his sanction, unless where a traveller is way-laid and murdered; the chief of the district may then try and execute, if so disposed. The most common way of punishing murder is to deliver over the perpetrator to the friends of the person

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person killed, who either exact from the culprit blood for blood, or a heavy fine, as they may feel inclined; and Mr. Pottinger says, this measure is often successful in saving the man's life, as they generally prefer the penalty, or keep the offender as a slave at hard labour for the rest of his life:—should the murdered person be a foreigner, all the parties concerned in his death are immediately executed. Minor offences are punished by fine, flogging, or imprisonment.

The khan of Khelat has a muster roll of the Belooche army amounting to 250,000 men, which Nusseer Khan sent as an answer to Ahmed Shah when the latter demanded tribute of him; but this number was an oriental hyperbole; and his present list comprehends 120,000 men, which Pottinger thinks about double the number that he might be able to raise on any great emergency. His revenues, at the utmost, do not exceed 350,000 rupees, or 43,700*l.* sterling: the sum is small, but, in a country from which little or nothing is exported, money is dear, and labour and produce cheap.

Such is the general outline of the country and its inhabitants, on the shores of which our two travellers landed from a Bombay boat, in January, 1810, at the village of Sonmeany, at the bottom of the bay of the same name, celebrated as the rendezvous of the fleet of Nearchus; and we are here told, that 'the description given by Doctor Vincent, from Arrian, of the Port of Alexander, so exactly corresponds with its actual state, that it is a high testimony of the correctness of the Greek historian.' (p. 9).

The first operation, after landing, was to shave their heads, and adopt the 'entire native costume'. Sonmeany is a place of considerable trade, monopolized, however, by the Hindoos, 'whose indefatigable industry is conspicuous wherever they are to be met with.' It is situated on the southern bank of the Pooralee river, and consists of about 250 houses, the inhabitants of which, with the exception of the Hindoos, are wretchedly poor, and subsist chiefly by fishing; their fresh water is obtained by digging a few feet in the sand.

The intention of the travellers was to proceed in the direct road through Bela to Kelat; but a merchant of Kandahar endeavoured to dissuade them by saying, that the first tribe of the Belooches they would meet with was that of the Bezunjas, 'who care not for the king, the khan, God, or the prophet, but murder and plunder every person or thing they can lay their hands on.' They adhered, notwithstanding, to their first resolution; travelled a whole day over one continued salt marsh without a human habitation; slept in an empty stable at the first village they met with, and the next day, after passing a flat uncultivated country covered with jungle, halted at

at the village of Ootul, containing about four hundred houses:—'the people of the village appeared very contented and happy; and they had immense flocks of sheep and goats, beside herds of black cattle and camels.'

On reaching Bela they found it was a holiday, and the Jam, or chief, was amusing himself with horse-racing, on which occasion all the inhabitants mount their horses or camels, and gallop over a great extent of country. On his return in the evening, he expressed himself to the strangers in terms of great civility, and gave them permission to remain a few days at Bela. At an audience given to them, he put many questions relative to the religion, customs, and *castes* of the English; whether the French resembled them, and whether we still continued to beat them at sea. He received their answers on some points with great distrust:—'You tell me,' he observed, 'of a vessel that will carry one hundred guns, and one thousand men; it is morally impossible! where are the latter to get food and water? The King has scarcely so many guns in his Tope khanu, or arsenal; and the crews of two such ships would overrun the whole of my country:'—and, after listening to their description of the battle of Trafalgar, he observed, 'As you say it has been so, I am bound to believe it; but had the holy prophet foretold it, the Numrees (the people of the province) would have demanded proof of it from him.' The Jam had neither jewels nor ornaments, but was very plainly dressed; his sword and shield lay before him on the carpet; his son and two brothers sat near him; and there was an appearance of poverty throughout the whole party, which they neither seemed to be ashamed of nor solicitous to disguise. The durbar was an open room raised a few feet from the ground; the flat mud roof supported by a few crooked sticks, rough and unpolished, just as they had been cut from the jungle; and the attendants offered their remarks and observations on the subjects of conversation with the greatest freedom.

Bela stands on the northern bank of the Pooralee river; a mud wall encompasses about one-third of the town; the rest is entirely open. It contains about two thousand houses, of which three hundred are inhabited by Hindoos, who enjoy every protection in their mercantile pursuits from the Jam. The streets are narrow, but, as well as the bazaar, clean and neat, from having a considerable slope, which prevents the water from lodging.

As the only certain protection against the Bezunja robbers between Bela and Kelat, the Jam had sent for the chief of that tribe, whose name was Ruhmut Khan; but as he did not appear at the appointed time, our travellers set out on their journey. They soon, however, met this chief accompanied by fifteen or twenty followers. He peremptorily refused to suffer them to proceed through his country

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country unless escorted by himself, or before he had talked with the Jam; they were therefore under the necessity of returning. 'We found him,' says Mr. Pottinger, 'possessed of all that ingenuous hospitality and predatory ferocity which are so curiously blended in the Belooche character. He repeatedly swore by his beard that had we attempted to advance through his country, without his leave, he would have annihilated our whole party;' and he assured them that they must be extremely ignorant of his tribe if they thought they could pass unobserved, 'for that a hare could not pass through Ruhmut Khan's country if he chose to prevent it;' 'but,' he continued, 'having once given his word for your safety you need not fear any thing mortal; farther it rests with the Almighty and his prophet.' The protection offered by this chief of the robbers was not, however, gratuitous; he drove a hard bargain with the Jam as to the sum of money that was to be given, which was settled, not much to his satisfaction, at sixty rupees. Their first halt was in the bed of the Pooralee river, in which the Bezunjas made a blazing fire, and by which they sat the greater part of the night, entertained by the songs and music of three or four sookrees, or wandering musicians, bawling out the exploits of their different chiefs, and accompanying their songs with the most frantic and unmeaning gestures.

'A clearer picture of the savage life of the Bezunjas, and many other Belooche tribes, cannot well be pourtrayed than by this scene: all outward distinction and respect for chiefs were at that moment thrown aside; at intervals they, as well as their people, in the height of their enthusiasm, snatched the setars, or musical instruments, from the hands of the sookrees, and sung in "descant wild" their favourite airs, gradually working themselves, by ridiculous and violent action, into a state of absolute frenzy: their din then became universal and quite stunning, and the auditory continued to applaud and join in chorus with the singers until they were so completely exhausted that they could exert themselves no longer; the instruments were then laid hold of by others, and thus they were regularly passed round the circle.'—p. 29.

Travelling for several days over a wild and rugged country, generally by the banks, or in the bed of the river, among the ever varying sublime and majestic mountain scenery, they found themselves amidst many kheils, or small societies of Brahooe shepherds, whose quiet and inoffensive manners formed a singular contrast with those of the Bezunja robbers.

'A little before sunset we took up our lodging for the night close to the ghedans or tents of three or four Brahooe shepherds, one of whom supplied us with abundance of milk, firewood, and water. This little kheil had selected a most romantic and retired spot, immediately under a stu-

a stupendous range of mountains, for their abode; their manners were mild, simple, and prepossessing; and the only cares they seemed to have in this peaceful retreat were to protect their flocks from the nightly depredations of wolves and hyenas, to tend them while grazing during the day, and to milk them morning and evening; at all of which both sexes were equally alert and skilful. The flocks were just brought home as we dismounted, and it was surprizing to see with what quickness and regularity they were all milked and pent up; at this, every soul assisted, from the father of the family to the infant that could not walk: when the household avocations were over, the women and children came and sat round our fire, and chatted without the least reserve; their demeanour, as well as that of the men, evinced a truly hospitable desire to oblige, uninfluenced by the hope of reward; and few, who have not been situated as we were at that moment, can fully appreciate the gratification of such treatment as we met with from these wild and uncivilized shepherds.'—p. 34.

A rocky road, intersected with deep and almost impassable ravines, brought them to the town of Khosdar, where the inhabitants viewed them with suspicion and surprize, but, after some difficulty, admitted them to a lodging in an empty hovel. Khosdar consists of about five hundred habitations, situated in a valley encompassed by mountains, and having a low mud wall round it, inclosing some gardens which produce grapes, figs, almonds, apricots, apples, &c.; but the trees were then (5th February) leafless. The inhabitants are chiefly Hindoos from Mooltan and Shikarpoor, who have so much influence that the keys of the town gate are, every night, entrusted to the hands of the senior Brahmin of those who officiate at a pagoda dedicated to Kalee, the Goddess of Fate; though Mr. Pottinger says 'they seem to be a most dissolute, debauched set,' whose whole employment consisted of smoking tobacco, chewing bhang, and sitting over the fire.

On the 7th February, after a further ascent of rugged mountainous country, they found the water in their leathern bags frozen into a mass of ice. They continued to ascend for nearly fifty miles further, through a bleak and desert country, when they arrived at the village of Soherab situated on a plain of the same name thirty or forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth; the mountains on the eastern side were white with snow; and a snowy peak to the northward shewed itself, which, as they afterwards ascertained, was not less than one hundred and twenty miles from them; a march of fifty miles beyond this brought them to Kelat, the capital of Beloochistan, the word Kelat meaning, in their language, *the city*.

Kelat is situated on an elevated site on the western side of a well cultivated valley, eight miles long and from two to three broad, the greater part of which is laid out in gardens and other inclosures.

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Three of its sides are encompassed with a mud wall eighteen or twenty feet high, flanked, at intervals of two hundred and fifty paces, by bastions, which, with the intermediate spaces, are pierced with numerous loop-holes for matchlock-men, but no cannon; a face of the mountain, cut away perpendicularly, forms the defence on the fourth side, on the summit of which is the palace of Mahmood Khan, chief of Kelat, and nominal beglerbeg of Beloochistan. The city has three gates. The number of houses inside the walls is upwards of two thousand five hundred; and that of the suburbs may exceed one half of this amount. The streets are broader than is usual in eastern cities, and most of them have a raised pathway on either side for foot-passengers. In the middle is an uncovered kennel to receive all the filth of the streets, which is suffered sometimes to stagnate and become very offensive. The upper parts of the houses project, and almost meet each other; this obstructs the air, and makes the lower part gloomy and wet. The bazaar is extensive and well furnished with all kinds of goods; fresh meat, vegetables, and the necessaries of life are procurable daily and at a moderate rate. The town is well supplied with running water from a fountain in one of the hills, the stream of which turns several mills; and Mr. Pottinger tells us, as a remarkable fact, that the water of the spring possesses a considerable degree of tepidity until after sun rise, when it suddenly becomes exceedingly cold, and remains so during the day. This apparent change in the temperature of the water, which is in fact a change in that of the atmosphere, has led Mr. Pottinger precisely into the same error that Mr. Elphinstone recorded on a similar occasion.

The khan of Kelat, with his family, and the principal inhabitants, had, as is usual, gone down to Kutch Gundava, a district that juts into the plains of Sinde, to avoid the severity of the winter, which is here so intense that, on the 12th February, the water with which Lieutenant Pottinger was washing his hands on the sunny side of the house, at mid-day, became ice as it touched the ground. The travellers had nevertheless abundance of visitors at their lodging outside the city walls, which a Hindoo, to whom they were recommended, procured for them, and which he said was very suitable for 'horse dealers,' having a walled yard attached to it. Among the numerous visitors were some *Baubees*, a class of Affghan merchants, one of whom recognized our travellers, and asserted that he had seen them the preceding year in Sinde; this they stoutly denied, which was fortunately ascribed by the *Baubees* merely to an unwillingness to acknowledge their reduced circumstances and station in life, and not to any fear of detection.

On the 6th March they pursued their route northwards towards Kandahar, chiefly through defiles of rugged mountains, one of which

which Mr. Pottinger describes as the most difficult, beyond all comparison, that he had ever seen in any country; and from the top of which 'the desert burst on his view, extending as far as the eye could trace, with the semblance of a smooth ocean from the reflexion of the sun on the sand.' On the following day, having descended the heights for about five hours, and crossed a branch of the desert of about six miles in width, they entered the village of Nooshky on the morning of the 9th March. The appearance of strangers was a novel occurrence that attracted the whole population, who crowded round them and began to be rude and troublesome, when a man habited like a Persian advised them to go to the Mehman Khanu, where, he said, they would be safe and unmolested. The moment they arrived at this spot the conduct of the people was totally changed; they became attentive to their wants, spread a carpet for them, brought pillows from the sirdar's house, who was absent, and shewed them all the respect due to the guests of the chief, and as strangers entitled to all the rights of hospitality. The 'House of Guests' is of Arabic origin, and exists even among the degenerate tribes scattered over the sandy plains of Northern Africa. The sirdar, or chief, on his arrival, was very kind to them, and sent his son with twelve matchlock-men to protect them to Dooshak, for which, however, payment was demanded, and a bargain made: during their stay at Nooshky they were regularly supplied with bread, sour milk, cheese, dhol, or pease-soup, and assafœtida plants stewed in rancid butter—more rank and nauseous than the drug itself—but considered by the Belooches as an exquisite dainty. Every soul seemed ready to devour the young plants when brought in by the Brahooes from the mountains, 'so that the people were not only offensively strong, but the very air was impregnated with the effluvia.' It seems doubtful if this was the real assafœtida plant (a species of *ferula*, or giant fennel) from which the Persians collect the drug, as described by the accurate Kœmpfer; Mr. Pottinger says the Belooche assafœtida plant has leaves resembling those of the Indian large beet root, and the head 'much the appearance of a cauliflower.'

Here our two travellers separated in order that they might obtain a more extensive knowledge of the country,—Captain Christie proceeding northerly to Herat, and Lieutenant Pottinger westerly towards Kirman. Here also they learned that the umeers of Sinde had sent two men to Kelat in order to seize and carry them to Hyderabad, having discovered that they were not horse dealers but Europeans whose object was to survey the country, and that one of them was known to have been with the British envoy in Sinde the year before. Captain Christie had already departed with the sirdar's son; and Lieutenant Pottinger now found it prudent to hasten his

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bargain with Moorad Khan, the sirdar's nephew, (against whom the old chief cautioned him as a great rascal,) to protect him to Surhud on the western frontier of Beloochistan, for sixty rupees.

Between Nooshky and the desert are some ancient remains of buildings that were probably erected by the Guebres or Parsees, the worshippers of fire: one was a sort of cupola, near which, tradition says, is the site of an ancient town whose inhabitants were so wealthy that they mixed the chunam or cement, for the erection of their houses and other edifices, with milk instead of water, an unnecessary and ostentatious waste, which so incensed the deity, that a curse was denounced on the place, and it gradually sunk into misery and decay; another was a range of large stones at twenty or thirty yards distance, which were said to be placed there by Rustum (the celebrated Persian hero) to commemorate the pace at which his favourite steed galloped; a third consisted of a great number of quadrangular tombs, as they appeared to be, each surrounded by a wall of open freestone work, extending along the banks of the Bale river, and near them were scattered, over the edge of the desert, several large mounds of earth and stones, but Mr. Pottinger could not discover any inscriptions: his guide told him that the buildings were of a stone that was not to be found in any part of the country.

After travelling five days over a dry, rugged, and nearly uninhabited country, Mr. Pottinger arrived, on the 31st March, at the skirts of the Red Sandy Desert, which presents to the reader's imagination such a scene of dreary desolation, and is so unlike every thing that any other part of the world affords, so much worse even than the Sahara of Northern Africa, that we shall make no apology for extracting this part of the narrative at full length. Having filled every thing that could contain water so brackish as barely to be palatable, though drawn out of a well 150 feet deep, Mr. Pottinger says,

'We quitted this well just as the sun rose, and proceeded the greater part of the way on foot, twenty-seven miles farther, over a desert of red sand, the particles of which were so light, that when taken in the hand they were scarcely more than palpable; the whole is thrown by the winds into an irregular mass of waves principally running east and west, and varying in height from ten to twenty feet; most of these rise perpendicularly on the opposite side to that from which the prevailing wind blows, (north-west,) and might readily be fancied, at a distance, to resemble a new brick wall. The side facing the wind slopes off with a gradual declivity to the base (or near it) of the next windward wave. It again ascends in a straight line, in the same extraordinary manner as above described, so as form a hollow or path between them. I kept as much in these paths as the direction I had to travel in would admit of, but had nevertheless exceeding difficulty and

and fatigue in urging the camels over the waves when it was requisite to do so, and more particularly where we had to clamber up the leeward or perpendicular face of them, in which attempt we were many times defeated, and reduced to go round until an easier place or turn in the wave offered. On the oblique or shelving side the camels got up pretty well, as their broad feet saved them from sinking deeper than we did ourselves, and the instant they found the top of the wave giving way from their weight, they most expertly dropt on their knees, and in that posture gently slid down with the sand, which was luckily so unconnected, that the leading camel usually caused a sufficient breach for the others to follow on foot. All symptoms of vegetation had ceased for the latter ten miles of my journey this day, except a few stunted bushes of the taghuz, (a species of tamarisk,) and a hardy little plant called, by the Belooches, shirrikoh (mountain-top) bearing a purple flower with a very powerful odoriferous smell. My guide appeared to be regulated in his movements by a chain of mountains that were at times just descernible to the southward. We spent the night under the shelter of one of the sand-waves, where the atmosphere was uncommonly hot and close.

'1*st April.* I travelled to-day twenty miles across a desert of the same description as yesterday, and consequently the like impediments opposed me, which were trifling, however, compared with the distress suffered not only by myself and people, but even the camels, from the floating particles of sand; a phenomenon which I am still at a loss to account for. When I first observed it, the desert seemed, at the distance of half a mile or less, to have an elevated and flat surface from six to twelve inches higher than the summits of the waves. This vapour appeared to recede as we advanced, and once or twice completely encircled us, limiting the horizon to a very confined space, and conveying a most gloomy and unnatural sensation to the mind of the beholder: at the same moment we were imperceptibly covered with innumerable atoms of small sand, which, getting into our eyes, mouths, and nostrils, caused excessive irritation, attended with extreme thirst, that was increased in no small degree by the intense heat of the sun. On questioning my Brahooé guide, who, though a perfectly wild savage, had more local knowledge than any other person of the party, he said that this annoyance was supposed by his countrymen and himself to originate in the solar beams causing the *dust of the desert* (as he emphatically styled it) to rise and float through the air; and judging from expeperience, I should pronounce this idea to be partly correct, as I can ayer that this sandy ocean was only visible during the hottest part of the day.'—p. 132.

We will not stop to criticise the Brahooe's explanation, or Lieutenant Pottinger's theory, both of which we suspect, when weighed in the balance, would be found wanting; but we are quite satisfied that he is perfectly right in distinguishing this misty, murky, and palpable atmosphere, from that luminous illusion which tantalizes the thirsty traveller with the appearance of water, so well

known to the natives of these dry and sandy regions by the name of *suhrah*, and to the French savans by that of *mirage*.

On the 2d April the desert was less sandy, but not less solitary; and a surface of hard black gravel, without a trace of verdure or even a bush to be seen, was but a gloomy sort of relief from the dazzling glare of the preceding day. In such a solitude, even the strife of the elements is not contemplated without sensations that are not apt to be felt by those who are placed in more happy circumstances.

'I experienced this forenoon a violent tornado or gust of wind, accompanied by a torrent of rain, which continued for half an hour, and was absorbed by the earth as it fell. It came on most unexpectedly, and had the guide not apprised me of its strength, we should probably have fared worse than we did, for it would have been an act of temerity to have tried to sit on the camels during its impetuous fury. Before it began the sky was clear, save a few small clouds in the north-west quarter; and the only antecedent warning it afforded was the oppressive sultriness of the air, and a vast number of whirlwinds springing up on all sides; the moment the Brahooe saw these whirlwinds disperse, which they did as if by magic, and a cloud of dust approaching, he advised us to dismount, and we had hardly time to do so, and lodge ourselves snugly behind the camels, when the storm burst upon us with a furious blast of wind; the rain fell in the largest drops I ever remember to have seen, and the air was so completely darkened, that I was absolutely unable to discern any thing at the distance even of five yards. Moorad happened to place himself about so many paces in front of me, and when I looked up, during the height of the tempest, I saw nothing of him, and therefore concluded he had shifted his position; but when it was over, I found him still in the same spot. These bursts are by no means rare, and though unpleasant at the instant, have their attendant advantages, as they cool and purify the atmosphere, which would otherwise be quite intolerable at any season, and is so notwithstanding their prevalence throughout the hot months, from June to September.'—p. 135.

During these months the desert is indeed absolutely impassable; these blasts, called sometimes the Julot, (the flame,) and sometimes the Badé Sumoom, (pestilential wind,) being destructive of every organized being that is exposed to it.

'Its effects on the human frame were related to me by those who had been eye-witnesses of them, as the most dreadful that can be imagined: the muscles of the unhappy sufferer become rigid and contracted; the skin shrivels; an agonizing sensation, as if the flesh was on fire, pervades the whole frame; and, in the last stage, it cracks into deep gashes, producing hemorrhage that quickly ends his misery. In some instances life is annihilated instantaneously, and in others the unfortunate victim lingers for hours, or perhaps days, in the excruciating tortures I have described. To render this terrible scourge still more

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more baneful, its approach is seldom if ever foreseen; and among all the Belooches with whom I have conversed regarding it, no one asserted more than that they had heard it was indicated by an unusual oppression in the air, and a degree of heat that affected the eyes; the precaution then adopted is to cover themselves over, and lie prostrate on the earth. A curious fact is established by this custom, that any cloth, however thin, will obviate the deleterious effects of the Badé Sumoom on the human body.'—p. 136.

The tantalizing effects of the mirage on the thirsty traveller are thus described:—

'The *suhrab*, or water of the desert, floated all round us, as though it were mocking our distress by its delusive representation of what we so eagerly thirsted for; the absence of which I can affirm with perfect confidence, from my individual experience, to be the most insupportable of all the wants of what are termed the absolute necessaries of life. A person may endure with patience and hope the pressure of fatigue and hunger, heat or cold, and even a total deprivation of natural rest for a considerable length of time; but to be scorched under a burning sun, to feel your throat so parched and dry that you respire with difficulty, to dread moving your tongue in your mouth from the apprehensions of suffocation which it causes—and not to have the means of allaying those dreadful sensations, are, in my ideas, the extreme pitch of a traveller's calamities. The suhrab of which I have just spoken, is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake; and once, in the province of Kerman, in Persia, it seemed to rest, like a sheet of water, on the face of a hill, at the foot of which my road lay, exhibiting the summit, which did not overhang it in the least degree, by a kind of unaccountable refraction. This phenomenon is, however, very uncommon, and the Persians who were travelling with me, attributed it to exhalations from saline particles, with which the hill abounded.'—p. 185.

The great desert we have been describing is estimated by Mr. Pottinger to be 300 miles long, by 200 broad; but taking its continuation to the northward beyond the Helmind river, which merely interrupts it, and to the westward connecting it with the desert of Kirman, from which it is divided only by a narrow range of hills, we have a dismal and desolate waste of five hundred miles from North to South, and six hundred from East to West.

On the skirts of the desert stood the small village of Kullugan, situated in a narrow and romantic valley of Mukran, where our traveller was advised to assume the character of a devotee, being told by his protector, Moorad, that he was no longer to consider himself in the khan of Kelat's territories, or to calculate on the same good order and security that he observed there: 'We are

now,' he added, 'in Mukran, where every individual is a robber by *caste*, and where they do not hesitate to plunder brothers and neighbours.' He soon experienced the truth of this, for the Sirdar, who was Moorad's father-in-law, in conjunction with his worthy son, contrived to extort from him fifty rupees for a safe conduct to Surhud, in addition to the sixty already paid to Moorad. Kulugan contains about one hundred and fifty houses, many of them two or three stories high. In the uppermost of these, the greater part of the inhabitants sleep, ascending by a ladder through a trap-door, and drawing it up after them, as a measure of security. The Mukranees are described as a small race of men, hardy and brave; the women very plain, and, as it would seem, almost universally affected with weak eyes—owing, perhaps, to the fine particles of sand from the desert constantly floating in the air.

The district of Dizick is described as fertile and populous, presenting to the traveller, in the course of two days' journey, seven or eight villages. Every village has its sirdar, or chief, and every district its khan: the chief khan is Neamut Oollah, whose revenues are derived from one tenth of the produce, amounting yearly to about sixty or seventy thousand rupees.

The next district, proceeding westerly, is called Sibb, very barren, excepting in the bed of a broad water-course, in which are large wheat fields and groves of palm trees; beyond this the mountains were a mass of black rock, totally destitute of verdure, and the small plains intersected with stony ridges and deep ravines. At a village, called Mughsee, a gang of *Loories*, a set of wandering vagabonds, not unlike the people we call gipsies, had murdered the sirdar a few days before, and as their leader was then officiating in the place of the deceased, by order of Mihrab Khan, Mr. Pottinger was not inclined to put himself in the power of 'such blood-thirsty ruffians;' he therefore chose to pass on and take up his night's abode in the jungle.

'Although I had long accustomed myself to regard the people of this part of Mukran as hardened in every species of inhumanity, I must confess I was confounded by the cool depravity evinced by an old man who was at the head of the murderous gang, and who, after having minutely detailed to Khodadad and my camel-drivers the particulars of the assassination, pointed with great apparent exultation to a very high house in the village, and said that the son of the unfortunate sirdar had taken refuge there at the moment of the massacre of his father's family, and that they were momentarily expecting him to descend to be put to death: the hoary sinner (for he was really such) added, with the same merciless composure, that the youth might as well come down quickly, and relieve them from the tedious task of starving him out, which was the only mode of expulsion they meant to pursue, lest they should damage the building and property in it. I ventured to ask what Shah Mihrab

Mihrab Khan had thought of this outrage towards a man who had held the village in fief from him; and, to increase my astonishment, I was informed, that subsequent to the commission of the nefarious act, the *Loories* had simply offered to acknowledge his authority and pay the customary fines, on which their proffered allegiance had been accepted, and their king, as they called him, formally invested in the sirdaree or chiefship of Mughsee. Revenge alone had stimulated the gang to this atrocity; they had desired permission prior to the seed-time, which had then elapsed about two months, to settle for a season in the neighbourhood of the village, in order to cultivate a small piece of ground; which application was harshly refused, and they were threatened with chastisement if seen after a certain period within the district. They disappeared until the armed men, that had been called together to expel them, had returned to their agricultural occupations; and one night, making a forced march from a spot at which they had been secreted in the mountains, they suddenly seized the sirdar's house, and butchered him and his whole household. The villagers made no attempt to save any of them, and spoke with the utmost indifference of the cruel fate impending over the son. In more peaceful climes than these, where the lives and properties of men are guarded by laws divine and human, the mind revolts at the bare idea of such wickedness, and it is scarcely credited that it exists; but in these regions the case is widely different—here the most familiar topics of conversation are bloodshed and rapine; and habit has brought the natives to view crimes, at which human nature ought to shudder, not only with unconcerned apathy, but as subjects of amusing discussion.'—p. 152.

Mr. Pottinger collected some little information respecting the manners and religious sentiments of this detestable race.

'They say that man was born to live, to die, to rot, and be forgotten; and that, during his existence, if he is happy, he has only to pray for a continuance of it; but, if the contrary, he is at liberty, not only to forego his devotions, but to put an end to his sufferings. When one of them happens to die, they bury every thing with him that could be exclusively considered his; such as his clothes, sword, and matchlock; in order that that article of their belief relative to his being forgotten, may be accomplished.

'Both men and women dress in the most preposterous and fantastic way they can devise, adorning themselves with feathers, skins, berries, shells, and other baubles. They are impudent and immodest in demeanour, and addicted to every species of vice and gross sensuality; for, as they never marry, the females live promiscuously with the men. Nor are any bounds set to this incestuous commerce. They have seldom offspring, so that they prefer stealing girls, who are instructed by the force of example; but when any of the women do conceive, the issue is considered the joint property of the whole community, and at a certain age initiated accordingly.'—(p. 154.)

On the 13th April Lieutenant Pottinger arrived at Huftur, the last town of Mukran, which contains about two hundred and fifty houses,

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houses, and, proceeding to the Mehman Khanu, or guest's house, a Belooche came to spread carpets, and to ask his name and intentions. His answer was, that he was a Peerzaduh, or devotee, on his route to the holy city of Mushed: but the sirdar, who soon after paid him a visit, was quite sure that he was a Shahzader, or prince in disguise; the present of a pair of pistols silenced him, and procured a letter to his brother, sirdar of Puhra, in which, however, he stated his suspicions: our traveller therefore thought it best to relinquish, at this place, his holy office, and avow himself a *firinjee*, or European, in the service of a Hindoo, and thus far on his way to Kirman on his master's concerns. Shah Mihrab Khan's civility was not lessened by this discovery; he joined a party of his learned moollahs, that is to say those who could read and write, though he himself could do neither, at the Mehman Khanu, and chatted with our traveller, amusing him with tales and anecdotes, till midnight.

'Here,' says Mr. Pottinger, 'we recognise a chief, whose income and domains, when placed in comparison with those of all the surrounding toparchs, are princely, associating with his meanest subjects, admitting them to a free and unceremonious avowal of their opinions, even in opposition to his own, and entertaining so contemptible an idea of literature, that he could not read or write. Asia alone may be said at this day to afford instances of such barbarism; but the coincidence of it with the habits and establishments of the savage nations that subverted the Roman empire, is singular and exact.'

Puhra contains about four hundred houses, and these two towns, Huftur and Puhra, are the chief places in the Shah's territories, which embrace a circuit of ninety or one hundred miles: he can muster a regular army of about six thousand men, and his revenues amount to four and a half lac of rupees (£56,520 sterling). His tribe are noted for their predatory character, on which they pride themselves; and Shah Mihrab Khan told Mr. Pottinger, with an air of triumph, that he had been outlawed both by the government of Persia and Kaubul.

The Khan of Bunpoor was equally ready to avow himself a robber by profession: but far from possessing any of the polish or shewing any of the civility of the Khan of Puhra, he was a mere savage, and actually forced the pistols from our traveller, which were his only remaining protection. He boasted of the plunder which, in conjunction with the Shah Mihrab and his brother, he had made on a cheepao into Laristan, in Persia, whence they brought great numbers of slaves of both sexes, camels, carpets, matchlocks, and other articles. The village of Bunpoor is small and ill built, bearing a most desolate and impoverished appearance, without any signs of cultivation near it. The Khan's revenues were farmed

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farmed out, and they brought him 26,000 rupees, 140 camels, as many sheep or goats, the same number of measures of wheat and dates, and a few matchlocks; out of this scanty revenue he has a number of brothers to maintain, and sixteen wives.

From hence he proceeded northerly to Bosman, as he found it impracticable to cross the *Dusht*, or desert, into Nurmansheer. The chief, Moorad Khan, was remarkably kind and hospitable: he immediately sent him a whole sheep, and a large bowl of hodge-podge, made of green barley mixed with butter-milk; an unpalatable dish, and not the usual food of the inhabitants, but they had then no other; they were driven even to the necessity of eating mulberry leaves, boiled up with a kind of pulpy acid grass. At this place was a curious well of hot water; in the centre was a circular pipe built of red burnt brick, about eight inches in diameter, out of which the water boiled with considerable violence; it was supposed to be brought from a mountain fifteen miles off, through a subterraneous aqueduct, built by the ancient Guebres, and that a large city once stood on the site of the present village of Bosman. The name of the mountain is Kohé Noushadir, or hill of Sal-Ammoniac, which salt is said to be found in the fissures of the rocks, as are also incrustations of brimstone. Bosman contains about one hundred and fifty houses, some of them two or three stories high, built of stones, without cement or mortar, and plaistered inside with mud. The Khan has not above fifty fighting men, and a revenue just enough to subsist upon. 'His manners are mild; his address has all the Persian politeness and urbanity, and this,' says Mr. Pottinger, 'was the first place I had come to, where Persian was the colloquial language.'

On the 23d April he reached Regan, the frontier fort of Persia on the south side, situate in the province of Nurmanshur, and took the road of Nuhumabad, Buman, and Kirman, the last of which he reached on the 3d May, with mingled feelings of thankfulness for his safety, and exultation and pleasure at the completion of all that part of the journey which he considered to be hazardous. Here he remained till the 25th, in the expectation of being joined by Captain Christie, from Heerat. We pass over his short notices of Persian manners, ceremonies, feasts, &c. as we have them so amply and ably detailed by Jonas Hanway, Chardin, and others, and more recently by Sir John Malcolm; and for the same reason omit noticing his observations on Kirman, Shiraz, and Ispahan, at the last of which places he had the pleasure of being joined by his fellow traveller, Captain Christie, from Heerat and Yezd. A summary of Captain Christie's journey is contained in an Appendix.

We must content ourselves with a very brief account of the mission to Sinde, which, though prior in point of time to the journey we

Egypt, is so great as to strike the observer with surprize; a level plain, with a noble river fertilizing each bank to a certain distance, when the face of the country becomes on one side a sandy desert, and on the other a pile of barren mountains, that are quite as inhospitable both as to soil and climate.' Sinde, as well as Beloochistan, is, as we have observed, a nominal province of Kaubul, and rated at the fixed annual tribute of twelve lacks of rupees, no part of which, however, has of late years been paid. At the time of the mission, the government of the province was vested in three brothers, who had assumed the title of Ameers, or rulers, of Sinde; and since then, on the death of the eldest in 1812, his son took the lowest seat in the triumvirate, while the other two brothers each ascended a step. They have considerably extended their territory to the northward, and were attempting to carry their arms into Kutch Booje on the south-eastern frontier, but were prevented by the British government of India, which will account for the ill humour they shewed to the mission of Mr. Smith from Bombay in 1809. Both Captain Christie and Mr. Pottinger accompanied this mission. On their arrival off Kurachee the governor made some demur in permitting the ships to enter the harbour until he should have seen the Ameers. Mr. Smith complained that in their correspondence some improper assumptions had taken place as to the relative titles and rank of the Governor General of India and the Ameers; on which the Sinde governor expressed his regret, and assured them it had arisen entirely from his ignorance of the Persian language; but that he had not the least objection to put out the eyes of the writer or put him to death, which ever the envoy should like best. When landed they were refused entrance into the fort; a body of troops were marched down, and all their motions were closely watched. In short, they were kept several days as prisoners at large, and a guard every night placed over them. At length, however, after a direct communication from the envoy to the Ameers, they were allowed to set out for Hyderabad.

Kurachee is the principal Bunder, or sea port, of Sinde. The fortifications are mean, being built of mud mixed with straw, and a long creeping weed that grows in the neighbouring marshes; the houses within the walls, by actual enumeration in 1813, amount to 3250; the inhabitants to 13,000, mostly Hindoos engaged in commerce.

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merce. The surrounding country is a perfect plain, which, in the beginning of June, was entirely parched, without a vestige of vegetation.

They reached Tatta in five marches. This place, thought to be the Pattala of Alexander, and once the capital of Sinde, is now in a state of desolation; and the whole country between it and the sea port of Kmachee, a mere desert; it was, however, intersected by a number of river beds, from fifty to five hundred yards in width, which, though then perfectly dry, were represented as being navigable in the rainy season: they were all branches of the Indus. Three miles short of Tatta is the hill called Mukeelee, covered with tombs, the only remaining evidence of the ancient opulence of that city. Each had its area inclosed within a high wall. The Mausoleum was about 85 feet square, with a cupola 70 feet high, partly hid by two balconies or verandahs, the fronts of which were supported by pillars; both the building and inclosing wall were of yellow freestone, and inside, beneath the centre of the dome, was a mound of black stone, on which were inscribed the names of those who had been interred there; the most modern that could be deciphered was dated more than a century and a half before. Chapters of the Koran were exquisitely engraven on the stone door-frames.

From the summit of the hill, Tatta has the appearance of an immense city; but on approaching it the delusion ceases, and nothing is observed but dilapidated walls and mosques, and long streets of uninhabited and ruinous houses. The removal of the court to Hyderabad was the occasion of the depopulated state of Tatta, full two thirds of which is actually uninhabited. It is still, however, a considerable place, being, by Mr. Pottinger's computation, six miles in circumference, exclusive of the ruins; which, however, would not seem to accord with a population of only twenty thousand souls. When Nadir Shah visited Tatta on his return from Delhi, it was said to contain 40,000 weavers of calico and loonjees, with artisans of every other description to the number of 80,000, exclusive of bankers, money-changers, shopkeepers, and sellers of grain, who were estimated at 60,000. What it once was, and what the natural resources of this part of Sinde were, may be collected from a curious anecdote told of the successful robber Nadir Shah. On arriving at this city, he ordered Meer Noor Mohummud, the governor of the province, into his presence; he came in the usual style of eastern humiliation, with his turban round his neck, a wisp of hay in his mouth, and his feet covered: while in the act of prostration, Nadir asked him if he had a well full of gold; the Meer replied, 'Yes; two.' Nadir then asked him if he possessed the Lal, a celebrated ruby belonging to the Ameers of Sinde;

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and he kept his word, having fed the whole army and followers of Nadir Shah, exceeding 500,000 people, for sixteen days.

More diplomatic difficulties on points of etiquette occurred on their arrival at Hyderabad, but after a week's negociation, it was arranged that on the introduction the envoy should sit on a chair, and that the three Ameers should stand up on his appearance, and remain in that position till he had advanced to his seat: the Ameers, however, seemed to have made up what they might have lost in dignity, by letting loose the court rabble, who rushed in and trod upon the scabbards of the swords and skirts of the coats of the envoy's suite. The three Ameers were covered with jewels; and the mattress they sat upon, and the pillows that supported them, were richly embroidered with gold and silver flowers, and sparkled with emeralds and rubies. The three brothers were all dressed alike, and their turbans were from two to two and a half feet in diameter: some of these turbans contain not less than 80 yards of fine gauze.

Hyderabad is situated on an island formed by two branches of the Indus. It is a fortress whose walls are of brick, from fifteen to thirty feet high, flanked by mud towers at intervals of three or four hundred paces; the place is defended by about seventy pieces of cannon, mostly small and bad. The pettah, or suburbs, lie to the northward of the fortress, consist of about 2500 houses, and a population of 10,000 souls; about the same number reside in the fort. They are mostly artisans, employed chiefly in the manufacture of matchlocks, swords, spears, &c. which they execute remarkably well; but the Ameers and great officers wear swords and daggers made of the finest steel, which they draw from Persia and Asia Minor by agents sent for that purpose.

Mr. Pottinger may be allowed to be a little out of humour with the Sindeans, who were certainly very much disposed to treat the East India Company's envoy rather cavalierly, and we ought on that account to make some little allowance for the dark colouring which he has given to their character:—'Avaricious, full of deceit, cruel, ungrateful, and strangers to veracity.' He admits indeed, in extenuation of their vices, that the present generation has grown up under a government whose extortion, ignorance, and tyranny,

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rannny, are possibly unequalled. We need not seek for other causes; even that 'moral turpitude' which Mr. Pottinger pronounces 'to pervade, in a greater or less degree, the population and society of every nation in Asia,' is to be ascribed to the political situation and circumstances under which they are placed, and not to any radical defect or inherent principle in their nature, different from the rest of mankind. The physical qualities of the Sindeans are personal bravery, abstinence, capability of great exertion, unqualified submission, and obedience to their superiors. They are represented as a handsome race of men, taller than Asiatics in general, with good features, and well formed limbs. The women are celebrated for their beauty; and Mr. Pottinger says that among the numerous sets of dancing girls that exhibited before them, he does not recollect to have seen one 'who was not distinguished for loveliness of face, or symmetry of figure.'

The Ameers are as rapacious as they are ignorant, and oppress the people in every possible way, levying heavy taxes on every article of produce, both while on the land and in the market. The sum thus squeezed from the people is said to amount to sixty-one lac of rupees, (about £767,500 sterling.) They are supposed to be able to bring into the field an army of about 36,000 irregular cavalry, armed with matchlocks, lances, and shields, and trained to act as horse or foot soldiers; these men are raised from the contingents of petty chiefs, amounting to more than forty, who hold their lands on condition of military service, the common tenure throughout most countries of the Eastern world--but we must dismiss Lieutenant Pottinger's volume.—As containing a descriptive detail of a country very little known, we consider it as a valuable contribution to Asiatic geography; it brings us acquainted with a rude and barbarous people, whose manners have probably undergone very little change from the earliest ages. The style of the author, and his manner of treating his subject, are of an inferior cast to those of Mr. Elphinstone, and nothing is added to the science of natural history in any of its departments—but we must not expect too much from a subaltern in the Indian army, which he entered probably at a very early period of life. There is far more information contained in the volume than the circumstances under which it was collected would warrant us to expect.

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tainly the poet of common life. He did not, like the great father of the drama, transport his audience amidst a race of demigods, whose thoughts and language, as well as stature, were superhuman. He did not, like his immediate predecessor and rival, elevate his characters into that consistent and sustained majesty which renders them more calculated to command our respect than to excite our pity; but he took his personages from the common mythological stock of his country, and arrayed them in the manners, the language, and the circumstances of his own time. He took human life as he found it, and gave a faithful picture of it with all its lights and shades. In its principal features he knew that it had been much the same in the time of Admetus or Jason as in his own. Its accidentals were indeed altered; its conveniences and embellishments were changed; but the passions and general habits of mankind remained; tyrants, and lovers, and madmen acted not very differently then from what they had done a thousand years before; what was a natural incident in his time would have been likely to happen under similar circumstances in the heroic age; and therefore he gave himself no pains to arrange such a combination of events, as should be more consistent with the dignity of his fabulous heroes than with the ordinary course of nature; nor did he scruple upon occasion to make his characters discourse like so many honest Athenians of the 80th Olympiad, rather than in the elevated tone which the sons and grandsons of Jupiter might be supposed to have used.* Euripides knew that a man, who was exiled from his country and deprived of the means of subsistence, must have recourse to the bounty of others; a situation not very heroical indeed, but quite consistent with the ordinary course of things; and therefore he did not hesitate to introduce Telephus upon the stage, with a wallet, begging his bread from door to door; for which violation of dramatic propriety and decorum he is censured by Aristophanes. Nurses are often foolish and talkative old women; accordingly the nurse of Phædra proses

* Κάλλας εἰσὶς τὰς ἡμέρας τὰς ἥμισυ μείζων χρόνος.
Καὶ γὰρ ταῖς ἱματίοις ἡμῶν χρῶνται πολὺ συμποτικῶτερον. Aristoph. Ran. 1083.
As far as the mere phraseology is concerned, Aristotle considers that Euripides is to be commended for adopting in some instances the common language of the people. Κάλλιστος δ' ἐν, ἐάν τις ἐν τῆς λεκτικῆς διαλάτου ἐκλέγων συνθῇ· ὅπερ Εὐριπίδης ποιεῖ, καὶ πρῶτος ἔδωκε τρόπος. Rhetor. iii. 1.

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in a very childish and inconsequential manner, and urges, as an argument for a certain degree of laxity in morals, that men are not very particular in finishing the roofs of their houses!

> Οὐδ' ἐκπονεῖν τοι χρὴ βίον λίαν βροτούς·
> οὐδ' ἂν στεγὴν γὰρ, ἧς κατηρεφεῖς δόμοι
> καλῶς ἀκριβώσειαν. Hippol. 469.

With the same disregard for decorum he introduces in the Supplices, and at a very critical period of the drama, a sententious coxcomb in the person of a herald, whom an Athenian audience could not have listened to without laughing. The Phrygians were proverbially cowards, and a slave of that nation might be supposed to have recourse to any meanness, however abject, for the purpose of saving his life; accordingly in the Orestes a character of this sort is introduced in a manner totally incompatible with the gravity of the tragic muse. If Sophocles had chanced to be present at the representation of that play, he must infallibly have quitted the theatre in disgust when Orestes began to sport with the fears of the Phrygian slave. Such a passage as the following could only have been intended to excite the risibility of the spectators.

> ΟΡ. ἰνδίκως ἡ Τυνδάρειος ἆρα παῖς διώλετο;
> ΦΡ. ἰνδικώτατ', εἴ γε λαιμοὺς εἶχε τριπτύχους θανεῖν.
> ΟΡ. ὅμοσον, εἰ δὲ μὴ, κτενῶ σε, μὴ λίγειν ἐμὴν χάριν.
> ΦΡ. τὴν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν κατώμοσ', ἣν ἂν εὐορκοῖμ' ἐγώ.
> οὐκ ἆρα κτενεῖς μ'; ΟΡ. ἀφεῖσαι. ΦΡ. καλὸν ἔπος λέγεις τόδε.
> ΟΡ. ἀλλὰ μεταβουλευσόμεσθα. ΦΡ. τοῦτο δ' οὐ καλῶς λέγεις.
> Orest. 1526.

Many similar instances might be adduced from the plays of Euripides; and it is deserving of consideration, whether his frequent failures in the dramatic contests of the Dionysia may not have been in part attributable to his deviations from that majestic and decorous style, which the Athenians had been accustomed to admire in Sophocles: for it cannot be denied that these are blemishes in his compositions. They may be natural, but they are not poetical. Whatever borders upon the low or the ludicrous, gives a revolting shock to those finer feelings of the human breast, which it is the peculiar province of tragedy to excite and keep alive. For the same reason, although gross or profligate characters are more commonly to be met with than heroes, yet it is not the business of tragedy to bring them upon the stage in their native colours; nor in a picture, which is intended to rouse our pity or terror, should the painter introduce an object of disgusting deformity, however skilfully it may be wrought.

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and austere manners, and an enemy to that species of buffoonery which he has introduced with so ill an effect into the most interesting parts of his tragedies. It is scarcely probable that this should not have given offence to the correct taste of those audiences, whom the sustained and uniform dignity, and laboured accuracy of Sophocles had probably rendered fastidious and critical. Aeschylus rarely offends in this way, at least in his surviving dramas; and when he does, it is rather from want of judgment than from inclination. The priestess in the Eumenides, who comes out of the *adytum* crawling upon all-fours from excess of fear, and the nurse of Orestes in the Choëphori, who pathetically expatiates upon the trouble which dirty children give in the night, are to be sure many notes below the pitch of tragedy; but we know of only one instance, in which this lofty poet has purposely descended into the regions of comedy, and has made one of his heroes appear in a burlesque character. The classical reader will immediately perceive that we allude to the *Exodus* of the Persæ, in which the tattered plight of the beaten Xerxes, and the obsequious wailings of the chorus were evidently intended to amuse the spectators. But this was a particular case. To burlesque Xerxes before an Athenian audience, was natural. With these exceptions, we are not aware that Aeschylus has fallen into the faults which we have pointed out in Euripides. *His* faults were of an opposite description, although the effects which they produced might be nearly the same; τὸ γὰρ ἰδιότι πειραιτέρω προσπίπτειν ἀναιρεῖ τὴν ὑπερβολήν, καὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα ὑπερτεινόμενα χαλᾶται, ἴσθ' ὅτε δὲ καὶ εἰς ὑπεναντιώσεις ἀντιπεσοῦσαται.†

We have before observed that the anomalies in the plays of Euripides were very likely to displease his critics. This, of course, is mere conjecture. That they did not *always* outweigh the intrinsic beauties of the piece in which they occurred, is proved by the instance of the Orestes; a tragedy which had great success upon the stage, as we are told by the writer of the Argument, in the following odd sentence;

τὸ δρᾶμα τῶν ἐπὶ σκηνῆς εὐδοκιμούντων, χείριστον δὲ τοῖς ἤθεσι.

Is it not possible, that the attempt which Euripides made to di-

* Aristoph. Ran. 1080. † Longinus de Subl. § 38.

versify

versify his plays with scenes, which partook more of the nature of comedy than of tragedy, may have been one of the causes of offence, which procured for him the enmity and abuse of Aristophanes?—May not the comic poet have been jealous of these encroachments upon his own province, and indignant that a tragedian should attempt to please his audience by artifices which were the rightful property of himself and his fellows? We lay no great stress upon this supposition, which is thrown out as a bare conjecture; but if admitted, it would go some way towards accounting for that bitter animosity with which the name and writings of Euripides are persecuted by the witty, but foul-mouthed Aristophanes. It will no doubt have already occurred to our readers, that these reflections were suggested to us by the well-known eating and drinking scene in the play before us, which is better adapted to the grotesque caricatura of a satyrical drama, than to a tragedy so full of interest as the Alcestis. This play exhibits, in a remarkable manner, some of the leading beauties and defects of its author. Many parts of it are tender and pathetic in the highest degree; while some are revolting and improbable, and others disgusting and offensive. The character of Alcestis is highly amiable; her disinterested affection for her husband, and self-devotion to death for his preservation, are depicted in the most affecting colours. But there is an obvious and great defect in the character of Admetus, which diminishes the interest of the piece. We see no possible reason why he should have procured a substitute in the person of his wife to die for him. He was undoubtedly bound in honour and affection to die himself rather than to sacrifice her. This selfishness renders him an uninteresting character. The story should have been so contrived, that Alcestis might have devoted herself to death to purchase the life of Admetus, without his knowledge; and he should not have discovered the truth till it was too late to save her. And this is the contrivance which has been adopted by Wieland in his Alcestis.

The opening of the play is well imagined, but ill executed. The dialogue between Apollo and Death is only fit for a couple of higlers at a pig-fair; but the following scenes are in the best style of Euripides. Nothing can be more pathetic than the description of Alcestis, crowning, for the last time, the altars of her palace with a serene and steady eye, but bursting into tears at the sight of the nuptial chamber, and apostrophizing the scene of her happiness and cause of her destruction. How skilfully is that thought introduced—

> Θνήσκω· σὶ δ' ἄλλη τις γυνὴ κικτήσεται,
> σώφρων μὶν οὐχὶ μᾶλλον, εὐτυχὴς δ' ἴσως.

The altercation between Admetus and his father is unnatural and offensive in the greatest degree. The stupidity of Hercules in

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not conjecturing the cause of the mourning which he saw in the family of Admetus, although he knew that the death of Alcestis was inevitable, is very ridiculous; but the scene in which he comes upon the stage drunk, and bawling out to the attendants (ἄμουσ' ὑλακτῶν) maxims fit for a club of good fellows, is a lamentable interruption to those feelings of commiseration, which the calamities of Admetus had excited in the minds of the spectators. The conclusion is better managed; but the effect is in a great measure destroyed by a fault, for which Euripides is notorious, viz. the giving his audience to understand very clearly beforehand, what the catastrophe is to be. In this respect he is not to be put in competition with Sophocles.

Having premised these observations upon the defects which characterize the writings of Euripides, and this play in particular, we now proceed to discharge that part of our duty as critics, which concerns rather the editor than the author.

Professor Monk has published the Alcestis upon the same plan which he pursued in his edition of the Hippolytus, of which we gave an account in a former volume of this journal; that is to say, he has given us a correct text, with notes critical and explanatory; the former containing his reasons for rejecting or adopting a new reading, the latter such philological illustration as was necessary to elucidate the text. It is the almost total absence of this species of commentary, which renders Porson's editions of the first four plays of Euripides so ill adapted to young students. His notes are, in themselves, perfect specimens of Greek criticism; but they have too often little or nothing to do with the passage to which they are appended. They are precious jewels out of place. But Porson was so perfect a master of this kind of critical writing, that we are not certain whether we regret that he did not bestow any portion of his time and labour upon philological illustration. At least we are certain that we should have lost by any change of plan, which might have caused him to withhold from us any of those exquisite morsels of criticism with which his notes on Euripides abound. There can be no doubt that the form of Professor Monk's edition is much better adapted to the necessities of ninety nine readers out of a hundred; for that is, perhaps, about the proportion of those who care nothing for critical remarks to those who have any relish for them. The ordinary Greek reader will find short and satisfactory explanations of the difficult passages and rarer words, while the more advanced student may sharpen his tusks upon the tough and knotty points which are discussed in the critical remarks. The present editor does not deviate from his author; he is content to convey a great deal of pertinent information in a concise and pleasing form, without digressing into remarks upon

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upon the *corpus poetarum*. He seldom rejects the received reading where it can safely be retained, and is more solicitous to ascertain what Euripides *did* write, than to determine what he *ought to have* written. We shall proceed to specify the principal improvements which Mr. Monk has introduced into the present edition, interspersing a few remarks of our own.

ARGUMENT.—This argument we believe to be the production of a modern Grammarian; at least we have a more ancient one in the Scholiast on Plato, p. 44, who gives us first, a more correct copy of that which is now prefixed to the play; and secondly, the following, which is obviously of older date. Ἄλκηστις, ἡ Πελίου θυγατὴρ, ὑπομείνασα ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἰδίου ἀνδρὸς τελευτῆσαι, Ἡρακλέους ἐπιδημήσαντος ἐν τῇ Θετταλίᾳ, διασώζεται, βιασαμένου τοὺς χθονίους θεοὺς, καὶ ἀφελομένου τὴν γυναῖκα. παρ' οὐδετέρῳ κεῖται ἡ μυθοποιΐα.

The same argument is transcribed by Eudocia into her *Violet-Bed*, p. 21.

Line 16. Πατέρα, γεραιάν θ' ἣ σφ' ἔτικτε μητέρα.

'Fortasse legendum Πατέρα τε γραῖάν θ'. Nec tamen mutatio necessaria est: mediam enim copulam interdum supprimi monet Porsonus ad Med. 750.'

36. Ἦ τόθ' ὑπίστη, πόσιν ἐκλύσασ' = αὐτὴ προθανεῖν Πελίου παῖς.

'Vulgo ἢ τόδ' ὑπίστη. 'Corrigit Elmsleius τόθ', quod sine ulla dubitatione amplexus sum.' We see no need of this alteration. The common reading is good Greek, and good sense, and has all the authorities in its favour.

48. Λαβὼν ἴθ', οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἂν εἰ πείσαιμί σε.

This construction of ἄν appears to be very unusual. Mr. Elmsley and Mr. Monk say that we are to take the words as if they stood thus, Οὐ γὰρ οἶδα εἰ πείσαιμι ἄν σε, as in the Medea 937. Οὐκ οἶδ' ἂν εἰ πείσαιμι· where Porson prints οὐκ οἶδ' ἄρ'. Plato Tim. iii. p. 26. B. ἐγὼ ἃ μὲν χθὲς ἤκουσα, οὐκ ἂν οἶδα εἰ δυναίμην ἅπαντα ἐν μνήμῃ πάλιν λαβεῖν. The force of the expression, according to Mr. Elmsley, is this—*I am afraid I shall not prevail upon you*. The particles ἄν & εἰ have a similar relative position in the phrase ὥσπερ ἂν εἰ εἶπον, *as if he were to say*. Plato Apol. § 14.

74. Στείχω δ' ἐπ' αὐτὴν, ὡς κατάρξωμαι ξίφει.

Lascaris and the MSS. have κατάρξομαι, which Brunck (on Sophocl. Oed. Col. 1725.) thinks the true reading; we do not. ὡς is most commonly joined with a subjunctive aorist, ὅπως with an indicative future. See Fischer, *in Welleri*, Gr. Gr. III. b. p. 292.

76. ὅτου τόδ' ἔγχος κρατὸς ἀγνίσει τρίχα.

Mr. Monk has restored the true reading ἁγνίσῃ. To the instances quoted in his note may be added Iphig. T. 1064. καλόν τι γλῶσσ', ὅτῳ πίστις παρῇ. Mr. Schaefer in his note on Sophocl. Aj. 1074. had observed that ἁγνίσῃ was the true reading.

113. οὐδὲ—ἴσθ' ὅποι τις αἴας = στείλας—δυστάνου παραλύσαι=ψυχάν.

'Conj. Wakef. παραλύσει sed unice verus est optativus. Eandem habes constructionem supra v. 52. Aesch. Prom. 299. Agam. 629. Choeph.

Choeph. 170.' Our opinion is that Wakefield's correction is right. Med. 172. Οὐκ ἔστιν ὅπως ἔν τινι μικρῷ Δίσποινα χόλου καταπαύσει. Phoeniss. 1684 Οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως σὺ τόνδε τιμήσεις νίκην. Aristoph. Plut. 19. Ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως σιγήσομαι.

125. ἦλθεν ἕδρας σκοτίους = Αἴδα τι πύλας.

Wakefield and Matthiæ read ᾅδαό τι π. Mr. Monk gives Αἴδαό. But this makes rather an awkward verse. We propose the following more harmonious arrangement of the corresponding lines in strophe and antistrophe.

εἴτ' ἐπὶ τὰς ἀνύδρους Ἀμμωνίδας ἕδρας—
ἦλθεν ἕδρας σκοτίους Αἴδαο πύλας τι.—

This Homeric phrase, *the gates of Hades*, is not common in the Tragedians. It occurs, however, in the Medea v. 1231. ἤ τις εἰς Αἴδου πύλας οἴχει. Aesch. Ag. 1293. Αἴδ.υ πύλας δὲ τάσδ' ἐγὼ προσεννέπω. We have a common saying, *to knock at death's door*. Theocritus II. 160. αἱ δ' ὅτι κἠμὲ Λυπεῖ, τὰν Ἀΐδαο πύλαν, ναὶ Μοῖρας, ἀραξεῖ. Lucretius iii. 67. *Et quasi jam Leti portas cunctarier ante*. Cf. Theogn. 427.

153. πῶς δ' οὐκ ἀρίστη; τίς δ' ἐναντιώσεται;

'Vertunt *quis contradicet?* Rectius esset, *Quis certabit?*' We prefer the former interpretation. Infra 1102. Γυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς ἥπλακες· τίς ἀντερεῖ. & 631. Ἐσθλῆς γὰρ (οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ) καὶ σώφρον' ἡμάρτηκας. Med. 365. Κακῶς πέπρακται πανταχῆ· τίς ἀντερεῖ.

158. Ἃ δ' ἐν δόμοις ἕδρασι, θαυμάσει κλύων.

Some have θαυμάσεις, but Mr. Monk observes that θαυμάζω is one of many active verbs, of which the Attics always used the future in the middle voice.

204. Φθίνει γάρ, καὶ μαραίνεται νόσῳ. Παρειμένη δὲ χειρὸς ἄθλιον βάρος, Ὅμως δέ, καίπερ σμικρὸν ἐμπνέουσ' ἔτι, Βλέψαι πρὸς αὐγὰς βούλεται τὰς ἡλίου.

There is a difficulty in the construction of the second line which the critics endeavour to surmount in various ways. 'Legit et interpungit Matthiæus, φθίνει γὰρ καὶ μαραίνεται, νόσῳ Παρειμένη γε, χειρὸς ἄθλιον βαρος. Verum conjuncta habes μαραινομένη νόσῳ infra v. 242. et exponit Scholiasta τὴν ἰσχὺν τῆς χειρὸς παραλελυμένη. Probabilis est Elmsleii conjectura intercidisse versiculum post βάρος.' We are surprised that none of the doctors should have hit upon the true remedy, which appears to us to be a transposition of v. 205. The passage will run easily enough thus—φθίνει γὰρ καὶ μαραίνεται νόσῳ· Ὅμως δέ, καίπερ σμικρὸν ἐμπνέουσ' ἔτι, Παρειμένη δέ, (or τε) χειρὸς ἄθλιον βάρος, Βλέψαι πρὸς αὐγὰς βούλεται τὰς ἡλίου. We remark by the way that the Scholiast and later commentators entirely mistake the meaning of v. 205. which is this, *Relaxed, and a lamentable burthen to the hands which support her*, viz. those of Admetus, (v. 202. κλάει γ', ἄκοιτιν ἐν χεροῖν φίλην ἔχων.) So in the Bacchæ 1214. Ἔπισθέ μοι φέροντες ἄθλιον βάρος Πενθέως. It is true that we have afterwards 408. ἴδε βλέφαρον, καὶ παρατόνους χέρας.

256. κοῖται πατρίας Ἰωλκοῦ. 'Huc retrahenda esse opinor verba Scholiastæ ad v. 292. ὡς μαρτυρεῖ καὶ Δοῦρις ἐν τῇ ις τῶν Λακεδαιμονικῶν, ὅτι ἐν Ἰωλκῷ ἐνυμφεύθη. Ἰώλκους (l. Ἰωλκοῦ) γὰρ Πελίας ἐβασίλευσεν.' Instead

stead of Λακεδαιμονικῶν we should read Μακεδονικῶν. The Μακεδονικὰ of Duris are quoted by several authors. Athenæus quotes the 5th book vi. p. 249. C. and the 7th book iv. p. 167. C. the scholiast on Apollonius iv. 264. cites Δοῦρις ἐν πέμπτῳ καὶ δικάτῳ τῶν Μακεδονικῶν; and here we have the 16th. These collectors of old stories had brazen entrails.

287. Ἀλλ' ἄνα, τόλμα. On this line there is an excellent note on the different usages of τολμᾶν and τλῆναι, which Mr. Monk classes under 5 heads. 1. *To have courage.* 2. *Sustinere citra pudorem.* 3. *To deign.* 4. *To prevail upon himself.* 5. *To be cruel enough to do anything.* But we think that a shorter general expression will be *to bear*, which will be found to correspond with sufficient accuracy to every sense of τλῆναι. 1. Τλαίης κεν Μενελάῳ ἐπιπρομέειν ταχὺν ἰόν; *Could you bear to send an arrow at Menelaus?* 2. Orest. 1541. Μῶρος, εἰ δοκεῖς με τλῆναι σὴν καθαιμάξαι δέρην. *You are a fool, if you think I could bear to cut your throat.* 3. Alc. 589. ἴτλα δὲ σοῖσι μηλονόμας ἐν δόμοις γενέσθαι. *Bore to be a shepherd.* 4. Ἄδμητε, τολμᾶς ξενοδοχεῖν; *Can you bear to entertain guests?* 5. Med. 812. Ἀλλὰ κτανεῖν σὺ παῖδε τολμήσεις γύναι; *Can you bear to kill your children?* These instances are taken from Mr. Monk's note.

293. Ἐγὼ σὲ πρισβεύουσα, κάντὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς καταστήσασα φῶς τόδ' εἰσορᾶν, Θνήσκω, παρόν μοι μὴ θανεῖν, ὑπὲρ σέθεν· Ἀλλ' ἄνδρα τε σχεῖν Θεσσαλῶν, ὃν ἤθελον.

The construction of this passage appears to us to require that it should be pointed as follows: Ἐγὼ σὲ πρισβεύουσα, κάντὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς καταστήσασα φῶς τόδ' εἰσορᾶν, Θνήσκω, παρόν μοι μὴ θανεῖν ὑπὲρ σέθεν, Ἀλλ' ἄνδρα, &c. Otherwise we must suppose the words παρόν μοι to be repeated, which renders the sentence embarrassed.

324. Ποίας τυχοῦσα συζύγου τῷ σῷ πατρί; Μή σοι τιν' αἰσχρὰν προσβαλοῦσα κληδόνα Ἥβης ἐν ἄκμῃ σοὺς διαφθείρῃ γάμους.

Reiske would read Ἤ σοι—διαφθεῖρ᾽ εἶ. but Mr. Monk judiciously observes, '*Sana sunt vulgata:* ante μὴ διαφθείρῃ subintelligitur δέδοικα, ut in Hom. Iliad. P. 95. μή πως μι περισλιώσ' ἕνα πολλοί.' This ellipsis is very common with ὅπως, but less so with μή. Herodot. v. 3. ἀλλὰ γὰρ τοῦτο ἄπορόν σφι καὶ ἀμήχανον μή κοτε ἐγγένηται. Plato Phæd. § 15. p. 21. ed. Wyttenb. ὦ μακάριε Σιμμία, μὴ οὐχ αὕτη ᾖ ἡ ὀρθὴ πρὸς ἀρετὴν —μὴ σκιαγραφία τις ᾖ, &c.

331. Καὶ τόδ' οὐκ εἰς αὔριον, Οὐδ' εἰς τρίτην μοι μηνὸς ἔρχεται κακόν.

Mr. Monk remarks that here is an allusion to a custom of the Athenians, by which condemned criminals were to drink poison within three days after sentence, and he quotes the following passage from an uncertain writer, *ap. Stob.* I. p. 19. Σωκράτης—τριῶν ἡμερῶν αὐτῷ δοθεισῶν, τῇ πρώτῃ ἔπιεν, καὶ οὐ προσέμεινε τῆς τρίτης ἡμέρας τὴν ἐσχάτην ὥραν, παρατηρεῖν εἰ ἔστιν ἥλιος ἐπὶ τῶν ὀρῶν, ἀλλ' εὐθαρσῶς τῇ πρώτῃ. Musonius, or Teles, or Juncus, or the author, whoever he is, of this passage, has got hold of a wrong story. We are not aware of any custom at Athens, which gave to a condemned criminal the respite of a fixed number of days. In the particular instance of Socrates, not *three*, but *thirty* days intervened between his trial and

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death, from the accident of the θεωρία Δηλιακὴ having commenced the day before his trial.* The mistake arose from a passage in the Crito of Plato, in which Socrates relates to Crito a dream, which had intimated to him that he should die on the *third* day from its appearance; the intimation was conveyed in this verse of Homer, Ἡματί κεν τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐριβώλακ' ἱκοιο. Accordingly we read in Diogenes Laertius, but with a variation as to the name, πρὸς Αἰσχίνην ἔφη, Εἰς τρίτην ἀποθανοῦμαι. *I shall die the day after to-morrow.* In the next place, so far is it from being true that Socrates drank the poison on the first day, or the first hour of the day, that it was not till sunset on the last day allowed him that he took it, Καὶ ἦν ἤδη ἐγγὺς ἡλίου δυσμῶν, says Plato; and the sun was not only on the mountains, but had sunk behind them before Socrates took the cup; for Crito, persuading him to wait a little longer, says ἀλλ' οἶμαι ἔγωγε, ὦ Σώκρατες, ἔτι ἥλιον εἶναι ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσι, καὶ οὔπω διδύκεσθαι; after which the servant was *a long time* (συχνὸν χρόνον) preparing the poison. On the strength of this passage Petit in his *Leges Atticæ* has set down the custom above mentioned, which we believe rests on no other authority. Euripides seems to intimate that the day fixed beforehand for the voluntary death of Alcestis was the first of the month; a month probably having been allowed to Admetus to search for a substitute. In the present instance the phrase οὐκ εἰς ἄῤῥιον, οὐδ' εἰς τρίτην is the usual mode of expressing a time actually at hand; *neither to-morrow, nor the next day,—but this very day.* So Hesiod. Ἔργ. 408. Μηδ' ἀναβάλλεσθαι εἰς τ' ἄῤῥιον εἰς τ' ἔνηφιν, where εἰς ἔνηφιν is equivalent to εἰς τρίτην. The three days are thus specified by Anaxandrides in Athenæus p. 263. C. Πολλοὶ δέ, οὓς μέτ' ἐστιν οὐκ ἐλεύθεροι, Εἰς ταὔριον δὲ Συνιεῖς· εἶτ' εἰς τρίτην.†

367. Εἰ δ' Ὀρφέως μοι γλῶσσα καὶ μέλος παρῆν. Ὡς τὴν κόρην Δήμητρος, ἢ κείνης πόσιν Τμνοισι κηλήσασά σ' ἐξ Ἅιδου λαβεῖν, Κατῆλθον ἄν.

We think that the conjecture of Reiske, ὥστ' ἢ κόρην Δ is unquestionably right. Κόρη or κόρη Δήμητρος, for Proserpine, is most commonly used without the article, sometimes with it. In Herodot. viii. 64. we have τὴν δὲ ὀρτὴν ταύτην ἄγουσι Ἀθηναῖοι ἄνα πάντα ἔτεα τῇ Μητρὶ καὶ τῇ Κούρῃ. but as the Sancroft MS. has Δήμητρι, we apprehend the true reading to be ἀνὰ πάντα ἔτεα Δήμητρι καὶ Κούρῃ. Archilochus *ap. Hephæst.* p. 55. Δήμητρος ἀγνὴς καὶ Κόρης τὴν παίγνυριν σίβων. We may remark by the way, that this passage is imitated by Moschus ii. 122. εἰ δυνάμαν δέ, Ὡς Ὀρφεὺς καταβὰς ποτὶ τάρταρον, ὥς ποκ' Ὀδυσσεὺς, Ὡς πάρος Ἀλκείδας, κἠγὼ τάχ' ἂν εἰς δόμον ἦλθον Πλουτέος.

373. Ἀλλ' οὖν ἱκετῖσι προσδόκα μ', ὅταν θάνω, Καὶ δῶμ' ἑτοίμαζ', ὡς ξυνοικήσουσά μοι.

This is a natural thought: it is beautifully represented by Addison in the following passage of his story of Maraton and Yaratilda, (Spectator, No. 56.) 'After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with

* Plato Phæd. 1. Xenoph. Memor. IV. viii. 2.
† Ἀγορᾷ κέχρηνται. See Pierson on Moeris, p. 152.

all

all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. —Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God and his faithful dealing towards men would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end.'

542. Ἀ· μὴ πρόκλα' ἄκοιτιν· εἰς τόδ' ἀναβαλοῦ.

The conjecture of Wakefield, εἰς τότ', ἀναβαλοῦ is plausible; but we think, with Mr. Monk, that the common reading may be tolerated. εἰς τόδ', viz. τὸ κατθανεῖν.

548. Οὐπιὸς· ἄλλως δ' ἦν ἀναγκαία δόμοις.

'Ἄλλως valet *aliam ob causam*. Conjicit Blomfieldius ἀλλ' ὡς, vel ἀλλ' ὧδ'.' The meaning of ἄλλως is rather, *in other respects*, as in v. 343. Οὔτ' εἶδος ἄλλως ἐκπρεπιστάτη γυνή. Suppl. 417. Ἄλλως τε, πῶς ἂν μὴ διορθεύων λόγους, Ὀρθῶς δύκειτ' ἂν δῆμος εὐθύνειν πόλιν; Theocr. xxi. 34. Ἄλλως καὶ σχολὴ ἐστι. In these two instances it means, *And besides, in other respects*. It has the same force in the phrase ἄλλως τε καὶ, *both for other reasons and also*. To ἀλλ' ὡς or ἀλλ' ὧδε there is this objection, that the conjunction καὶ would be requisite; as in Homer, Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς ἐθέλω δομέναι πάλιν.

564. ἐν δὲ κλείσατι Θύρας μισαύλους.

Brunck on v. 1250, of the Phœnissæ replaces the Attic form μισαύλους, but Pierson, in his notes on Moeris, p. 264, remarks that Euripides prefers the σ to the τ. He should have said that μίταυλος was the Attic of an age subsequent to that of the Tragedians.

628. Ὑμνῶ δὲ τὴν θανοῦσαν, ὡς νομίζεται, Προσείπατ' ἐξιοῦσαν ὑστάτην ὁδόν.

Mr. Monk appositely compares Soph. Ant. 807. and Trach. 876. A somewhat similar expression is used by Julian in an Epistle published by Muratori in his Anecdota Græca, p. 326. ἐπεὶ δὲ ἐκείνῳ συνέβη, θεῶν ἐθελόντων, ἐνθένδε ἐκεῖσε πορευθῆναι τὴν εἱμαρμένην πορείαν. Mr. Schaefer in his Meletemata Critica, p. 22, quotes this passage, and adds, 'ubi tirones notent plenam phrasin, τὴν εἱμαρμένην πορείαν, qua uti poterant qui de Ellipsibus Græcis scripserunt.' He did not, it seems, recollect that Julian borrowed this phrase from Plato, in the Menexenus—πορεύονται τὴν εἱμαρμένην πορείαν. But in this passage, and in v. 876. of the Trachiniæ, the ὁδός is not to be understood of the funeral procession, but of the journey which the soul made to the shades below under the guidance of its δαίμων or genius. Hierocles *de Provid.* p. 278. Καὶ τελευτὴν οὐκ ἀπὸ ταυτομάτου συμβαίνουσα, καὶ μετὰ τὴν τελευτὴν εἰς αἴδου πορεία μετὰ ἡγέμονος, τοῦ τὴν ζωὴν ἡμῶν εἰληχότος δαίμονος. Antiphanes *ap. Stobæum*. Οὐ γὰρ τεθνᾶσιν, ἀλλὰ τὴν αὐτὴν ὁδὸν Ἥν πᾶσιν ἐνθεῖν ἔστ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχον. Προιλκλύθασιν. Catullus iii. 10. *Qui nunc it* per iter tenebricosum; *Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam*.

685. Μάτην ἄρ' οἱ γέροντες εὔχονται θανεῖν, Γῆρας ψίγοντες, καὶ μακρὸν χρόνον βίον· Ἥν δ' ἐγγὺς ἔλθῃ θάνατος, οὐδεὶς βούλεται Θνήσκειν, τὸ γῆρας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστ' αὐτοῖς βαρύ. This is imitated by Crates in Stobæus; Ὠκείδισάς μοι γῆρας, ὡς κακὸν μέγα—Οὔ πάντες ἐπιθυμοῦμεν· ἂν δ' ἔλθῃ ποτε, Ἀνώμεθ', οὕτως ἐσμὲν ἀχάριστοι φύσει. Theodectes has nearly the same thought. Menecrates (*Anthol.* I. 16.) Γῆρας, ἐπὰν μὲν ἀπῇ, πᾶς εὔχεται· ἢν δέ ποτ' ἔλθῃ, Μίμφιται· ἔστι δ' ἀεὶ κρεῖσσον ὀφειλόμενον.

279. Κα

729. Καὶ μὴν Διός γι μείζον' ἂν ζώοις χρόνον.

ζώης Matthiæ, which Mr. Monk adopts, and also expunges ἄν. 'Quoniam vero imprecantis est oratio, delendum esse ἄν monuere plures: primus autem, ni fallor, vir ingeniosus in Museo Critico, tom. i. p. 272. recte vertens, *I wish then you may live for ever, and have your fill of life.*' This conjecture, which at first sight is plausible, was first proposed in print by Mr. Schaefer in his *Meletemata Critica*, p. 120. who also corrects ζώης. But there is an objection to it; which is, that the particles καὶ μὴν—γι are never used where a wish is expressed, as in the proposed reading of this passage. This remark, we are informed, was made many years ago by Porson, when a learned friend represented to him the above-mentioned correction. The *formula* καὶ μὴν is equivalent to the English phrases, *and yet—but however*, of which the student may satisfy himself by referring to the following passages.—καὶ μὴν—Aesch. Prom. 254. Choeph. 172. Sophocl. Oed. T. 1005. Antig. 526—558—1054—1180. Eurip. Alc. 669. Suppl. 980—1009. Heracl. 119. καὶ μὴν—γι Aesch. Per. 266. Theb. 245. Soph. Oed. T. 290—1004—1066. Antig. 221. Philoct. 660. Electr. 1187. Eurip. Orest. 109. Suppl. 393. Incert. Rhes. 184. Yet it is certain, from the answer of Pheres, that Admetus utters an imprecation, which does not admit of the particle ἄν, and, therefore, we are inclined to think that the reading adopted by Mr. Monk is the true one. The same sentiment is expressed by Lucilius (Brunck. *Anal.* ii. p. 342.) Εἴ τις γηράσας ζῇ εὐχῖται, ἀξιός ἐστι γηράσκειν πολλὰς τίς ἐτέων δικάδας. Mimnermus iv. Τιθωνῷ μὲν ἔδωκεν ἔχειν κακὸν ἄφθιτον ὁ Ζεὺς, Γῆρας, ὃ καὶ θανάτου βίγιον ἀργαλέου.

743. τὸ γῆρας ὡς ἀναιδείας πλέον. ΦΕΡ. ἢδ' οὐκ ἀναιδὴς· τἀκδ' ἰφιῦρις ἄφρονα.

'Non deterius esset ἢ δ' οὐκ ἀναιδὴς. et ita, sive consilio, sive errore, Barnesius.' That it was *consilio* appears from his version, *Hæc vero non fuit impudens.* And we think this reading indubitable. The same correction has been made in v. 783. and adopted in this edition.

752. οὐ γὰρ τῷδ' ἴτ' εἰς ταυτὸ στέγος. Νεῖσθ'.

Mr. Monk adopts the ingenious correction of Mr. Elmsley (*ad Heracl.* 959.) οὐ γὰρ τῷδ' ἴτ' εἰς ταυτὸν στέγος Νεῖσθ'. Mr. Elmsley remarks that νεῖσθ' is here and elsewhere used with a future signification. We apprehend that from the present νέομαι was originally formed the future νέσομαι, which was, like other futures of the same sort, shortened into νέομαι. From νέσομαι came νίσομαι which the latter Greeks changed into νίσσομαι, and used as a present tense.

859. Ἐλθὼν δ' ἄνακτα τὸν μιλάμπιπλον πικρῶν, Θάνατον φυλάξω.

The scholiast seems to have read μιλάμπτιρον, which Musgrave and Wakefield adopt, and in our opinion with justice. Euripides calls a vision from the infernal regions φάσμα μιλανόπτιρον. Hec. 704.

897. Τὸ μήποτ' εἰσιδεῖν φιλίας ἀλόχου=πρόσωπον ἄντα, λυπρόν.

'Ut hic versus antistrophico respondeat, syllaba requiritur. Legit Musgravius πρόσωπόν τιν' ἄντα.' But this τιν' is very unmeaning. Aldus

dus has λυπηρόν. Why not read, λυπηρὸν, πρόσωπον ἄντα? in which collocation of the words there is nothing unusual.

953. ἴθασι δάμαρ, ἵλιπι φιλίαν.

The true reading, we think, is φιλία, so 825—940, φιλίας ἀλόχου.

961. Λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον. ἄρτι μανθάνω.

We approve of Musgrave's conjecture, Λυπρὸν διάξων βίοτον ἄρτι μανθάνω. Bacch. 1111. κακοῦ γὰρ ἐγγὺς ὢν ἐμάνθανεν. *Supra* v. 151. Ἴστω νυν ἐυκλεής τε κατθανουμένη, where Mr. Monk gives some other instances of this construction.

1017. τύμβος σᾶς ἀλόχου θεοῖσιν ὁμοίως=τιμάσθω, σίβας ἰμπόρων.

This passage may be aptly illustrated by the following verses of Plato the comic poet, (*ap. Plutarch. Themist. p.* 128. E.) which have often struck us as affording an apposite inscription for the monument to be erected to Nelson on the coast.

Ὁ σὸς δὲ τύμβος, ἐν καλῷ κειχωσμένος,
Τοῖς ἐμπόροις πρόσρησις ἔσται παντα χοῦ,
Τοὺς τ' ἐκπλέοντας εἰσπλέοντάς τ' ὄψεται·
χὠπόταν ἄμιλλ' ἡ τῶν νεῶν, θεάσεται.

1092. Εἰ γὰρ τοσαύτην δύναμιν εἶχον, ὥστε σὴν Εἰς φῶς πορεῦσαι νεκτέρων ἐκ δωμάτων Γυναῖκα.

'Frequens est εἰ γὰρ optantis; sed notanda in hoc usu differentia indicativi et optativi. εἰ γὰρ εἶχον valet *utinam haberem*, εἰ γὰρ ἔχοιμι utinam habeam.' The exact state of the case is as follows. εἴ, εἴθε, εἰ γὰρ or εἴθε γὰρ with an indicative *imperfect* expresses a wish *that something were done now;* with an indicative *aorist* it indicates a wish *that something had been so formerly;* with an *optative aorist* it wishes *that something may be done at the next moment, or at some future time.* We will give a few instances of each usage. I. Orest. 1630. εἰ γὰρ τόδ' ἦν. *I wish it were so.* Heracl. 731. Εἴθ' ἦσθα δυνατὸς δρᾶν, ὅσον πρόθυμος εἶ. El. 1061. Εἴθ' εἶχες, ὦ τικοῦσα, βελτίους φρένας. Incert. Rhes. 105. Εἴθ' ἦσθ' ἀνὴρ εὔβουλος, ὡς δρᾶσαι χερί. II. Orest. 1596. (quoted by Mr. Monk.) Εἰ γὰρ κατίσχον, μὴ θεῶν κλιφθεὶς ὕπο. *Would I had kept hold of her.* Androm. 293. εἴθε δ' ὑπὲρ κιφαλὴν ἔβαλεν κακόν. *ibid.* 1184. εἴθε σ' ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ ἦναρε δαίμων. Alc. 1121. Εἴθ' ἐξ ἀγῶνος τήνδε μὴ 'λαβές ποτε. Suppl. 821. Εἴθε με Καδμείων ἔναρον στίχες ἐν κονίαισιν. Aesch. Prom. 158. Εἰ γάρ μ' ὑπὸ γῆν—τάρταρον ἧκεν. Choeph. 343. Εἰ γὰρ ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ—κατηναρίσθης. III. Eurip. Hecub. 830. 1057. Orest. 1098. 1207. Phoen. 165. 168. Hippol. 232. 1088. 1089. 1127. 1404. 1429. Alc. 92. Androm. 522. Suppl. 371. 373. 1008. 1144. Iph. T. 440. 1221. [Rhes. 369. 464.] Troad. 1113. Cycl. 436. Heracl. 52. 740. Helen. 174. 1495. Ion. 151. El. 663. Æsch. Theb. 260. 550. 566. Suppl. 1. Soph. Oed. T. 80. 1068. Oed. Col. 1082. Trach. 955. Aj. 1265. Sometimes, but very rarely, a subjunctive aorist occurs. We remember only two instances, which are both faulty. Eurip. Suppl. 1027. Εἴθε τινὶς εὖναι δικαίων ὑμεναίων=ἐν Ἄργει φανῶσι τέκνοισιν, where we should perhaps read τέκνοισι φανείη. Helen. 269. Εἴθ' ἐξαλειφθεῖσ', ὡς ἄγαλμ', αὖθις πάλιν Αἴσχιον εἶδος ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ λάβω, where Scaliger reads ἴν' ἐξαλειφθείσ'. but we conceive the true reading ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ 'λαβον.

I wish

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I wish I had received. In v. 1120 of this play Aldus has μὴ λάβοις for μὴ 'λάβις. By way of relieving the dulness of this criticism we will observe that Brodæus is right in understanding ἄγαλμα to mean *a statue* in this passage; and that Barnes and Musgrave are wrong in rendering it *a picture*, contrary to the constant usage of Euripides. The ancients used to paint their statues; Plato Rep. iv. p. 420. C. ὥσπερ οὖν ἂν εἰ ἡμᾶς ἀνδριάντας γεγράφεσθαι προσελθὼν ἄν τις ἴψιγε, λέγων ὅτι οὐ τοῖς καλλίστοις τοῦ ζώου τὰ κάλλιστα φάρμακα προστίθεμεν, where indeed ἀνδριάντας is taken to mean *pictures* by a grammarian in Bekker's Anecdota, p. 210, but without reason. Plin. N. H. xxxv. 10. *Hic est Nicias, de quo dicebat Praxiteles, interrogatus quæ maxime opera sua probaret in marmoribus, "quibus Nicias manum admovisset," tantum circumlitioni ejus tribuebat.'* Virgil Æn. i. 593. *Quale manus addunt ebori* DECUS. Where none of the commentators have perceived that *decus* is to be understood of the *colouring* with which ivory used to be stained: compare Æn. xii. 67. Iliad Δ. 41. Pausan. vii, 26. ἐν τούτῳ τῷ ἱερῷ καὶ Ἀθηνᾶς ἄγαλμα ἵστηκε· πρόσωπόν τε καὶ ἄκραι χεῖρες ΕΛΕΦΑΝΤΟΣ, καὶ οἱ πόδες· τὸ δὲ ἄλλο ξόανον χρυσοῦ τε ἐπιπολῆς· ΔΙΗΝΘΙΣΜΕΝΟΝ ἐστὶ καὶ ΦΑΡΜΑΚΟΙΣ.

1095. Μὴ νυν ὑπέρβαλ', ἀλλ' ἀναισίμως φέρε.

M. ὑπέρβαλλ', in the present tense.

1125. Χρὴ, σοῦ γε μὴ μέλλοντος ὀργαίνειν ἐμοί.

Mr. Monk gives ἐμέ. 'Hactenus ἐμοὶ omnes: verum ὀργαίνειν est *irritare*. Soph. Oed. T. 334. Καὶ γὰρ ἂν πίτρου Φύσιν σύ γ' ὀργήνειας. ibi Gloss. εἰς ὀργὴν κινήσειας. Extat verbum in Trach. 552. Correxi ἐμέ.' We are inclined to prefer the old reading. ὀργαίνειν is intransitive in the line of the Trachiniæ referred to above. Ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ, ὥσπερ εἶπον, ὀργαίνειν καλὸν Γυναῖκα τοῦν ἔχουσαν. The sense is, *I must; at least if I would not have you angry with me.*

1137. Καὶ μὴ προτείνω, Γοργόν' ὡς καρατόμῳ.

In his note on this verse Mr. Monk combats the opinion of Lobeck *(ad. Ajac.* 801*)* and Mr. Elmsley, (*ad Heracl.* 693.) who contend that in the writings of the *tragedians* ι in the dative singular never suffers elision. We are inclined to think with the learned editor that this canon cannot be maintained. The line which he adduces from Soph. (Oed. Col. 1435) Σφῷν δ' ὑποδύσ Ζεῦς, τάδ' εἰ τελεῖτέ μοι Θανόντ', ἐπεὶ οὔ μοι ζῶν τέ γ' αὖθις ἤξιτον, is altered by Lobeck into τάδ' εἰ θανόντ' ἐμοὶ Τελεῖτ'. 'In qua ratione,' says Mr. Schaefer, 'vereor ne dirimantur, quæ poeta arctissime juncta voluit, θανόντι et ἐπεί.'

1138. Ἔχεις; ΑΔ. ἴχω γε. ΗΡ. σῶζε νυν.

Mr. Monk restores this line very happily. Ἔχεις; ΑΔ. ἴχω. ΗΡ. καὶ, σῶζε νυν, and compares Orest. 147. ΧΟ. τὸ δ'—ὡς φέρω βοάν. ΗΛ. καὶ, οὕτω κάταγε, κάταγε.

1152. Ὦ φιλτάτης γυναικὸς ὄμμα, καὶ δίμας, Ἔχω σ' ἀέλπτως, οὔποτ' ὄψεσθαι δοκῶν.

Mr. Monk reads these verses with an interrogation. But in that case Euripides would have said ἆρ' ἴχω σε. We prefer the common mode of reading them, which is sanctioned by v. 382 of the Electra, ὦ χρόνῳ

with those *radices stirpesque literarum* which Cicero speaks of as essential and indispensable. 'Omnium magnarum artium, sicut arborum, altitudo nos delectat; radices stirpesque non item: sed illa sine his non potest.'

ART. V.—*The Antiquary.* By the Author of Waverley and Guy Mannering. 3 vols. 12mo. 1816.

HAVING already delivered our opinion on the general character of Waverley and Guy Mannering, we have little or, indeed, nothing to add on that subject with regard to the present novel, which professes to be a third brother of the same family. We doubt whether the voice of the public has ratified the preference which we so decidedly gave to Waverley over Guy Mannering; but a second perusal of both has convinced us that our judgment was not incorrect; and we are satisfied that the time is not far distant, if it be not already arrived, when the best claim of Guy Mannering on the attention of its readers will be the line of the title-page, in which it is described as the work of the author of Waverley.

The Antiquary is a work of precisely the same style; it unites to a considerable degree the merits of Waverley with the faults of the Astrologer; and we have no hesitation in placing it, with the crowd of modern novels, below the former, and, with very few modern novels, above the latter.

The author tells us in his preface, that 'the present work completes a series of fictitious narratives intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods. Waverley embraced the age of our fathers, Guy Mannering that of our own youth, and the Antiquary refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century.' (p. v.) This may, in an occult sense, be true; but if it means, as it at first view imports to state, that the three novels have been written with this original intention, and that they were meant, in their first conception, to exhibit three different stages of society, we presume to doubt a little the literal authenticity of the statement.

In the first place we hardly think that so skilful an observer of manners could have imagined that in sixty years such changes could take

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take place in national language, manners, habits, and character, as to warrant, *à priori*, the design of three distinct pictures. In the second place we find the author himself confessing that he has, '*especially* in his two last works, sought his principal personages in that class of society who are the last to feel the polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations;' (p. vi;) or, in other words, which change most slowly; and of course it follows that so far from endeavouring to illustrate the manners of three different periods, he has endeavoured to describe three different periods of which the manners were very much the same. And, finally, we appeal to our southern readers, at least, whether they can distinguish between the Astrologer and the Antiquary, and whether, with equal probability and appearance of truth, Jonathan Oldbuck, and his associates, might not have preceded in chronological order Guy Mannering and his dramatis personæ. We admit that, provided the author succeeds in amusing us, it is, in ordinary cases, of little consequence on what theory he may choose to proceed, or to say that he proceeds; but when he affects, as in the present instance, to write a work in some degree historical of men, and professedly historical of manners, it becomes our duty, as contemporaries, as well as reviewers, to withhold our testimony from what we consider a misrepresentation. We believe that the manners of Guy Mannering are as much the existing manners of the day as those of the Antiquary; and we are satisfied that the able and ingenious author, after having written these three very amusing romances, has indulged himself in a fanciful classification of them, and, waiving his higher claims, prefers the humbler one of writing on a *system*, which he never thought of, and in which, if he had designed it, we should have no hesitation in saying that he has, by his own confession, failed.

That, however, in which he has not failed is the higher duty of the novelist—character, interest, eloquence; something that hurries rather than leads you on; traits of feeling that melt, and strokes of humour that enliven the heart; all these he, in an eminent degree possesses; with them he combines so curious and accurate a delineation of human nature, that, through the Scottish garb, and the Scottish dialect, we distinguish the characteristic follies, foibles, and virtues, which belong to our own acquaintance, and to all mankind.

This is the peculiar merit of the author of these works, and no slight merit it is, for the want of it constitutes, as we have said on another occasion, the chief fault of some of our most eminent novelists, and the possession of it, the chief merit of the greatest poet that ever lived—of Shakspeare. His Romans, his Frenchmen, his Englishmen, are all *men;* the features of the national character are

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are varied and amusing, but the great charm of his exhibitions of human life is, that, modified a little by their age and their country, his characters are all human beings, to whose pains and whose pleasures our own hearts are responsive, and to whose reasons and motives of action our own minds assent.

Our readers will recollect that our dissatisfaction with some parts of Guy Mannering was excited by the gratuitous introduction of supernatural agency, and that we said quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi. Even Shakspeare, who has been called the mighty magician, was never guilty of this mistake. His magic was employed in fairy land, as in the Tempest, and his ghosts and goblins in dark ages, as in Macbeth and Hamlet. When he introduces a witch in Henry VI. it is because, historically, his representation was true; when he exhibits the perturbed dreams of a murderer in Richard III. it was because his representation was morally probable; but he never thought of making these fancies actual agents in an historical scene. There are no ghosts in Henry VIII. and no witches in the Merry Wives of Windsor, (except the merry ladies;) and when, in one of his comedies, he chooses to wander out of nature, he modestly calls his drama a *Dream*, and mixes up fairies, witchery, mythology, and common life in a brilliant extravaganza which affects no historical nor even possible truth, and which pretends to represent neither actual nor possible nature. Not so Guy Mannering,—it brings down witchery and supernatural agency into our own times, not to be laughed at by the better informed, or credited by the vulgar; but as an active, effective, and real part of his machinery. It treats the supernatural agency not as a superstition, but as a truth; and the result is brought about, not by the imaginations of men deluded by a fiction, but by the actual operation of a miracle contrary to the opinion and belief of all the parties concerned.

From this blame the present work is not wholly free; there are two or three marvellous dreams and apparitions, upon which, we suspect, the author intended to ground some important parts of his denouement; but his taste luckily took fright, the apparitions do not contribute to the catastrophe, and they now appear in the work as marks rather of the author's own predilection to such machines, than as any assistance to him in the way of machinery.

This, then, is a manifest advantage which the present work has over Guy Mannering; and we own, that while we felt little or no interest in the fortunes of those whose fate was predestined, and whose happiness or woe depended not on their own actions, but on the prognostications of a beldam gipsy or a wild Oxonian, we are very differently affected for those who, like the characters in Waverley and the Antiquary, work out their own destinies, and must stand or fall

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fall (to use a common phrase) by their own virtue or folly, courage or weakness.

Some strong defects it must be admitted this work has; the story of the novel is not very novel, nor yet very probable. The heir of the earldom of Glenallan becomes enamoured of a relation, young, beautiful, and poor, who resides with his mother as a kind of companion. The countess, a proud and ferocious woman, indignant at the thoughts of so unprofitable an alliance for her son, to prevent it, imagines and propagates the monstrous story, that Miss Neville is—not the distant cousin of the young lord, but—his sister, an illegitimate daughter of his father. Although this horrible fiction came too late for the purpose of its inventor—for the marriage had already taken place—the horrors of the supposed discovery occasioned the premature birth of a boy, and the unhappy mother soon after puts an end to her own existence. The father, with a broken heart, and a restless conscience, estranges himself from the world, while the infant (escaping the fate to which it was doomed by its cruel grandame, by the humane treachery of one of her associates, and the secret generosity of its father's younger brother) survives to be restored, at the end of the third volume, to his rights, titles, and estates.

The protracted life of the dowager Lady Glenallan, and the fidelity of her copartners in guilt, deferred this explanation; and the brother of Lord Glenallan died in the belief that the boy, whom he educated as his own natural son, under the name of Lovell, was the offspring of the legitimate, but incestuous marriage of his brother and sister.

Circumstances had occurred to prove to the young Lovell that some strange mystery hung over his birth, and to create a resolution to endeavour to discover it. This led him to the neighbourhood of the family seats of his supposed father, and introduced him to the acquaintance of Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq. of Monkbarns, the Antiquary, and that of Sir Arthur Wardour, a gentleman of ancient family and encumbered fortune, whose daughter Isabella may be called the heroine of the piece, as she becomes in due season the wife of Lovell, who himself becomes Lord Geraldine, which (to the vehement indignation, no doubt, of all true Fitzgeralds) our author assigns as the second title to the House of Glenallan.

It will be seen from the summary, that though the antiquary gives his name to the work, he can hardly be called its hero; and, indeed, though the peculiarity of his character induces the author to produce him very frequently and forwardly in the scene, he has not any great share in the plot, and is evidently recommended to the high station which he occupies by his humour rather than his use. This character

character is, indeed, drawn with great truth and spirit; we should have praised its originality too, if we did not remember, with equal pleasure and affection, our admirable friend the Baron of Bradwardine, of whom Mr. Oldbuck sometimes reminds us, and never without at once gaining and losing a little by the recollection—gaining by his resemblance to that delightful portrait, and losing by a manifest inferiority to his striking original. In another character also, we have to observe a similar instance of self imitation—Edie Ochiltree, a kind of licensed beggar, is but a male Meg Merrilies; his character is, however, admirably drawn, and, in this case, we must confess, that we prefer the copy to the original. Edie is nothing supernatural, and therefore not so *striking* a personage as Meg; but there is great skill and great effect, as well as great simplicity and truth, in this portrait, and his contribution to the progress of the story is easy and probable, and, on that account, to us, more interesting, than the incantations and prophecies of the witch of the ashen wand.

We shall extract a description of Edie, not as the most amusing specimen we could produce, but because it is a living portrait of a singular class of the Scottish poor.

'He had the exterior appearance of a mendicant.—A slouched hat of huge dimensions; a long white beard, which mingled with his grizzled hair; an aged, but strongly marked and expressive countenance, hardened, by climate and exposure, to a right brick-dust complexion; a long blue gown, with a pewter badge on the right arm; two or three wallets, or bags, slung across his shoulder, for holding the different kinds of meal, when he received his charity in kind from those who were but a degree richer than himself,—all these marked at once a beggar by profession, and one of that privileged class which are called in Scotland the king's bedes-men, or, vulgarly, blue-gowns.'—vol. i. p. 78.

Scanty as our limits are, we think that we should scarcely do justice to the author, if we did not make room for the following extract. It greatly exceeds the length in which we commonly indulge; but for this, its uncommon merits will find a ready excuse in the minds of our readers. It is a description of the danger to which Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour are exposed, when caught, by the rising of the tide in a stormy evening, on sands surrounded by inaccessible precipices, the base of which the tide at its full rising would overflow. The scenery is undoubtedly delineated by an imagination at once fervid and poetical; and it is marked by such traits of character and truth, that every craig, and breaker, and precipice are brought distinctly before us.

'When the knight and his daughter reached the side of the ocean, the tide was by no means so far out as they had computed, but

this gave them no alarm: there were seldom ten days in the year when it approached so near the cliffs as not to leave a dry passage. But, nevertheless, at periods of spring-tide, or even when the ordinary flood was accelerated by high winds, this road was altogether covered by the sea; and tradition had recorded several fatal accidents which had happened upon such occasions. Still, such dangers were considered as remote and improbable; and rather served, with other legends, to amuse the hamlet fire-side, than to prevent any one from going between Knockwinnock and Monkbarns by the sands.

'As Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour paced along, enjoying the pleasant footing afforded by the cool moist hard sand, Miss Wardour could not help observing, that the last tide had risen considerably above the usual water-mark. Sir Arthur made the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance. The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds, through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

'With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps upon some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or head-land of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which arose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise, but its wild and moaning sound

sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt at land. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

'Appalled by this sudden change of weather, Miss Wardour drew close to her father, and held his arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehensions, "I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monkbarns for the carriage."

'Sir Arthur looked round, but did not see, or would not acknowledge, any signs of an immediate storm. They would reach, he said, Knockwinnock long before the tempest began. But the speed with which he walked, and with which Isabella could hardly keep pace, indicated a feeling that some exertion was necessary to accomplish his consolatory prediction.

'They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay, or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusual rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither.

'As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy curving line, which the sinuosities of the bay compelled them to adopt, for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conformable to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "we shall get round Halket-head! that fellow must have passed it;" thus giving vent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension.

'"Thank God indeed!" echoed his daughter half audibly, half internally, as expressing the gratitude which she really felt.

'The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognize the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ochiltree. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halket-head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide and a north-east wind, was in like manner a neutral field, where even a justice of peace and a strolling mendicant might meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

'"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant; "why did ye not turn when I waved to you?"

'"We thought," replied Sir Arthur in great agitation, "we thought we could get round Halket-head."

'"Halket-head! The tide will be running on Halket-head by this

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time like the Fall of Fiers! it was a' I could do to get round it twenty minutes since—it was coming in three feet a-breast. We will may-be get back by Bally-burgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help-us, it's our only chance. We can but try."

' "My God, my child!" "My father, my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, fear lending them strength and speed, they turned to retrace their steps, and endeavour to double the point, the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

' "I heard ye were here, frae the bit callant ye sent to meet your carriage," said the beggar, as he trudged stoutly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour, "and I couldna bide to think o' the dainty young leddy's peril, that has aye been kind to ilka forlorn heart that cam near her. Sae I lookit at the lift and the rin o' the tide, till I settled it that if I could get down time eneugh to gie you warning, we wad do weel yet. But I doubt, I doubt I have been beguiled! for what mortal e'e ever saw sic a race as the tide is rinnin' e'en now? See, yonder's the Ratton's Skerry—he aye held his neb abune the water in my day—but he's aneath it now."

' Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which in general, even in spring-tides, displayed a hulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking of the eddying waves which encountered its submarine resistance.

' "Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny leddy," continued the old man, "mak haste, and we may do yet! Tak haud o' my arm—an auld and frail arm it's now, but it's been in as sair stress as this is yet. Tak haud o' my arm, my winsome leddy! D'ye see yon wee black speck amang the wallowing waves yonder? This morning it was as high as the mast o' a brigg—but, while I see as muckle black about it as the crown o' my hat, I winna believe but we'll get round the Bally-burgh Ness for a' that's come and gane yet."

' Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford her. The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach, that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had upon the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour or his daughter to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar who had been there before in high tides, though never, he acknowledged, "in so awsome a night as this."

' It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice—toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those which had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them. Still, however, loth to relinquish

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relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, here then they experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward however; but, when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible. The signal of safety was lost amidst a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice.

'The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and, "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur—"My child! my child!—to die such a death!"—

'"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him, "and you, too, who have lost your own life in endeavouring to save ours!"—

'"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I hae lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder—at the back o' a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the weam o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gaberlunzie dies!"

'"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing?—of no help?—I'll make you rich—I'll give you a farm—I'll"———

'"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of waters—"they are sae already; for I have no land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours."

'While they exchanged these words, they paused upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain; for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here then they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element, something in the situation of the martyrs of the early church, who, exposed by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impatience and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for undoing their grates and letting them loose upon the victims.

'Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

'Sir Arthur, who heard, but scarcely comprehended, his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift. Ochiltree paused. "I was a bauld craigsman," he said, "ance in my life, and mony a kitty wake's

that gate, that gate—fasten the rope weel round Crummie's-horn, that's the muckle black stane—cast twa plies round it—that's it—now, weize yoursel a wee casel-ward—a wee mair yet to that ither stane—we ca'd it the Cat's-lug—there used to be the root o' an aik-tree there—that will do!—canny now, lad—canny now—tak tent and tak time—Lord bless ye, tak time.—Vera weel!—Now ye maun get to Bessy's Apron—that's the muckle braid flat blue stane—and then I think, wi' your help and the tow thegither, we'll be able to get up the young leddy and Sir Arthur."

'The adventurer, following the directions of old Edie, flung him down the end of the rope, which he secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then, availing himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag—a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend Lovel. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope: and again mounting to their place of refuge, with the assistance of old Ochiltree, and such aid as sir Arthur himself could give, he raised him beyond the reach of the billows.'

This will give the readers a notion of the dialect in which great part of the work is written, and we shall now select a couple of scenes as descriptive of its peculiar taste, and attention to nature:—the first shall be one of a lighter cast, which we quote, not because it is the best of the kind, but that it happens to be the first which we have been able to discover of a manageable length.

'Upon the links or downs close to them, were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishers, whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the odoriferous vapours of pitch melting under a burning sun, to contend with those of the offals of fish and other nuisances usually collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by these complicated steams of abomination, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat, which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, uncommon stature, and harsh voice. "What

are

are ye for the day, your honour?" she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck, " caller haddocks and whitings—a bannock-fluke and a cock-padle."

" How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-padle?" demanded the Antiquary.

" Four white shillings and saxpence," answered the Naïad.*

" Four devils and six of their imps," retorted the Antiquary; " Do ye think I am mad, Maggie?"

" And div ye think," rejoined the virago, setting her arms a-kimbo, " that my man and my sons are to gae to the sea in weather like yestreen and the day—sic a sea as it's yet outbye—and get naething for their fish, and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? *It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives.*"

" Well, Maggie, I'll bid you fair—I'll bid you a shilling for the fluke and the cock-padle, or sixpence separately—and if all your fish is as well paid, I think your man, as you call him, and your sons, will make a good voyage."

" De'il gin their boat were knockit against the Bell-Rock rather! it wad be better, and the bonnier voyage o' the twa. A shilling for thae twa bonny fish! Odd, that's ane indeed!"

" Well, well, you old beldam, carry your fish up to Monkbarns, and see what my sister will give for them."

" Na, na, Monkbarns, de'il a fit—I'll rather deal wi' yoursel; for, though you're near aneugh, yet Miss Grizel has an unco close grip—I'll gie ye them (in a softened tone) for three-and-saxpence."

" Eighteen-pence, or nothing!"

" Eighteen-pence!!!" (in a loud tone of astonishment, which declined into a sort of rueful whine, when the dealer turned as if to walk away)—" Ye'll no be for the fish then?"—(then louder, as she saw him moving off)—" I'll gie them—and—and—and a half-a-dozen o'partans to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dram."

" Half-a-crown then, Maggie, and a dram."

" Aweel, your honour maun hae't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller now—the distillery's no working."

" And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said Oldbuck.

" Aye, aye—it's easy for your honour, and the like o' you gentle folks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fire-side—But an' ye wanted fire, and meat and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava', wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?"

" It's even too true an apology, Maggie. Is your goodman off to sea this morning, after his exertions last night?"

" In troth is he, Monkbarns; he was awa this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit coble dancing in't like a cork."

* Is not this a mistake for the Nereid? In our early days, at least, the Naïads never meddled with 'cock-padles,' or sea-fish of any kind.

her knee, the child was dismissed with the fish in a basket, and a request on the part of Monkbarns, that they might be prepared for dinner.' —vol. i. pp. 250—255.

Our other quotation shall be the funeral of this '*fish-wife's*' son, who within a few days after the foregoing conversation, afforded a melancholy illustration of his mother's forcible expression, that it was not fish but men's lives that the Antiquary was buying.—He had been drowned, and the body, washed ashore, was now to be buried after the fashion of the country. 'It is a scene,' says the author, 'which our Wilkie *alone* would have painted with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his enchanting productions;' but the author is too modest, and too unjust to his own art. Wilkie, with all his enchanting qualities, could not, the pencil cannot, paint this scene with such touching strokes of nature as we find in the dramatic narration of our author. It is too long to be extracted *in extenso*, but, at the risk of diminishing its effect, we shall venture to put together some detached sentences.

'The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day.' 'The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment, when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object *on which he could not stedfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes.*'

'In another corner of the cottage, her *face covered by her apron*, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated, by the wringing her hands, and the convulsive agitation of the bosom which the covering could not conceal.'

'The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.'

'But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air

air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle—then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her husbandry, and appear caught by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded—then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. So she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.'

'When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth, the old grandmother, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced with a hollow and tremulous voice, "Wishing a' your healths, sirs, and often may we hae such merry meetings."

'All shrunk from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror, which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar.'

'As the general amazement subsided, Mr. Oldbuck, whose heart bled to witness what he considered as the errings of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid chill of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed to the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The *creak of the screw-nails* presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal reliques of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England.'

'The

'The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the Laird; and old Ailison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore *almost* aloud, "His honour Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season, (of which fish he was understood to be fond,) if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersel, in the foulest wind that ever blew."

'The procession to the church-yard, at about half a mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions,—the body was consigned to its parent earth,—and when the labour of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.'—vol. iii. pp. 32—49.

This, it will be confessed, is fine moral painting, the father unable to look *at* or yet *away* from his son's coffin, is a touch of nature not inferior to Madame de Sévigné's famous description of Madame de Longueville's inquiry after her son;—the 'Grecian painter's veil' is not so natural and touching as the poor fish-woman's apron; the divided sensations of the children and the involuntary motion of the poor old woman's hands, from which the implements of spinning had been removed, are admirable; and the 'creak of the screws' produces an effect on us almost equal to the sound of Clarissa's coffin on the narrow stairs.

We hope we have now said enough to induce our readers to think this novel well worth reading, and we shall only add, that it is impossible to read it without feeling the highest respect for the talents, both gay and pathetic, of the author, for the bold impartiality of his national delineations, and for the taste and discrimination with which he has rescued, from the overwhelming march of time and change of manners, these historical representations of a state of society, which even now is curious, but which in no long period will become 'a tale of other times;' and be examined not merely by the listless reader of novels but by the moralist and the antiquary.

It may be useful to apprise our readers (a circumstance which we unfortunately did not discover till we had got to the end of the third volume,) that there is there to be found a glossary, which is indeed

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indeed almost indispensable to the understanding of nine-tenths of the work. Those ingenious persons, therefore, who begin to read novels by the latter end, have had, in this instance, a singular advantage over those who, like us, have laboured regularly on through the dark dialect of Anglified Erse.

If, as we expect, new editions of Waverley, Guy Mannering, and the Antiquary, should be required by the public, we suggest that the glossary should be placed conspicuously at the beginning of the first volume of the series.

ART. VI. 1. *Mémoire sur la Nécessité et les Moyens de faire cesser les Pirateries des Etats Barbaresques. Reçu, considéré, et adopté à Paris en Septembre—à Turin le* 14 *Octobre,* 1814—*à Vienne durant le Congrès.* Par W. Sidney Smith.

2. *A Letter to a Member of Parliament on the Slavery of the Christians at Algiers.* By Walter Croker, Esq. of the Royal Navy. London: 8vo. 1816.

3. *Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence at Tripoli, in Africa, from the original Correspondence, in the possession of the Family of the late Richard Tully, Esq. the British Consul; comprising authentic Memoirs and Anecdotes of the reigning Bashaw, Sedi Useph, his Family, and various Persons of distinction; an Account of the Domestic Manners of the Moors, Arabs, and Turks, &c.* 4to. London: 1816.

4. *Travels in Europe and Africa; comprising a Journey through France, Spain and Portugal, to Morocco, with a particular Account of that Empire, &c.* By Colonel Keatinge. 4to. London: 1816.

5. *An Account of Tunis, of its Government, Manners, Customs, and Antiquities; especially of its Productions, Manufactures, and Commerce.* By Thomas Macgill. Glasgow. 8vo. 1811.

AT the conclusion of a war, unparalleled in its character and duration, and on the much-wished-for return of a general peace, it was not likely that the maritime powers of Europe would continue to tolerate the system of piracy so long carried on by the Barbary States against the flag of every nation which could not either purchase or command their forbearance. It was, however, a nice question to determine what measures were most prudent to be adopted against those States, if they should hesitate to abandon a system so abhorrent from every feeling of humanity, and so justly regarded with universal indignation.

The result appears to have been that of employing a British admiral, with a squadron of adequate force, to demand, in the first place,

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place, the liberation of all the Christian slaves; and then to negociate, on behalf of the minor powers in the Mediterranean, treaties of peace and amity, leaving the great maritime powers to defend themselves, as they had hitherto done, against any insult that might hereafter be offered to their respective flags. The mission, as might be expected from the known character of the officer employed, was completely successful; the release of every Christian slave was procured; treaties were concluded; and a declaration was obtained from Tunis and Tripoli, that no Christian slaves should in future be made by either of these powers; but that the prisoners taken in legitimate warfare should be exchanged according to the usages of war among European nations.

This arrangement, apparently so satisfactory to all parties, has not met with that general approbation to which it would appear to be entitled; on the contrary we hear an absurd clamour, deprecating all treaties with the Barbary states, bellowing for war and extermination, and exciting to another crusade, by 'a holy alliance of all the knights of Christendom,' against those infidels. We hardly think that England will be forward to commit her character in so hopeless a scheme—if Europe is again to be visited by another fit of enthusiastic insanity, his *Most Christian* Majesty is the proper 'knight-president' to stand forward as the champion of Christendom, and he will, we doubt not, be found at his post.* The cry, however, is for England to take the lead in this new crusade—and it is quite edifying to observe, in some of the documents appended to the 'Mémoire of the President of the Society of Knights Liberators of the White Slaves in Africa,' with what easy complacency the grandees and ministers of foreign powers impose this quixotic enterprize on England, who of all nations in the western hemisphere should be the last to trouble herself about it. One of the president's correspondents observes, that 'if the commercial interests of England be against it, the sentiments of the nation and the conduct of the parliament with respect to the blacks, leave no room to apprehend that those interests can form any obstacle to a measure which humanity and religion, as well as the knowledge and civilization of the times, demand;'—that 'on Great Britain, who has contracted the honourable and holy engagement, by occupying Malta, once the bulwark of Christendom, the obligation strictly devolves;'—that, in short, 'England is responsible for every thing that is done on the seas.'—Another tells him, that England having succeeded to the inheritance of Saint

* We will not believe a word of what the Paris Journals say about the fraternal embrace given by the Dey of Algiers to the Consul-General of his Most Christian Majesty, nor of the good understanding between those two potentates; it would be a libel on Louis XVIII. even to suppose such a thing at this moment.

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John of Jerusalem, it is her *duty* to clear the sea of those pirates; —and a third, whom nothing short of extermination will satisfy, and who of course is out of humour with Lord Exmouth's treaties, writes, in the Frankfort Gazette, 'England, which, by a nod, could make all these thieves retire into their dens—England, which possesses Malta and the Seven Islands, will never wash away the disgrace of having rivetted the chains of Europe.'—And this too, after she had broken the chains of all that were in captivity! The real object, we suspect, of these foreigners is to plunge us into another mad crusade, in order that their own governments may profit from the embarrassments, which the imbecility of listening to them would inevitably produce. They know well enough that there is a foolish sort of liberality, a kind of generous knight-errantry about Englishmen, which will hurry them into any enterprize where the name and semblance of humanity are made use of; equally ready to rescue from the gallows a convicted criminal, or release from slavery an unoffending victim.

We should hope, however, that there is still enough of sober good sense and steady policy to prevent this country from being hurried into new wars and heavy expenses, which she can ill afford, by the cant of foreigners, or the more dangerous ebullitions of a morbid philanthropy at home; a kindliness of disposition which, without meaning ill, would compromise the state, and sacrifice to the feelings of a mistaken humanity, matters of the greatest national importance.

In discussing this question, we may narrow the grounds, by inquiring—

1. Can England, consistently with sound policy and good faith, join in the 'league' for putting down the Barbary powers?

2. Would the cause of humanity be benefited by the extermination of those powers?

3. Is their extermination practicable, and, if so, how is Northern Africa to be disposed of?

It has always been deemed an object of the first importance for England to maintain a commanding attitude in the Mediterranean; and for this very reason it has also been the constant endeavour of France and Spain to expel us altogether from that quarter. The great exertions that have been made, the millions that have been expended, the public anxiety that has been felt by the people of England, for the preservation of the barren rock of Gibraltar, had no object beyond the means, which its possession afforded us, of asserting and maintaining our naval superiority in the Mediterranean. The negociations which took place at the Treaty of Amiens, respecting Malta, and which ended in our retaining possession of that island, had no other object. But Malta and Gibraltar depend for

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for their subsistence on external sources of supply; and those, in time of war, when our fleets are large and garrisons numerous, must not be distant. To look to England alone for a supply of food, for 30,000 seamen and soldiers, exclusive of the inhabitants, would be most dangerous, and might be fatal, both to the garrisons and to the fleet. We will admit, however, for argument's sake, the possibility of a regular and ample supply being sent out from England; still, a plague to which Malta is subject, and an endemic sickness which frequently visits Gibraltar, might render those supplies unavailable.

The places whence provisions are usually drawn, in time of war, are the Black Sea, the Archipelago, Egypt, and the Barbary States. The first three resources failed us more than once in the course of the late long and arduous struggle, and must always be liable to interruption from war or the plague; but the States of Barbary failed us only when they were themselves suffering under the calamity of famine. Rarely has any of them shewn an unwillingness to afford us supplies of cattle and corn, or to furnish our ships of war with fresh provisions, free of all duties, whenever they called at any of their ports; even when at war with Turkey, to which the three states bordering on the Mediterranean are, nominally at least, Pashalicks, they never once attempted to shut their ports against us. In vain did Buonaparte dispatch his emissaries, distribute his bribes, employ his promises and his threats, to induce those states to enter into his views, and to withhold those supplies, which, he well knew, would have been the first step towards crippling our fleet, and transferring to France the naval superiority in the Mediterranean. As far, then, as national interests are concerned, it would be an act of madness for Great Britain to join in the holy league which Sir Sidney Smith and his foreign friends have been projecting.—It would be worse than madness—it would be nothing short of a direct infringement of justice and good faith. Our treaties with them are of longer standing than with any other power, the date of the first with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli being that of 1662, and with Morocco, 1721; yet these treaties, generally speaking, have been held sacred by them. Among other advantages which Great Britain derives from these treaties, it is stipulated, 'that no subject of His Majesty shall be bought or sold or made a slave; not even if taken on board a vessel at enmity with those states, provided he be a passenger; that all British vessels may freely pass the seas without any search, hindrance, or molestation, on producing a pass from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty; that neither the goods shall be seized, nor the men made slaves, belonging to shipwrecked vessels; and that our ships of war shall receive provisions at the several ports, free of duty'—if, at

any

any time, any of those stipulations have been violated by the unruly and piratical subjects of those states, immediate reparation has always been made. The British consuls residing at their ports have invariably been respected above those of any other power; though we have heard, indeed, that one of our consuls at Tangier once wrote to the British admiral commanding at Gibraltar, requesting that a longer flag staff might be sent him to erect before his door, and stating that the consular influence in the dominions of Morocco depended chiefly on the length of his pole.

Captain Croker, however, seems to have discovered, on his short visit to Algiers, sufficient grounds to justify our going to war with those 'detestable pirates,' 'infidels,' and other hard names by which he is pleased to call them. We think differently, and that his charges against them do not afford a justifiable cause of war: they are as follow.—'Some Christian slaves were taken by two Algerine pirates *which presumed* to carry English *colours*, and, *by so doing*, decoyed these unhappy beings within their reach!' Others 'had actually been made slaves while under English passports, and for the very purpose of supplying our armies with grain.' And lastly, ships belonging to the natives of Ponza were taken by the Algerines, 'though they were furnished with English passports, and had permission to wear the British flag:' and he could state, he says, many other cases 'in which the honour and the faith of the British nation have been most notoriously insulted by those detestable pirates, such as *treating the passports of her governors with contempt, &c.*' We are willing to suppose that Captain Croker wrote his letter while on shore at Algiers, when his feelings for the misery of his fellow creatures got the better of his judgment; for we can hardly think that an officer, in command of one of His Majesty's ships of war, can be ignorant that every maritime power in Europe sanctions its officers in *presuming to carry any colours* they please: they may *decoy*, but not *fight* under false colours; and we dare say that Captain Croker had at that moment a set of colours of all nations on board his ship, supplied by his superiors. He is equally informed, we doubt not, that the only passport mentioned in the several treaties, which have been renewed over and over, is of that particular kind known by the name of 'a Mediterranean pass;' that, by special stipulation, such pass shall be 'under the hand and seal of His Majesty, or whomsoever he shall appoint to be the lord high admiral, or to execute the office of lord high admiral;' that it shall be of a particular form; and that it shall be given only 'to the subjects of our sovereign lord the King, and *to no foreigners*.' And, in order to prevent abuses or fraudulent transfers of such pass, the owner or master of each vessel is bound, in the penalty of five hundred pounds, to return the said pass within

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in three years to the lords commissioners of the Admiralty. If, therefore, the Barbary powers are fully justified in carrying false colours by the common usages of war, neither are they guilty of any insult 'to the honour and faith of the British nation,' in disregarding the passports of governors or consuls, given to foreign vessels, or even to vessels belonging to British subjects; and we confess, we are greatly surprized that any consul or governor should venture to give any such passports, in direct violation of treaties, and thereby endanger the lives, liberty, and property of those who are credulous enough to trust to them.

2. Whether the cause of humanity would be benefited by direct hostilities on our part, and whether we should be justified on that ground in joining the 'holy league,' is a part of the question in which we cannot hesitate to give our decided negative. If any difference of opinion existed with regard to the *policy* of abolishing the negro slave trade, there was none as to the *justice* of the measure. England was deeply concerned in that odious traffic, and it was fitting therefore that England, whose regard for justice and love of liberty have always stood pre-eminent among nations, should be the first to set the example; to do all in her power to heal the wounds which she had contributed to inflict. It makes nothing against the *justice* of the measure, that the result of the abolition has not answered the sanguine expectations of its warmest advocates; that Africa in consequence thereof has made no progress in civilization; that the slave trade is still carried on in full activity and with increased energy, the only difference being in that of the local market; that, instead of the negro slaves being marched from Bambarra, Tombuctoo, and Houssa, to the mouths of the Senegal and Gambia as heretofore, they are now taken the readier route to those of the Benin, Bonney, Calabar, and Camaroon rivers; where, instead of being put on board a well regulated English slave ship, regulated by law, and navigated by men not wholly insensible to the claims of humanity, they are now at the mercy of an unfeeling set of brutes, and stowed away into small miserable foreign hulks like so many bottles in a wine binn.* These con-

* This is no vague assertion. Captain Fisher, of His Majesty's ship Eann, captured in March last off Prince's Island, a Portugueze brig, on her passage from Camaroon to Bahia, of 120 tons burthen, with nearly 600 slaves on board, in violation of the treaty. In the short run of eighty leagues, thirty negroes had died, and as many more were in a dying state: and it could not be doubted, that had she proceeded on her passage to Bahia at that sickly season, when heavy rains and violent tornadoes are almost incessant, the whole must have perished. By removing a great part of them into the Eann, by wholesome food, cleanliness, and medical aid, the disease was subdued; but before the ships could reach Sierra Leone, forty-three had died on the passage. It is a fact, that in the month of May last, upwards of *sixty foreign armed vessels under the Spanish flag, from the Havannah*, arrived at the mouths of the above mentioned rivers, solely for the purpose of taking in slaves.

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siderations weigh not a straw against the *justice* of the measure, though they may be considered as some drawback on the *policy* of it; but it is not to be endured that the accredited agents of Spain and Portugal, or those who affect to be so, should presume to say that *because* England abolished the Negro slave trade, it is her *duty* to put an end to the slavery of the Whites:—that she should embroil herself in hostilities, and fight the battles of those *grateful* nations, in the north of Africa, that they may undisturbedly carry on the Black slave trade in the south! Others, too, who never vented a murmur against the tyranny of Buonaparte, are now eagerly croaking and clamouring against England for not 'dealing out the blow' against those 'pirates of the sea.' If England is to be constituted *pirate-taker-general*, she had better commence with the Malays and Ladrones of China, who plunder her ships and murder her subjects; the Barbary states do neither.

Certainly, if the quantum of individual misery was to determine the propriety of the measure, the abolition of white slavery would naturally obtain the preference over that of the blacks. Christian slaves, from their education and habits, are more the objects of commiseration than the ignorant and unreflecting Negro; and the sufferings of a Cervantes within the walls of an Algerine dungeon, may be supposed to outweigh the mental misery of a whole cargo of Negroes—yet Cervantes, after five years of slavery, does not, in 'The Captive's story,' inspire his readers with any great degree of horror at the treatment of Algerine slaves. Neither has Sir Sidney Smith, in his endeavours to excite a general feeling of hatred in the powers of Europe against the Barbary States, succeeded in bringing forward any thing very atrocious: his documents besides consist chiefly of anonymous declamation, and unauthenticated assertion. There is, however, a Mr. Melchior Debrie, who styles himself 'Knight of St. John of Jerusalem,' who recounts the sufferings which he underwent in Tunis, and which are the more extraordinary, considering the value set upon him by the Bey,—namely, one hundred slaves, or one hundred thousand francs: but we suspect the Knight to have been his own appraiser.

'I saw (he says) two nephews of the Bey put in chains by his orders. These unfortunate young men, confined in a dismal and loathsome prison for several years, partly in consequence of the horrid treatment they endured, and partly in consequence of unwholesome food and infectious air, had lost the human figure and appearance. I fancy they are still present to my sight—their eyes were ferocious, their colour livid—their beards reached to their waist, their arms were withered, their nails indurated, and formed like the claws of feline animals;—in short, they were seemingly no longer of the human species.

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alleviation to our feelings, on their account, to see them easy and well dressed; and so far from wearing chains, as captives do in most other places, they are here perfectly at liberty.' (p. 241).—Mr. Macgill says, that slaves in Tunis are not ill treated, 'they are either kept about the houses of their masters in a domestic capacity, or put out to work at such trades as they have been accustomed to; and they are seldom punished, unless they have committed some offence. Many are employed in the gardens of their masters, and some are permitted to serve in the houses of Christians, who are employed in the service of the Bey. If sick, an hospital is provided for them. They are well fed, though not sumptuously; and they are clothed, particularly if they belong to affluent persons, sometimes even in a rich and gaudy style.' (p. 80.) 'As to slavery in Morocco,' (says Col. Keatinge, a gentleman we do not profess always to understand,) 'as it is redeemed from afar, when occasion calls for it, so it is very slightly inflicted when at hand. As to any labour undergone, it does not deserve the name.'—(p. 250.) Lempriere, a more intelligent traveller in Morocco, says, 'To the disgrace of Europe, the Moors treat their slaves with humanity, employing them in looking after their gardens and in the domestic duties of their houses.' None of these accounts (with the exception of Macgill's) are drawn from ephemeral visitors.

There can be no doubt, however, that the Christian slaves are subject to much harsh treatment, and especially in Algiers: but no Englishman has been made a slave; and before we go out of the way to seek for objects of misery abroad, it would be wise and humane to relieve those which we have at home. One would think that the general distress in the agricultural and manufacturing classes—the state of the poor—the prisons—the hospitals and mad houses—would supply us with abundant objects to relieve the plethora of philanthropy with which we seem to be bursting; but the truth is that, with all our humanity, we are a strange and a whimsical people—at the moment it is avowed that the churches of the metropolis are insufficient to hold one-twentieth part of the inhabitants, we are subscribing money to build a church for the Danes at Copenhagen.

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In one respect the situation of the Christian slave is preferable to that of the Negro; he is not deprived of hope; his deliverance depends entirely on his friends or his country; his ransom is seldom, if ever, refused: it is, in fact, the great object of his capture and detention; and if it be degrading in those who submit to it, and inhuman in those who demand it, both parties may plead the ancient example of Europe, where it was adopted, no doubt, with the view of mitigating the horrors of war; and if, in later times, the practice has been discontinued, it was not humanity but policy that dictated the measure. In a country where murder may be compensated by a pecuniary fine, and where the price of blood is fixed, it was natural that the prisoner should also have his price; and we confess ourselves to be among the number of those who should lament any measure that would deprive the captive of the benefit of ransom.

The abolition of Christian slavery in Morocco, by the present Emperor, so far from being any alleviation to suffering humanity, has proved most fatal to the unfortunate shipwrecked mariners on that coast. The Arabs, finding them no longer of any value, instead of taking them as before to court, where they received so much a head, now put them to death, or march them into the interior, and sell them as slaves to their countrymen; and the robbers of Algiers, Tunis, or Tripoli, are not likely to treat their captives with more humanity when no longer saleable.

The greatest number of slaves, taken by the Barbary powers of late years, consists of Sardinians, Neapolitans and Sicilians; who, on their part, be it remembered, make slaves of the Africans whenever they can take them. An exchange of prisoners is seldom effected; for the Moors, though they hold themselves far superior to Christians, generally demand two, and sometimes four or five Mahomedans for one Christian; their great object being, in fact, to obtain money for their ransom. It is thus in the power of the government to which the unfortunate captives belong, or of their friends, almost at any time, to procure their release; and it is obviously the interest of those who hold them, to preserve rather than destroy them. But Mr. Macgill asserts, that the King of Naples adds insult to the misery of those who ask his interference! 'If an unfortunate female throw herself at his feet, in behalf of the father of her family in slavery,' he is said to answer by demanding, 'if she cannot find another husband as good as he?' And an unfortunate husband, imploring the ransom of his wife, is answered in the same unprincipled manner, 'What! are women so scarce in my dominions?' This atrocious charge, fabricated in utter ignorance of the character of the prince whom it so wantonly calumniates, is daringly circulated against him at a moment when he has just completed the ran-

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som, through Lord Exmouth, of not less than a thousand Sicilians and Neapolitans, at the rate of a thousand dollars a head; voluntarily tendered by him for their release.

This readiness, on the part of the Barbary States, of admitting their prisoners to ransom, would lead to a belief that the accounts of their ill treatment have been greatly exaggerated by those who, like Captain Croker and Mr. Macgill, have no other information than what they may pick up at a Consul's dinner. Some, it is true, are made to labour at the public works, others are hired by individuals, and others again (and this is the worst lot of all) are made subject to the brutal passions of the ruling powers; but that little value is attached to their *labour* may be inferred from Captain Croker's own statement, respecting the two Messieurs Tereni, who are permitted to live under the protection of the Consul, 'on condition that they pay a dollar per month for not working in the mines.' The price of this indulgence, it must be confessed, is reasonable enough: but those 'mines,' we believe, have no existence; perhaps, he means the quarries. It is, no doubt, an act of great inhumanity to compel men, whom the fortune of war has thrown into the hands of their enemies, to hard labour; but what shall be said of that miscreant who, under the mask of friendship, kidnapped the Spaniards from the defence of their own country, and forced them to labour in the mud banks of the Scheldt, and the quarries of Cherbourg! the humanity of the philanthropists, who are now clamouring so loudly in our domestic as well as foreign journals, then slept as sweetly and as soundly as if nothing had occurred to disturb its repose. That the bread furnished to the unfortunate slaves, by the Algerines, is 'black and execrable' may be granted: but it is not worse than the 'black and execrable' bread eaten by the Russian soldier; and as to their confinement, of which Captain Croker complains, had we not at one time 70,000 Frenchmen confined in hulks or in prisons? in one single building not less than 8000 persons,—a number three times greater than the whole of the Christian slaves in all the Barbary states together. But Captain Croker seems not to be aware that there was a *reason* for shutting them up when he made his appearance. By the 11th article of the treaty with Algiers, it is stipulated, that on the arrival of any of His Majesty's ships, public proclamation shall be made, in order that all the Christian slaves may be secured: after which, should any of them escape on board such ships, they can neither be demanded, nor any ransom be required for them.

If, however, the treatment of Christian prisoners, or slaves, were more harsh than it is, what has England to do with it, that she must stand foremost as the avenging power, and sacrifice her seamen to evince her humanity towards Sardinians, Sicilians, and Neapolitans?

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Neapolitans? But—the question is widely altered, if, as it would seem, the treaties recently made in behalf of these people have been violated; if the Dey of Algiers has not only refused to follow the example of the other two States, in renouncing the practice of making Christian slaves, but in the very moment that he was signing the most solemn treaties, 'in the name of God Almighty,' treacherously sent off his orders for the massacre of Bona, then indeed England has been insulted, and we can understand the nature of the armament said to be preparing for the Mediterranean. The question then is no longer whether England shall waste her blood and treasure in an idle crusade, for the benefit of foreigners; she is imperatively called upon to avenge the insult offered to her own flag; and *alone* we trust she will avenge it. The flag which has maintained its superiority in the Mediterranean against the fleets of France and Spain requires no assistance to humble the Barbary powers. At the same time, we do not believe that Algiers is in so defenceless, or the people in so ignorant a state, that the one might be destroyed and the other humbled by two sail of the line, as Lord Cochrane is said to have asserted in the House of Commons. The old King of Prussia said that he sometimes ventured to launch *un mensonge politique*, though sure to be detected within four and twenty hours, because it worked its effects in the mean time. On this occasion it required not a moment to contradict the unfounded assertion—yet it remained uncontradicted! 'Whosoever knows Algiers,' says Sir Wm. Monson, 'cannot be ignorant of the strength of it.' The truth is, if well defended, it is almost impregnable; and the man who affects to speak lightly of bringing a squadron in line abreast of a connected series of works mounting more than 300 pieces of heavy cannon, and within a few hundred yards of them, is woefully ignorant, or wilfully wishes to deceive. But to represent an enterprize as easy, is a sure way to increase public indignation against the officer employed to conduct it, in case of failure;—in the present instance, however, even a failure would escape censure.—But we are generally too apt to hold cheap an untried enemy. Our ministers of 1806 thought the Dardanelles defenceless, and the people ignorant, till they heard of its disastrous issue; but the admiral's report of the granite shot, weighing 800 pounds, which cut the main-mast of the Windor Castle in two,* must have confounded the precious projectors of that ill-fated expedition, had they not been driven from the helm before it reached this country.

* It was said that the gallant admiral who commanded on this memorable expedition brought home two of these *trophies*, to place as capitals on the pillars of his lodge gate; to one of which he gave the name of Sestus and to the other that of Abydos.

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The Algerines too have mortars and stone shot of a similar kind, and Turks and renegadoes to manage them; some of them men of rank and talent, (members, probably, of the Legion of Honour,) who, having disgraced the one and misapplied the other, have been forced to fly to the shores of Africa from the offended laws of their own country. With all this, we are not apprehensive about the result of an English squadron before Algiers, though the history of the attempts made against it is not very encouraging. Charles V. having taken the Goleta before Tunis, and released 20,000 slaves, next tried his hand on Algiers, and after the loss of as many of his men, as he had released slaves at Tunis, was glad to make peace on any terms. Of the formidable army employed on this expedition, 'Many,' says his elegant historian, 'perished in the battle, more in the retreat, and the remainder returned into Spain covered with infamy.' He might have added to his list of disasters, that 15 ships of war, 140 transports, and 8000 men were destroyed by the elements. Philip II. was equally unfortunate in his attempts on Algiers.

The most that could be hoped for is the destruction of the town and the fleet: but Algiers is not so easily destroyed; the flat roofed houses are all built of stone, almost without a stick of wood, and without furniture; and every house is as good a fortress as those of Rosetta and Buenos Ayres—names too disastrous to be soon forgotten. But were it possible to lay it in ashes, even that would not make much impression on its rulers; and the suffering but resigned Mussulman would resolve it all into the 'will of God!' When the French bombarded Mogadore, and afterwards sent to make peace, the first question asked by the emperor of the ambassador was, how much money the expedition had cost them?—and on being informed, he observed to the ambassador, that for *half* that sum he would have levelled the town to its foundations!

So says Keatinge—but the story was first told of the Dey of Algiers, when Louis XIV. threatened to lay that place in ashes. Tell him, says the Dey, to send me half the money it would cost, and I will do it for him more effectually.—When the cabinet of James I. determined to shew our naval prowess, by an attack on Algiers, that able and intelligent statesman, Sir William Monson, vehemently opposed it, as a rash and ill-founded expedition; urging that, instead of raising the reputation of the British arms, it would only contribute to render them ridiculous. Sir Robert Mansel, however, was sent with a squadron, and did nothing; after him, a fleet went for the same purpose, under Lord Willoughby, and another under the Earl of Denbigh, both of which were equally unsuccessful.

The success of Blake (who never failed) in burning the Tunisian fleet

fleet at the Goleta, was as detrimental to our Mediterranean commerce, as the failure of Mansel. The irritation produced by the attack increased the number of row-boats, more destructive and more certain of their prey than large rigged vessels. In fact, the Mediterranean swarmed with them, and they were not over scrupulous in their disposal of the prisoners. In 1683, when the French Admiral Du Quesne bombarded Algiers, all the French prisoners in the place were butchered, and the Dey committed the inhuman and atrocious act of binding the French consul to the mouth of a mortar, and firing him off against the bombarding squadron. The balance of the account therefore has not been in favour of humanity, after any of the attacks on Algiers, whether successful or otherwise.

3. Let us however suppose a 'holy alliance' was formed, and that by its efforts all the towns on the sea-coast were tumbled down on the heads of their unoffending inhabitants; what is the next step to be taken by these combined friends of humanity and religion? Are the Christian nations to plant colonies along the coast, or is it meant to replace the Turk in full and quiet possession of them? If the first plan should be adopted, each colony must depend for its subsistence on the interior immediately behind it, which is filled with a population every part of which, excepting the Jews, bears a deadly hatred towards Christians. To replace the Turk seems to be the plan of the 'President of the Society of Knights Liberators of the Christian Slaves in Africa,' a strange termination, it must be owned, of a crusade for liberty and the *Christian* religion! We think, however, that with all our philanthropy and quixotism, the sober good sense of those who have delivered England from the most perilous situation in which she was ever placed, will save her from this last humiliating step, which could only terminate in laying the naval power of Great Britain in the Mediterranean at the feet of the Grand Signior, as a present or a sacrifice to be offered up to France at some future war.

Another project, worthy of those enlightened reformers who plan constitutions for all the governments of Europe through the medium of the Rhenish Mercury and the Frankfort Gazette, is to dethrone the Barbary sovereigns, erect their territories into a Christian kingdom, and place the Prince Royal of Etruria on the throne, to be guaranteed to him by the great powers of Europe. This indeed is a precious scheme, a fertile source of human misery, of endless bloodshed!

Difficulties every way occur; nor do we pretend to suggest the means of removing them; but we cannot avoid thinking that the concessions already obtained by Lord Exmouth from two of the powers will ultimately lead to a better order of things. If, as it would

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appear, the Turkish rabble are so dissatisfied with the declaratory abolition of piracy by the Bey of Tunis that they are abandoning the country, and carrying off the shipping; if the two sovereigns of Tripoli and Tunis, who are natives, will employ their own people in offices of trust, and raise their armies out of the Moorish population; if the Grand Signior should be required to absolve them from their mere nominal allegiance, and never more interfere with their concerns; in short, if they could be constituted independent governments, under native princes, there is every reason to believe they would gradually subside into more industrious, commercial, and peaceable communities: and the first step towards this desirable end would be that of prevailing on them to dismiss every Turk and renegado from their employ. The two states above mentioned would be too happy to accede to this; and if the Dey of Algiers should hold out, let him be treated, as he deserves to be, without mercy. Under such an arrangement we verily believe we should hear no more of their piracies than we have done of late years of the Sallee rovers, once so formidable to all the commercial nations of Europe.

We now dismiss the political part of the question, and gladly take our leave of Sir Sidney Smith's 'Mémoire,' and Captain Croker's 'Letter.'—The remaining books, whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, derive an interest chiefly from the circumstances of the times: of the countries of which they profess to treat they contain not much information; but they describe the manners and habits of the present race of people, oppressed as they are, but not humbled, by the worst of all possible governments, and a despotism which reaches from Egypt to the Atlantic, and from the shores of the Mediterranean to the great desert of Sahara.

The most curious and by far the most interesting of them is the 'Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence at Tripoli.' It consists of letters written during that period by a sister-in-law of Mr. Tully, the British consul, between whose family and that of the bashaw there appears to have been the closest intimacy. As a proof of that intimacy, it is mentioned in the preface that, when the consul was under the necessity of repairing to England for a short time, the bashaw, and Lilla (or lady) Halluma, his principal queen, entreated him to leave his two daughters under their protection until his return, assuring him that nothing should be wanting to render them happy; that they should consider them as *bint-el-bled*—daughters of the land—and guard them as their own children; and that neither their religion nor manners should be in the smallest degree interfered with, during the absence of their parents. The writer of the letters and her two nieces, being constant visitors to the female part of the bashaw's family, and in habits of friendly intercourse with them, leaves no room

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to doubt the authenticity of the events and transactions, however extraordinary, related therein. Whether, as they now stand, they are genuine letters, actually written by the author to her friends, may perhaps admit of some doubt; but the inartificial manner in which they are composed, the many faults in grammar, the constant recurrence of the lady-like vulgarism, *lay* for lie, and other defects which we could mention, strongly mark them as original. All that seems to have been added is a few unimportant notes which might just as well have been omitted.

Col. Keatinge's book refers to 1785, the year next to that in which the 'Narrative' commences. In that year Mr. Payne was sent in the capacity of consul-general on a diplomatic mission to the Emperor of Morocco, and Colonel Keatinge was of his suite; *why* he has delayed his publication for thirty years, he fairly warns his reader not to inquire—'he won't condescend (he says) to gratify his curiosity; and he may rest satisfied with the certain advantage he has obtained from procrastination—*reduction!*' Thirty years, however, have not sweated him down even to a moderate size. His portly quarto of 620 pages, besides some thirty plates, (we shall not call them engravings,) may still maintain a competition with the learned Dutchman's book—*dik as alle dis sheese.* We suspect, indeed, very strongly, from some nibblings upon the French revolution, the war in Spain, and the learned disquisition about the Neptunean and Huttonian theories, that, instead of wasting, it has swelled under his hands, during the last thirty years. We have only examined that part (perhaps about one third) which relates to Morocco, and we were heartily tired of wading through it: long periods of half a page filled with antecedents which relate to nothing; irrelevant parentheses; words that are neither English, Scotch, nor Irish; broken sentences; mysterious allusions; and an affected, paraphrastical mode of expressing the most simple ideas—make this strange production nearly as unintelligible as the Sibylline leaves. In the midst of digressions, disputations, and dogmata, we now and then, however, get at a fact,—for instance, the small river, we are told, which divides Sallee from Mogadore, is also the boundary between the hares and rabbits, both of which are very plentiful upon its banks,—but no hares on the north side, no rabbits on the south.—(vol. ii. p. 59.)—A dromedary, we are informed, is the offspring of two camels; when first dropped, it is not known whether it be a camel or a dromedary; but if it sleep without waking nine days, then it is sure to be a dromedary.—(p. 17.)—We should like to know what sort of an animal the offspring of two dromedaries is.—Another phenomenon in natural history, equally new, and if possible more curious, is, that 'of three whelps which the

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the lioness litters, two always die:' nor is this all; after some sage reflections on the 'balances of Providence,' and the 'harmony of nature,' it is observed, that 'such is the force of instinctive veneration, a flea will not trespass on a lion's skin:' there is a great deal more about the lion and the horse, for which we must refer the reader to p. 45, vol. ii.

Mr. Macgill happened to go from Malta to Tunis on a mercantile speculation; and having picked up a little chit-chat respecting the country, among the consuls, merchants, and brokers, it appeared to him 'to be a duty incumbent on the subjects of his Majesty' to write a book for the general benefit. Mr. Macgill is a plain spoken man, who having faithfully, no doubt, set down what he heard, has made up the rest from what he read in the 'Universal History,' or the Scotch 'Encyclopædia.'

The pleasure which a scholar derives from treading the classic ground of Greece and Rome, is associated with the painful recollection of what they once were, and embittered by the degraded condition of the people, and the mutilated state of the public edifices. Yet degraded and dilapidated as they are, Athens and Rome still remain, Greeks and Romans still exist, and those noble monuments of arts and literature which have escaped destruction, will continue to attest their renown to the end of time. Far otherwise has been the fate of a city perhaps as ancient, as wealthy, and as populous as either of them. Not a trace of Carthage, its inhabitants, its government so highly extolled by Aristotle; not a vestige of its former splendour, not even a remnant of its own records, or its language, has survived the common wreck; their reproach alone adheres to their miserable successors, to whom the *Punica fides* is, perhaps with far more justice, still applied. Ten dreadful imprecations of their eternal enemy, the Romans, have been strictly fulfilled against this devoted city. In vain does the inquisitive traveller seek, in the neighbourhood of Tunis, for the triple wall with its lofty towers, whose capacious chambers contained stalls for three hundred elephants, and stables for four thousand horses, with lodgings for a numerous army—in vain does he look for those safe harbours and sheltered receptacles—for those two thousand ships of war and three thousand transports which carried Hamilcar and his warriors against Syracuse; a few remains of the public cisterns and the common sewers, are all that is left to point out where Carthage, with its 700,000 inhabitants, once stood. That commerce, which raised them to a pitch of wealth and glory unequalled in their day, is now dwindled to a few armed vessels and row-boats employed solely in rapine and plunder; and that manly republican freedom, which so successfully resisted every attempt at

at the establishment of tyranny, is now sunk into the lowest and most abject state of slavery.

The Romans, who established their colonies on the ruins of Carthage, were, in their turn, overthrown by the Vandals, the Vandals by the Greeks of the Eastern empire, the Greeks by the Arabs or Saracens, whose rapid and irresistible arms under the Caliphs had completed the conquest of Africa about the end of the seventh century. The spirit of enthusiasm which guided the sword of the disciples of Mahomet, was a volcano whose fiery torrent destroyed what it could not change. In Africa it seems to have changed every thing;—Romans, Vandals, Greeks, Goths—with their several languages, laws, religion, and literature—have all disappeared; and the recollection of the most powerful of them is preserved only by their descendants under the name of Romi, as a term of reproach for Christians of all nations.

From Tunis westward to the Strait of Gibraltar, and throughout the whole of the Morocco empire, scarcely a trace of the Roman colonies remains: but at Tripoli and from thence to the eastward, along the coast of the Greater Syrtes, and particularly at Lebida, the ancient *Leptis Magna*, are many splendid and magnificent remains of aqueducts and amphitheatres. Large shafts of columns, each of a single piece from eighteen inches to four feet in diameter, immense remains of frizes and architraves of porphyry, granite, and marble, lie strewed on the sandy plains of Lebida. Fragments of statuary have also been discovered, but it is doubtful if any work of art worth the digging out, can be expected.—Our knowledge of this interesting coast from Cape Bon to Alexandria is very imperfect, still more so that of the interior. Not even the latitudes and longitudes of a single cape or headland have been determined with any degree of accuracy.

From the little which is known of the interior, we collect that the general face of the country, the climate and natural productions, are pretty nearly the same as those of Southern Africa, with the addition of many valuable articles that have been introduced from Egypt and the East—as the camel, the dromedary, the horse, in the animal—the date, the fig, the olive, and the argan (eleodendron), in the vegetable kingdom. The inhabitants have black cattle and broad tailed sheep in great plenty; wheat and barley, yielding, without manure, most abundant crops; poultry and pigeons very numerous, and bees producing the finest honey. All the fruits of Europe and Asia, of the temperate and tropical climates, thrive equally well. Forest trees are the only species of the vegetable world that do not obtain their usual growth, and these are chiefly confined to the quercus suber and ilex, thuia, mimosa, cedar, walnut, and

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and chesnut; but the shrubby, the herbaceous, and the bulbous plants, are unrivalled even in Southern Africa. Atlas, with its numerous streams sent forth in every direction, fertilizes the soil, and the perpetual snow on its summit tempers the summer heat, and gives a freshness to the climate unknown in most parts of the world. The highest peak of Atlas, which is behind the city of Morocco, has been estimated, from the point at which perpetual snow lies, at 12,000 feet. The resources of a such a country, in the hands of an intelligent and industrious people, would be incalculable; the Roman colonies of Africa were in fact considered as the granaries of the empire.

The inhabitants are principally composed of two great and distinct classes, the *Berebbers* and the *Arabs*, from the latter of whom and their descendants, occasionally mixed with Europeans and Negroes, is formed the great mass of the population generally, but improperly, known by the name of *Moors*. Add to these the Jews and the Negroes, the Christian slaves and renegadoes, and we have all the component parts of the present population of the Barbary states. Whether this population may amount to fifty or fifteen millions is not at all known; but the latter is probably nearest the mark.* It is with them, 'a sin against God' to number the people.

The *Berebbers*, Braebers, or Barbars, are unquestionably the descendants either of the Carthaginian colonists, or of the people who preceded them, who, having opposed but a feeble resistance to the Romans, retired to the fastnesses of the mountains, from which they kept up a desultory warfare upon the successors of Mahomet: thus secluded, they have preserved a language totally different either from the Roman or the Arabic. Their name, borrowed, as Gibbon has observed, from the Latin provincials by the Arabian conquerors, has justly settled as a local denomination *(Barbary)* along the northern coast of Africa, and is found in the *Barabras* who dwell on the confines of Upper Egypt.† This original people inhabit all the mountainous tracts branching from the lofty chains of Atlas, from its most eastern limits, down to the river Suz. Jackson has

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* Jackson, 'from authentic information,' makes the empire of Morocco to contain *fifteen millions!* The following comparison of population, as given by two travellers, is no bad specimen of statistical accuracy.

Jackson. Morocco 270,000. Fez 380,000. Mequinez 110,000. Of all the towns 895,600.
Jardine. ——— 20,000. — 30,000. ——— 15,000. ——————— 120,000

But Doctor Buffa beats them all: he has no doubt that the city of Morocco, not long ago, contained 650,000 inhabitants! The Doctor, we suspect, wore multiplying as well as magnifying glasses—he *saw*, on the plain of Fez, the Emperor review 80,000 *cavalry*, and every man had an additional suit of clothes and *six ducats* given to him. Bravo!

† Gibbon has committed a great error in confounding the *Moors* with the *Brebers*; the former are Arabs pure or mixed; the latter are from a stock a thousand years at least antecedent to the Arabian conquest.

supposed

supposed the Shilluhs of Suse to be a distinct race, having a language peculiar to themselves; but Mr. Dupuis, the British vice-consul at Mogadore, says, and his authority is more to be depended on, that they are a branch of Berebbers, and their language a dialect of that spoken by that race. The Guanches, who peopled the Canary Islands, were Berebbers, and spoke the same language. They are described as an athletic, hardy, and enterprizing people, very patient of hunger and fatigue, of regular and handsome features, but of a ferocious expression. One remarkable feature which characterizes all the Berebber tribes is a scantiness of beard, consisting of a few straggling hairs on the upper lip, and a small tuft on the chin: their whole dress consists of a woollen jacket without sleeves, leaving the arms naked and free, and a pair of trowsers. They are almost universally robbers, and commit all manner of excesses on the unhappy traveller who falls into their clutches, unrestrained by any feelings of religion or humanity. Tenacious of liberty, they are under little or no controul of the sovereign to whom they are nominally subjects, and one or other of the tribes is generally at war with the troops sent to collect the taxes, or with the Arabs of the plains. But, ferocious and faithless as they are described to be, they are no less eminently distinguished for hospitality than the Arabs. A traveller, furnished with their protection, which, however, must be purchased, may pass unmolested through every part of their country; but without such protection from some of their chiefs, he will be betrayed, plundered, and murdered without the smallest scruple.

This extraordinary race of men is divided into a great number of petty tribes or clans, distinguished by the names of their several patriarchs or founders, who are generally celebrated for some particular act of devotion, or some extraordinary exploit; for though the sword of the successors of Mahomet failed to conquer them, they made a shew of submitting to the precepts of the koran, and to the commander of the faithful. They cultivate the ground and feed cattle; reside in mud huts, and sometimes, towards the upper parts of the mountains, in caverns like the ancient Troglodytes; but lower down they build houses or hovels of stone and timber, which are generally situated on some rising ground, or the summits of hills difficult of access, sometimes surrounded with walls in which are loop-holes for defending their habitations with musketry: they make their own fire-arms, and are accounted excellent marksmen.

The Shilluh Berebbers are represented as implacable in their enmities and insatiable in their revenge. Mr. Dupuis mentions a remarkable instance of this to which he was an eye-witness. A Shilluh, having murdered a Shilluh in a quarrel, fled to the Arabs,

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Arabs, to avoid the vengeance of the relations of the deceased; but not feeling himself secure even there, he performed a pilgrimage to Mecca: returning about nine years afterwards, with the sacred character of a Hadjee, he immediately proposed a reconciliation with the friends of the deceased; they attempted to seize him, but the fleetness of his horse favoured his escape to Mogadore; they pursued him to this place, and notwithstanding the attempts of the governor to effect a reconciliation, the fugitive was put in prison. They then hastened to Morocco to demand justice of the emperor, who was interested in the fate of the prisoner, and offered a pecuniary compensation for the loss of their friend, which was strenuously rejected. They returned to Mogadore with the emperor's order for the delivery of the prisoner into their hands; they conveyed the unhappy man without the walls of the town, where one of the party loaded his musket before the face of his victim, placed the muzzle to his breast, and shot him through the body; then, drawing his dagger, stabbed him to the heart.

'The calm intrepidity,' says Mr. Dupuis, 'with which this unfortunate Shilluh stood to meet his fate could not be witnessed without the highest admiration; and, however much we must detest the bloodthirstiness of his executioners, we must still acknowledge that there is something closely allied to nobleness of sentiment in the inflexible perseverance with which they pursued the murderer of their friend to punishment, without being diverted from their purpose by the strong inducements of self-interest.'—*(Appen. to Adams's Narrative.)*

The *Arabs*, strictly speaking, compose the most numerous class of the population. They are scattered over every part of Northern Africa, and are found even in the great desert to the confines of Soudan. Those of the plains, who dwell in tents, may be considered as the unmixed offspring of the Saracen invaders of the country. They are a fine race of men, tall and muscular, with good features and intelligent countenances, the eye large, black, and piercing, the nose somewhat arched, the teeth regular and white as ivory, the beard full and bushy, and the hair strong, straight, and universally black, the colour of the skin in the northern parts a bright clear brunette, darkening gradually into perfect blackness, but still without the Negro features, as we approach the country of Soudan. They are cultivators of the earth and breeders of cattle. They live invariably in tents made of a coarse stuff of camel or goat's hair, and the fibrous root of the palmeta, in families that vary in number from ten or twelve to a hundred. They all belong to their respective tribes, each having its own sheick or chief, who explains the Koran, administers justice, and settles disputes, in the same way as the patriarchs of old, and as is still the case on the plains of Asia, from which they originally came. At each encampment is a tent set

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set apart for religious worship and the reception of strangers—the Mehman Khanu of the Belooches.

An Arab encampment on the plains of Morocco is thus described by Keatinge.

'Let any one who has travelled in Ireland call up in his mind the imagery of a vast tract of bog there in an arid sun-burnt season, and an intense summer's day, without a cloud in the horizon, with here and there remotely dispersed groups of about twenty stacks of piled turf placed irregularly together; or let them fancy themselves placed in a circle round a central one, with a great herd of cattle not remote, and hardly a human being visible, and he may thus convey the general idea of an Arab country.'

An Arab family moves from place to place as the land becomes exhausted and the pasturage fails: as they increase, and their flocks and herds become too numerous for the food which the country affords, they separate, like Abraham and Lot, one proceeding to the right and the other to the left.

'When they march, the women sit in a group, perhaps of three, on the back of the camel; the younger animals, such as children, lambs, kids, and so forth, are allotted their places in the panniers on each side. The fowls, whose forecast and vigilance predict the approaching movement of the menage in due time, flock to secure themselves a settlement wherever a projecting point of the lean frame of the quadruped affords them a promise of security. Thus, guarded by a few men on horseback, with their muskets rested across their pummels, and the rest driving their herds, they are met in their migrations.'—(*Keatinge*, p. 329.)

Impatient of restraint, and fondly attached to independence, few Arabs are found in any of the towns; but they bring their produce to market, pitching their tents on the nearest spot where grass and water are met with. They are almost always at war, either with one another, or with the Berebbers, or, like these people, with the troops of their respective Moorish sovereigns, who are sent to collect the taxes; and their hostilities are carried on with the most savage brutality, sparing neither age nor sex. War may be said to be the wandering Arab's trade, and plundering his revenue; when they have neither quarrels among themselves nor their neighbours, they usually seek for hire among the deys, or bashaws, as auxiliary troops. One common sentiment of hatred to Christians seems to pervade the whole community. More violent than the Moor or the Berebber, he is, however, less treacherous, and seldom conceals his antipathy. The hospitality of an Arab is proverbial, but it exerts itself no farther than the little circumference of the plain of which his encampment is the centre; beyond this he feels no compunction in plundering or murdering the guest whom he had fed, lodged, and protected, the preceding night. We shall extract

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an anecdote from the 'Narrative,' strongly characteristic of the savage hospitality of this warlike people.

'A chief of a party of the Bey's (of Tripoli) troops, pursued by the Arabs, lost his way, and was benighted near the enemy's camp. Passing the door of a tent that was open, he stopped his horse and implored assistance, being almost overcome and exhausted with fatigue and thirst. The warlike Arab bid his enemy enter his tent with confidence, and treated him with all the hospitality and respect for which this people are so famous. The highest among them, like the heroes of old, wait on their guest. A man of rank, when visited by a stranger, quickly fetches a lamb from his flock and kills it, and his wife superintends her women in dressing it in the best manner. With some of the Arabs the primitive custom of washing the feet is yet adopted, and this compliment is performed by the head of the family. Their supper was the best of the fattest lamb roasted, their dessert, dates and dried fruit; and the lady of the tent, to honour more particularly her husband's guest, set before him a dish of *bosseen* of her own making. It was flour and water kneaded into a paste, and left on a cloth to rise while the fire was lighted; then throwing it on the embers, and turning it often, it was taken off half-baked, broke into pieces, and kneaded again with new milk, oil, and salt, made into the shape of a pudding and garnished with *madeed*, which is small bits of mutton dried and salted in the highest manner.

'Though these two chiefs were opposed in war, they talked with candour and friendship to each other, recounting the achievements of themselves and their ancestors, when a sudden paleness overspread the countenance of the host. He started from his seat and retired, and in a few moments afterwards sent word to his guest that bed was prepared and all things ready for his repose; that he was not well himself and could not attend to finish his repast; that he had examined the Moor's horse and found it too much exhausted to bear him through a hard journey the next day; but that before sun-rise an able horse, with every accommodation, would be ready at the door of the tent, where he would meet him and expect him to depart with all expedition. The stranger, not able to account farther for the conduct of his host, retired to rest.

'An Arab waked him in time to take refreshment before his departure, which was ready prepared for him; but he saw none of the family till he perceived, on reaching the door of the tent, the master of it holding the bridle of his horse, and supporting his stirrups for him to mount, which is done among the Arabs as the last office of friendship. No sooner was the stranger mounted than his host announced to him, that, through the whole of the enemy's camp, he had not so great an enemy to dread as himself. "Last night," said he, "in the exploits of your ancestors, you discovered to me the murderer of my father. There lie all the habits he was slain in," (which were at that moment brought to the door of the tent,) "over which, in the presence of my family, I have many times sworn to revenge his death, and to seek the blood of his murderer from sun-rise to sun-set. The sun has not yet risen, the sun will be no more than risen when I pursue you, after you have in safety

safety quitted my tent, where, fortunately for you, it is against our religion to molest you, after your having sought my protection, and found a refuge there; but all my obligations cease as soon as we part, and from that moment you must consider me as one determined on your destruction, in whatever part, or at whatever distance, we may meet again. You have not mounted a horse inferior to the one that stands ready for myself; on its swiftness surpassing that of mine depends one of our lives or both." After saying this he shook his adversary by the hand and parted from him. The Moor, profiting of the few moments he had in advance, reached the bey's army in time to escape his pursuer, who followed him closely as near the enemy's camp as he could with safety.'—(*Narrative*, p. 78.)

Keatinge says that 'in the intercourse with the stranger, about whom they may take and feel an interest, that is, to cajole or to wrong, the countenance becomes suffused with the conciliatory pretext of the tiger when approaching the object of his fangs not yet within their reach;' if by this paraphrastic sentence be meant, that the Arabs are treacherous and smile only to betray, Mr. Keatinge is wholly ignorant of the true character of the Arab, which is severely sincere, and so faithful, that a traveller once admitted into his tent may sleep in perfect security.

The Arab women are relieved from the drudgery of tilling the land, but they grind the corn in the primitive mill, consisting of a moveable stone with a handle turned round on a fixed one, and weave the coarse web with the simplest of all looms—two or three pieces of stick. They also prepare the *cooscosoo*, or granulated paste, in which is smothered any kind of animal food, a dish universally in use from Arabia to the shores of the Atlantic, and not unlike the pilaw of India, the granulated flour of wheat being substituted for rice. The women also milk the cattle, look after the poultry, and are generally employed in all the domestic concerns which fall to the lot of the weaker sex in the civilized countries of Europe. The whole family sleep in the same tent, generally on sheep-skins. Each parent furnishes his child, on marriage, with a tent, a stone hand-mill, a basket, a wooden bowl, two earthen dishes, and as many camels, cows, sheep, and goats as circumstances will allow.

The *Jews*.—The intolerance and oppression which this singular people suffered in Spain and Portugal drove vast multitudes of them to seek shelter among the barbarians of Africa. It has been loosely stated that 100,000 took refuge in Morocco, and about half that number in the other Barbary states. The stock, however, had long before that event taken root in this quarter of the world, and in all probability was transplanted together with the original settlers from Phœnicia. No insult, indignity, or oppression

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prevents the Israelite from domiciliating himself, wherever he happens to fix his abode. He is a plant that seems to be suited for every soil, and generally thrives best where the pruning knife is most applied. Among the Moors he is made to suffer beyond what any nature but that of a Jew could bear; yet such is the ignorance of the ruling powers and their Moorish subjects, that the affairs of state could hardly be carried on without him. Most of the trades and professions are exercised by Jews; they farm the revenues; act as commissaries and custom-house officers; as secretaries and interpreters; they coin money; furnish and fabricate all the jewelry, gold and silver ornaments and trappings for the Sultans, Beys, and Bashaws, and their respective harems;—and in return for all this, they are oppressed by the higher ranks, and reviled and insulted by the rabble. They live chiefly in the great towns, confined to a particular quarter, in miserable mud-built hovels surrounded with filth; but this appearance of poverty does not save their purses: they are subject to arbitrary impositions, and pay a capitation tax from a certain age. 'If the period of payment be disputed, a string is put round the lad's neck, and afterwards doubled in length and put in his mouth; if then, and thus, it pass over his head, he is deemed an object of taxation;—each Jew appears in person to pay his quota; and this being done, a Moor touches him on the head with a switch, and says "Jump;" whereupon the Jew goes his way.'—(*Keatinge.*) Black being a hated colour among the Moors, is the only one permitted to the Jews. In walking the streets, they are subject to every kind of insult, even from children: should the Jew raise his hand in self-defence, it is lopped off; but if the Jew be murdered by a Mussulman, the life of the latter is not in the least danger. Keatinge says, that a few days before the embassy reached Morocco, a Moor had murdered a Jewish merchant, cut his body in pieces, and thrown them into the shafts or ventilators of the aqueduct. The Jews by a sedulous search discovered the murderer, who was seized and thrown into prison, where he was to undergo the bastinado; but the Jews being impatient, collected in crowds round the palace, and clamoured for justice. The sultan, thus assailed, ordered his guards to drive the infidels to their quarter; and imposed a heavy fine on them for their audacity.

A Moor may enter a Jew's house, disturb the family at unseasonable hours, and insult the women; yet the Israelite 'dares not to insinuate to him the slightest hint that his walking out as soon as it suited his convenience would be any way acceptable.' In passing a mosque, they must pull off their slippers, and walk bare-footed; the task of burying executed criminals devolves on the Jews; the wild beasts in the menagerie are fed and cleaned by them. It is frequently

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frequently necessary, in some of the western ports of Morocco, to carry Europeans wishing to land through the surf of the Atlantic; it would be degradation in a Moor to carry a Christian, and he is therefore hoisted upon the shoulders of an Israelite. He can neither shift his place of residence without special permission, nor ride a horse, nor wear a sword. Yet under all these vexatious and degrading circumstances, a Jew renegado is not known: they are allowed the free exercise of their religion, and it would seem as if this indulgence was considered as a compensation for all their sufferings; so says Keatinge: but Lempriere, whose authority we are more inclined to trust, says that they frequently become converts to the Mahomedan faith, but meet with little encouragement on that account, and no respect.

Though the Jew must appear in black clothing in the streets, yet in his own quarter he dresses in splendid but oddly assorted finery. Their friendly meetings are generally held on the house-top; where, on the sabbaths and holidays, the men appear 'in velvet, and laced like Spanish admirals,' with 'a greasy night-cap on the head, just barely shewing that it had once been white, surmounted by a great three-cocked hat with a broad gold lace.' The ladies, too, are loaded with jewels, and the daughters of Israel in this part of Africa are said to preserve the two characteristics of female beauty—an expressive set of features, and fine dark eyes; neither of which, however, are improved by the unsparing use of paint. Their dress consists of a fine linen shirt, with loose sleeves hanging almost to the ground, over this a caftan of cloth or velvet, reaching to the hips, and open in front to expose the neck and bosom, the edges generally embroidered with gold; over this a petticoat, generally of green cloth, also embroidered, and a broad sash of silk and gold round the waist, with the ends hanging down behind; a silk sash binds the hair, with the ends flowing loose; and red slippers embroidered with gold complete the costume. The young Jewess is not permitted to go out without her face muffled up, in the manner of the Moors; but the matrons may appear in public unveiled; and though the elderly ladies are exceedingly strict with regard to the conduct of the young ones, they are said to be by no means averse to a little gallantry on their own account.

The *Moors*, so called by Europeans, are, as we have said, a mixture of all nations who have at any time settled in North Africa; but the predominant character, physical and moral, is that of the Arab or Saracen. The name is unknown to themselves, and if, as it would seem, it is a corruption from that of *Mauri*, by which the Romans designated the people of a particular province, it has long ceased to be applicable to the present inhabitants. 'If you ask a Moor,' says Mr. Dupuis, 'what he calls himself, he will

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answer that he is a *Mooslim*, or believer.—His country? *Bled Mooslimin*, the land of believers.' The Arabs distinguish them by the name of *Medainien*, or town's-people. Europeans, however, are in the habit of applying indiscriminately the term *Moor*, not only to the mass of population in Northern Africa, but throughout all Asia to the confines of China; it is in fact almost synonimous with Mussulman. The Moors of Africa are rigid disciples of Mahomet; they pray five times a day with the face turned towards Mecca; perform their ablutions; circumcise their male children; believe that every man's destiny is pre-ordained and written in the book of fate; hate and despise Christians and Jews; shut up their women; and eat cooscosoo. If they are generally found to be an indolent and inactive race, spending whole days in sitting cross-legged with their backs against a wall, looking with invincible taciturnity at the passengers in the streets; if they are jealous, deceitful, and cruel, distrustful of their neighbours, and strangers to every social tie; if their hearts are so callous as to be incapable of one tender sentiment of love or friendship; if it be true, as Jackson says, that 'the father fears the son—the son the father,' and that 'this lamentable want of confidence diffuses itself throughout the whole community,'—we are not disposed to ascribe those unfavourable traits of character to any particular defect in the organization of the cranium of the Moor, (though we doubt not Doctors Gall and Spurzheim would resolve it all into the law of skulls,) but to moral and political causes; to the influence of a vile government, an absurd religion, and that gross ignorance which must prevail throughout all ranks of people among whom the discovery of a printed book would be deemed a crime. Let us only recollect what these very same people were in Spain; where their political condition was but a few degrees better than in Africa. All the knowledge which Spain possessed, all the liberal arts and sciences, all the trades and professions, flowed from and were exercised by the intelligent and industrious Moors. In vain should we now look for a glimmering of that light, whose rays, darting from the desert plains of Arabia, illumined the dark ages of Europe. In vain should we search from one extremity of Africa to the other for the least trace of knowledge in any one branch of the arts or abstract sciences, or general literature.

The Moor never laughs, and seldom smiles; his grave and pensive appearance wears the external characteristic of a thinking animal, but it is the mere result of habit; there is no heart, no mind, no curiosity, no ambition of knowledge; he exists in a state of perpetual languor, which seems only excited into enjoyment, when, in total vacuity of mind, he is seen to stroke his beard. We say nothing at present of his harem; his domestic amusements

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can only be known to himself: but of his pleasures in public, next to the abstraction from all ideas, that of the bath seems to preponderate: few of any rank or opulence are without this luxury; but every large town has its public baths, which are generally annexed to some caravansera or coffee-house; here the Moor gets himself well rubbed down, and his joints stretched or shampooed; here he sips his coffee, and here he is amused with wild tales of genii or fairies.

The refinement of eating and drinking constitutes no part of the Moors' happiness; they have plenty of good and wholesome food; but cooscosoo is the standing dish: the manner of eating it is thus described by Keatinge:—'The Mussulman with his left hand tears the meat to pieces, gropes into and rolls up the grain, combs the offal from his mouth with his fingers through his long beard, and, with a notable regard to economy, throws it back into the dish, for a plastic hand to mould anew into modification for swallowing:'—this the Colonel calls 'philosophically eating to satisfy the claims of nature.' While on this subject, our readers may perhaps be amused with the bill of fare of an Imperial feast sent to the house of the English ambassador. It was brought by two men 'sweating under the load of a hand-barrow, the contents of which were an enormous china bowl, filled with the national dish, and pride of the kitchen, Cooscosoo. This being deposited, was followed by an entire sheep, skinned indeed, and bearing evidence of having undergone the process of the kitchen, but yet apparently possessing its intestines as in days of yore. The equivoque was, however, speedily solved; for, incision being made, a bounteous discharge of contents extruded, ready dressed, in various fanciful forms of puddings, forced meats, minced meats, and indescribable *et-ceteras*, wherein it seemed as if this Arabesque taste had been trained to adhere to the modes of nature.'

The Moors are great observers of ill omens: what they most dread is the influence of an evil spirit or an evil eye, to counteract which they wear charms round the neck, or carry in their stomach a portion of the Koran. The usual way of preparing this last preventive is to write down certain verses of the Koran, to burn them, and to mix the ashes with some liquid to be swallowed fasting; thus fortified, a Moor is proof against all the demons of 'Dom Daniel's cave.' Among their superstitions may be reckoned their abhorrence of black; their mode of expressing the number *five* by four and one; their abstaining from mentioning the word *death*, which they avoid as cautiously as the courtly divine did the 'mention of hell to ears polite.' Spirits being supposed to walk abroad at night, he must be a Moor of no ordinary cast of mind who, unfurnished with the sacred periapt just noticed, would venture

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abroad in the dark: if a person should die suddenly, he is struck by some local demon. Thirteen in company is an unlucky omen; but this superstition, like some of the others, is not confined to the Moors—many a good lady in England would not sleep comfortably if by any misfortune her company at table had consisted of thirteen.

Among other superstitions an opinion prevails, we believe in all the four states, that it is ordained the Moors shall lose their country on a Friday during the hour of prayer, by the invasion of a people clothed in red; yet so inconsistent are they, that at this hour all the gates of every city are carefully locked, as if bars and bolts, could oppose the decrees of fate. They are not, however, mere theorists in predestination, but submit to every change of fortune with humble resignation, passing from a state of opulence to that of misery without a murmur; and when death approaches, the expiring man desires nothing more than that his face may be carefully turned towards Mecca, and, when assured of this position, he bears his sufferings with patience, and leaves the world in peace.

'When a person is thought to be dying, he is immediately surrounded by his friends, who begin to scream in the most hideous manner, to convince him there is no more hope, and that he is already reckoned among the dead! The noise and horror of this scene cannot surely but serve to hurry the patient, worn down already by sickness, to his last state. If the person be in too much pain (perhaps in a fit) they put a spoonful of honey in his mouth, which in general puts him out of his misery (that is to say, he is literally choaked); when, by being treated differently, or even left to himself, he might, perhaps, have recovered. Then, as, according to their religion, they cannot think the departed happy, till they are under ground, they are washed instantly while yet warm; and the greatest consolation the sick man's friends can have is to see him smile while this operation is performing, as they look on that as a sign of approbation in the deceased of what is doing; not supposing such an appearance to be a convulsion, occasioned by washing and exposing to the cold air the unfortunate person before life has taken its final departure. This accounts for the frequent instances that happen here of people being buried alive: many of the Moors say a third of the people are lost in this manner.'

'The moment a death happens in a family, the alarm is given by the shrill screaming of the words *woulliah woo*, repeated incessantly by the relations and every body in the house. These cries, heard at a great distance, bring every female acquainted with, or dependent on, the family, to scream over the dead, and mourn with the nearest relations of the deceased; and it strikes one with the greatest horror to see the afflicted widow or mother, half dead with grief for her loss, obliged (according to the custom of the country) to receive the visits of not less than a hundred different women, who come to condole with her. They each take her in their arms, they lay her head on their shoulder, and scream without intermission for several minutes, till the afflicted object,

stunned

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stunned with the constant howling, and a repetition of her misfortune, sinks senseless from their arms on the floor! They likewise hire a number of women, who make this horrid noise round the bier placed in the middle of the court-yard of the mansion, over which these women scratch their faces to such a degree, that they appear to have been bled with a lancet at the temples; after the ceremony is over, they lay on a sort of white chalk to heal the wounds and stop the blood. These women are hired indifferently at burials, weddings, and feasts; at the two latter they sing the song *loo, loo, loo,* and extempore verses. Their voices are heard at the distance of half a mile.

'It is the custom of those who can afford it, to give, on the evening of the day the corpse is buried, a quantity of hot dressed victuals to the poor, who come to fetch each their portion, and form sometimes immense crowds and confusion at the doors; this they call the supper of the grave.'—*Narrative*, pp. 89—92.

The dead are always dressed for the grave; the ears, nostrils and eyelids are stuffed with a preparation of camphor and rich spices. An unmarried woman is ornamented as a bride, and bracelets are put on her arms and ankles. The body is wrapped in fine white linen, sanctified at Mecca, which is generally procured in their lifetime, and carefully preserved for their last dress. At the head of the coffin is placed a turban, if the deceased be a male, corresponding with his rank; if a female, a large bouquet of flowers—if a virgin, the *loo, loo, loo,* is sung by hired women, that she may not be laid in the ground without having had the benefit of the wedding song. On Fridays, the eve of the Mahommedan sabbath, the women visit the tombs of their deceased relations, under the idea that on that day the dead hover round to meet their friends, and to hold commerce with those that may be deposited near them; and on this account they conceive it to be the more necessary to dress the dead, that they may not in such an assembly of ghosts complain of the neglect of their relations. The tombs are neatly whitewashed, and kept in constant repair; flowers are planted round them, and no weeds suffered to grow. Small chapels are generally built over the tombs of persons of rank, and decorated with flowers placed in large China vases.

It is not surprizing that a people so ignorant and superstitious should be alarmed at so awful a phenomenon as the almost total eclipse of the sun—the effect of their terrors shews itself nearly in the same way as in China.

'When the eclipse was at its height, they ran about distracted in companies, firing vollies of muskets at the sun, to frighten away the monster or dragon, as they called it, by which they supposed it was being devoured. At that moment the Moorish song of death and *woulliah-woo*,* or the howl they make for their dead, not only resounded from the

* It may be remarked that the howl of *woulliah-woo* is also mentioned by Herodotus,

the mountains and valleys of Tripoli, but was undoubtedly re-echoed throughout the continent of Africa. The women brought into the streets all the brass pans, kettles, and iron utensils they could collect, and striking on them with all their force, and screaming at the same time, occasioned a horrid noise that was heard for miles.'—*Narrative*, p. 166.

We have already attributed the brutalized state of the Moors, to the wretched system of government under which they live. It would exceed our limits to enter into any details on this subject, and we must therefore content ourselves with a few notices, illustrative of the personal character of some of the Barbary sovereigns, on which, in despotic states, every thing must necessarily depend.

The present Sultan of Morocco, Muley Solyman, is a direct descendant, in the Sheriffe line, of the Arab conquerors of the country. He is a quiet, peaceable man, and, if we may believe a Doctor Buffa, who resided some time at his court, 'his chief study and attention appear to be directed to the welfare and happiness of his people.' Two things are certainly much in his favour—he has abolished Christian slavery, and he employs no Turks to oppress the people; nor does he recruit the army of blacks, amounting once to 40,000 men, which Muley Ismael imported from the southward of the Sahara, under the notion that they would execute his orders without compunction, and by thus rendering themselves odious to his subjests, be less likely to conspire with them against him. Negroes, however, are still to be found as governors of cities, commanders of the body guard, eunuchs to the harem, and filling other offices of the state.

'The same man,' says Keatinge, 'who, if kidnapped at his parents' door and brought westward, would handle the hoe, if sold in a northerly direction, wields the baton of command; and by his talents, steadiness, and bravery, is considered the pillar of the state. The same female, who, if exported across the Atlantic, should daily be lacerated by the stripes of the cow-skin, be the daily victim of the brutality of one sex, and the malignity of the other, now sits upon a throne, because chance pointed her captivity hither.'

Muley Yezid, the brother and predecessor of the present emperor, was altogether a different character, being destitute of every spark of human feeling. He plundered all the Jews in his dominions, and massacred those who did not at once produce their riches; and he is said to have burned alive six young Jewesses who ventured to plead for their fathers' lives. His first act, on coming to the throne, was to put to death the chief minister, and to cause his head and his hands to be nailed to the door of the Spanish consul's

as of African birth. 'I am inclined,' says he, 'to think that the songs of lamentations, which are sung in temples, had the same origin, because they are commonly used by the *women of Lybia*.'

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house, because his father was supposed to have favoured that nation. During his father's life he headed a Negro army, and got himself proclaimed king at Mequinez: the rebellion was soon put down, and as an expiation of his crime he was sent on a pilgrimage to Mecca, with a numerous escort, and a large sum of money as a present to the holy shrine. Of this money he contrived to rob the escort; and as a further punishment, and to keep him out of Morocco, the emperor ordered him to perform three successive pilgrimages before he ventured to shew himself in his dominions. In these peregrinations to and from Mecca he contrived to spend much time, to the annoyance of every body, at Tripoli, which gave the writer of the 'Narrative' the opportunity of witnessing many of his horrible excesses.

At Tripoli, besides the daughter of an Arab chief whom he had stolen, he had with him seven wives—five Greeks, and two black women. One of them bore him a son there, on which occasion he gave a grand entertainment. His father's treasurer, having made some difficulty about advancing the money for the feast, was made to swallow a quantity of sand, in consequence of which he died a few days afterwards. His general behaviour was so brutal that none of the European consuls would venture near him. When at Tunis, a Spanish renegado, who from the condition of a slave had been elevated to the rank of a mameluke, and set over his harem, was discovered to have seduced the affections of one of his favourite ladies.

'He took no notice at Tunis of the discovery he had made of the infidelity of the fair slave, or the treachery of the renegado, but brought the deluded culprits on with him, not altering his behaviour, while his heart was coolly meditating in what manner to sacrifice them, that their punishment might satiate his revenge. By the time he arrived at Zuarra he had decided the fate of these unfortunate wretches. This cannibal eats not men, but feasts upon their sufferings; he put the two offenders to death, the woman first and the man afterwards, with his own hands, in a manner the most heightened description of cruelty could not exaggerate.'—p. 196.

This ferocious monster (who, to the relief of suffering humanity, was assassinated a few months after his accession) amused some portion of his leisure, in travelling to and fro between Tripoli and Tunis. The road presented scenery congenial to his savage nature; and we shall give a striking view of one part of it, from the 'Narrative,' which is here both spirited and picturesque.

'A part of the road from Tunis to Tripoli cannot be passed without great danger on account of wild beasts, which not unfrequently attack passengers, in spite of the precautions taken to prevent their approach. The Bashaw's physician, a Sicilian, performed this tremendous journey by

by land with his wife and two children not long since. He joined an immense caravan, that being the only method by which he could traverse the deserts, and proceeded in safety to this place. The Sicilian has often described to us the gloomy and impenetrable forest they passed, where the repeated howlings of wild beasts, excited by the scent of cattle accompanying the caravan, were increased and heightened as it drew near their horrible dens. Sometimes the caravan was constrained to remain for several days near these woods, to avoid the approaching hurricane in the desert they were about to pass through; for by the aspect of the heavens, those who frequent the deserts can often foresee these dreadful winds many hours before they happen. No sooner were the tents pitched and the caravan become stationary, than a peculiar noise in the forest announced the wild beasts verging to the borders of it, there to wait a favourable opportunity to rush out and seize their prey. The dreadful roar of the lion was not heard during the day, but when the darkness came on continued murmurs announced him, and his voice getting louder broke like peals of thunder on the stillness of the night. The panther and the tiger were seen early in the evening to make circuits nearer and nearer round the caravan. In the center of it were placed the tents with the women, children, and flocks; the cattle were ranged next; and the camels, horses, and dogs last. One chain of uninterrupted fires encircling the whole, were kept continually blazing during every night. On the least failure of these fires, the lion was instantly heard to come closer to the caravan. At his roar, the sheep and lambs shook as if in an ague; the horses, without attempting to move, were instantaneously covered with a strong perspiration from the terror; the cries of the cattle were distressing; the dogs started from every part of the caravan, and assembling together in one spot, seemed endeavouring by their united howlings to frighten away the savage devourer, from whose tremendous power nothing was able to save them but a fresh blaze of fire. Twice during this journey the lion was seen to carry off his prey, each time a sheep, to the universal terror of the affrighted spectators, who in vain with fire-arms endeavoured to prevent him.'—pp. 288, 289.

The father of Muley Solyman and Muley Yezid, filled the throne of Morocco when Mr. Lempriere and Colonel Keatinge visited that empire. By their accounts, he affected to distribute justice impartially, and, wherever he happened to be, to hear all complaints and petitions in person. We are told by Jackson that 'his judgment was prompt, decisive, plausible, and generally correct.' His usual seat of justice was the saddle, and a scarlet umbrella, held over his head, the symbol of sovereignty. It is the custom in all the Barbary states for every person, whatever his rank or condition may be, to accompany his suit with a present corresponding to the magnitude of the favour he has to ask, or the condition of the suitor; and, whatever Mr. Jackson may say to the contrary, 'the hog,' we suspect, will be very apt 'to overturn the pot of oil.' We have

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have a good illustration of the manner in which the Barbary sovereigns administer justice in person, in the case of the Bey of Tunis, who also makes a parade of sitting himself in the judgment seat, and of affording access to his person to the lowest subject in his dominions. A horde of Bedouin Arabs set out for Tunis to complain of the bashaw who had been set over them. Aware of this, the bashaw got the start of them, and stated his case to the Bey, praying at the same time his acceptance of a small proof of his inviolable attachment to his highness's person. This proof was contained in a purse of ten thousand piastres. 'Very well,' said the Bey, 'give the money to Mariano' (his treasurer). Presently the Arabs came into the hall, imploring the Bey to remove the chief, and give them a less tyrannical governor, supporting their request with another purse of ten thousand piastres. 'Well, well,' said the Bey, 'give the money to Mariano, and you shall have justice.' Then calling together the whole party he thus addressed them:

'"My friends, I was fully aware of the justice of your complaints, and have most severely reprimanded that man, who has sworn upon the head of our holy prophet, that he will in future behave better to you, and endeavour to merit your esteem; take him therefore to your hearts, and be likewise good to him; and as for you," (turning to the chief,) "let it be known to all these people, that if the smallest complaint is again made against your administration, your head will pay the forfeiture of your promise." And they all retired, applauding the wisdom and justice of their beneficent sovereign.'—*Blaquiere's Letters from the Mediterranean.*

After such a monster as Muley Ismael, with whom, however, George I. concluded a treaty of peace and amity, Sidi Mahomet the late emperor, appeared to Keatinge a good sort of man. He did not, like Muley Ismael, acquire a dexterity in taking off heads by practising on unoffending passengers, nor exercise himself in decapitating criminals, an amusement which he generally reserved for the sabbath day—on the contrary, we are told, as a favourable trait in his character, that 'he never put a man to death with his own hand'—but he tried to do it once; or, in our author's whimsical phraseology, 'the charge has been very near capability of substantiation.' 'One of his officers, thinking himself wronged by him, expressed himself so firmly in the royal presence, that the sultan, enraged, drew his sabre and cut him on the head with a so definitively effort, that the weapon, by the violence of it, flew out of his hand. The officer took it from the ground, wiped and presented it to his master to finish the business, which impressive instance of resigned resolution so struck the despot, that he relented, sheathed his sword, and took him into favour ever after.'

We should doubt whether this was not rather a momentary respite

pite of passion than an effort of magnanimity, and we should doubt it the more from the circumstance of Lempriere having seen this same personage drawn about the court yard of his harem, in a four-wheeled carriage, by the sons of four Spanish renegadoes. It would seem, however, from Jardine's account, that the sovereign is the only legal executioner in his kingdom, and that his sentences, all sudden inspirations, are put in execution—and heads and hands chopped off—before the cause is half heard. The hand of a thief is disposed of with very little ceremony, and the hæmorrhage immediately stopped by plunging the stump into boiling pitch. This, says Keatinge, obviates all necessity for bandages, tourniquets, or dressings; the criminal after this process is turned loose, and no further inquiry made about him.

Sidi Mahomed affected a love of literature, and a predilection for the mathematics; to shew the extent of his knowledge in this science, he used to scratch on a board, with a pair of carpenter's compasses, the common mode of raising a perpendicular, which he had learned from a sea captain; and this exhibition he generally went through when any Europeans visited his court. He lived to the age of seventy-eight, but in a state of such suspicion, that he made his sons his tasters, and, void of faith in man, confided his chamber to a guard of blood-hounds.

The Dey of Algiers is a Turk, sometimes appointed by the Grand Signior, but usually chosen out of the Divan, or body of Janizaries, who controul both him and the country; and subsist by plunder and extortion. The political history of Barbary is, in fact, a history of massacres, and a Dey of Algiers is hardly expected to die in his bed.

The Bey of Tunis is of Turkish descent, but a native African, and both the court and the people of this state are more civilized, and less bigoted, and averse from strangers than those of Algiers. The Bashaw of Tripoli is a native Moor, a timid man, an usurper of his brother's throne, but desirous of living in quiet, and at peace with all the world. Thus constituted as to sovereigns are, at present, the four Barbary states. But, as we have observed, so much depends on the personal character of the sovereign, that, without some better established laws, and more permanent system of government, the ephemeral sceptre of each of them (Morocco, perhaps, excepted) will remain, as it has been, a prize to be contended for by Turks, Venetians, Neapolitans, Sardinians, Spaniards, and renegadoes of every Christian nation; the son of a Corsican slave, having once wielded the sceptre of Tunis, deprives Buonaparte of being the only adventurer from that island who renounced his religion and usurped a throne.

Of the reigning family of Tripoli, the character of the bashaw, his

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his eldest son the bey, and his two brothers, their wives and harems, their domestic intrigues, quarrels, and economy, the 'Narrative' contains many very curious and interesting details.

Alli Caromalli, or Caromanli, the reigning bashaw in 1784, (the earliest date of these letters,) was the grandson of Hamet, who, after treacherously causing the assassination of the Turkish soldiery, whom he looked upon as his gaolers, succeeded in procuring a *firman* from the Grand Signior, which settled the succession of the pachalick in the Moorish line. He had three sons from one wife, the eldest of which, Sidi Hassan, who has the title of bey, and is considered as the legitimate successor of the throne, was about thirty years of age; the second was named Sidi Hamet; and the youngest, about twenty, Sidi Useph, the last of whom at present fills the throne of Tripoli; the two younger brothers, and particularly the latter, conceived an inveterate hatred against the bey, and, as usual in all the Mahomedan governments, conspired to deprive him of the succession. On the feast of Beiram, which immediately follows the fast of Ramadan, every good Mussulman endeavours to settle all quarrels which may have disturbed the peace of his family in the foregoing year. On the first day of this feast also, it is usual for the subjects of a certain rank to do homage to the sovereign. On such occasions,

'Two of the people in whom the bashaw has the greatest confidence, stand on each side of him; their office is to lay hold of the arm of every stranger that presents himself to kiss the bashaw's hand, for fear of any hidden treachery, and only people of consequence and trust are permitted to enter his presence armed. The drawing room, in honour of the day, was uncommonly crowded; when all the courtiers were, in a moment, struck with a sight that seemed to congeal their blood: they appeared to expect nothing less than the slaughter of their sovereign, at the foot of his throne, and themselves to be sacrificed to the vengeance of his enemies. The three princes entered, with their chief officers, guards, and blacks, armed in an extraordinary manner, with their sabres drawn. Each of the sons, surrounded by his own officers and guards, went separately up to kiss the bashaw's hand. He received them with trembling, and his extreme surprize and agitation were visible to every eye, and the doubtful issue of the moment appeared terrible to all present. The princes formed three divisions, keeping distinctly apart; they conversed with the consuls, and different people of the court, as freely as usual, but did not suffer a glance to escape each other. They stayed but a short time in the drawing room, each party retiring in the same order they had entered; and it became apparent that their rage was levelled against each other, and not against their father, though the bashaw seemed only to recover breath on their departure.'—p. 126.

The Bey is stated to have used every means to conciliate his brothers, but in vain; he is described, indeed, as a man of very engaging

ing manners, of a calm and tranquil disposition, which had assumed a cast of melancholy, from having lost all his sons in the dreadful plague that desolated the Barbary states in the year 1785, and of which many very curious and melancholy details are given in these letters. In heading the army against some refractory Arab chiefs, his appearance at his departure is thus described:

'In about two hours after his attendants had waited for him, the Bey came out of the castle, habited in a loose dress of blue and gold tissue, over a pale yellow caftan, embroidered with gold and silver. His belt was studded with jewels, and his turban was crossed over with gold drapery, having long ends pendant from it. He had a very large jewel claw in his turban, which had been newly set, and looked extremely beautiful, with a new gold crescent, considerably larger than that he usually wears.

'We never saw the Bey received better by the Moors. Their acclamations were loud and incessant for some time; and the Bey, whose figure is always interesting, looked particularly handsome and majestic. He mounted a most splendid black horse. The animal seemed to vie with its master in the richness of its appearance; it was adorned with no less than four magnificent velvet housings. The broad black chest of the horse displayed to advantage eight solid gold drop necklaces, which reached to his legs; the saddle was chased gold, the front of it set with jewels; the stirrups were very large, and appeared like burnished gold. His whole appearance was uncommonly brilliant.'—p. 180.

Though the two brothers conspired against the Bey, there was no common sentiment but that of jealousy as to his successor; and they were perpetually wrangling with each other; their quarrels, however, as generally happens among these lawless African princes, originated chiefly with their dependants. Savage as these fraternal broils must be deemed, they are sometimes not altogether divested of a noble sentiment. On a rencontre of the two brothers, at the head of their armed followers, Sidi Hamet the elder, approaching his brother Sidi Useph, thus addressed him,—

'"Sidi Useph, what shall we get by cutting our servants to pieces *here*, who are all friends, *wield-el-bled* (sons of the town); we may fill the castle with blood, and frighten the women, but *here* we shall escape each other's arms; if we fall, it may be by some of our own people, and our private quarrel will remain unrevenged. Call for your horse, mine is ready, and let us instantly go out in the pianura (or plain), and there settle this dispute between us."—At this moment the wife and the mother of Sidi Hamet rushed forward, screaming in despair, and, followed by their slaves, awakened the Bashaw, by the *woulliah-woo* which ran through the castle. The Bashaw ordered them to disarm, and to embrace each other. Sidi Hamet and Sidi Useph approached the Bashaw; they each kissed his hand, and laid it on their heads, then kissed his head, and the hem of his garment, and wished him, in the Moorish manner,

manner, a long life. They were retiring, and did not offer to salute each other; the Bashaw seized both their hands in his, and said, "By the prophet, by my head, by your hands, and by this hand that holds them, there is peace between you."'—p. 217.

The two brothers had not long before this taken the most sacred oaths of friendship and fidelity to each other at the shrine of their temple; and they had very recently gone together to renew these oaths in a still stronger manner, by performing the last ceremony resorted to in this country, *the mixing of blood.* 'To accomplish this barbarous idea, they approached together the altar of Mahomet, and, after swearing by the Koran, each to hold the other's life sacred, they wounded themselves with their knives, and mixing their blood in a vessel, shocking to relate, they sipped of it.'—p. 236.

But oaths had no effect in binding the youngest brother, Sidi Useph. He was as faithless to the second as to the Bey, whose assassination and the treacherous manner in which it was accomplished, form so striking a picture of these barbarians, that we shall extract from the 'Narrative' the relation of this horrid transaction at full length. It is necessary to premise, that this accomplished hypocrite, Sidi Useph, had made to their mother (Lilla Halluma) the proposal for a reconciliation, entreating that it might take place in her own apartment, and in her presence.

'When the Bey came to his mother's apartment, Lilla Halluma, perceiving his sabre, begged of him to take it off before they began to converse, as she assured him his brother had no arms about him. The Bey, to whom there did not appear the smallest reason for suspicion, willingly delivered his sabre to his mother, who laid it on a window near which they stood, and feeling herself convinced of the integrity of the Bey's intentions, and being completely deceived in those of Sidy Useph's, she with pleasure led the two princes to the sofa, and seating herself between them, held one of each of their hands in hers, and, as she has since said, looking at them alternately, she prided herself on having thus at last brought them together as friends.

'The Bey, as soon as they were seated, endeavoured to convince his brother, that though he came prepared to go through the ceremony of making peace with him, yet there was not the least occasion for it on his part, for that he had no animosity towards him; but, on the contrary, as he had no sons of his own living, he considered Sidy Hamet and himself as such, and would continue to treat them as a father whenever he came to the throne. Sidy Useph declared himself satisfied, but said, to make Lilla Halluma easy, there could be no objection, after such professions from the Bey, to their both attesting their friendship on the Koran; the Bey answered, "With all my heart, I am ready." Sidy Useph rose quickly from his seat, and called loudly for the Koran, which was the signal he had given his infernal blacks to bring his pistols, two of which were immediately put into his hand, and he instantly fired

fired at the Bey, as he sat by Lilla Halluma's side on the sofa. Lilla Halluma raising her hand to save her son, had it most terribly mangled by the splinters of the pistol, which burst, and shot the Bey in his side. The Bey rose, and seizing his sabre from the window, where Lilla Halluma had laid it, he made a stroke at his brother, but Sidy Useph instantly discharged a second pistol and shot the Bey through the heart. To add to the unmerited affliction of Lilla Halluma, the murdered prince, in his last moments, erroneously conceiving she had betrayed him, exclaimed, "Ah, madam, is this the last present you have reserved for your eldest son?" What horror must such words from her favourite son have produced in the breast of Lilla Halluma in her present cruel situation! Sidy Useph, on seeing his brother fall, called to his blacks, saying, "There is the Bey, finish him." They dragged him from the spot where he lay yet breathing, and discharged all their pieces into him. The Bey's wife, Lilla Aisher, hearing the sudden clash of arms, broke from her women, who endeavoured to restrain her, and springing into the room clasped the bleeding body of her husband in her arms, while Lilla Halluma, endeavouring to prevent Sidy Useph from disfiguring the body, had thrown herself over it, and fainted from the agony of her wounded hand. Five of Sidy Useph's blacks were, at the same moment, stabbing the body of the Bey as it lay on the floor; after which miserable triumph they fled with their master.

'Their wanton barbarity, in thus mangling the Bey's remains, having produced the most dreadful spectacle, Lilla Aisher, (the Bey's wife,) at this sight of horror, stripped off all her jewels and rich habits, and threw them in the Bey's blood, and taking from off one of her blacks the worst baracan amongst them, made that serve for her whole covering. Thus habiting herself as a common slave, she ordered those around to cover her with ashes, and in that state she went directly to the Bashaw, and told him, if he did not wish to see her poison herself and his grandchildren, to give immediate orders that she might quit the castle; for she "would not live to look on the walls of it, nor to walk over the stones that could no longer be seen for the Bey's blood, with which they were now covered."

'As Sidy Useph left the castle he met the great Chiah, the venerable Bey Abdallah, (the son of the last Turkish Bashaw,)* who was much attached to the royal family here, and beloved by the people. This officer, seeing the dreadful state of Sidy Useph, being almost covered with his brother's blood, expressed his fears that something fatal had happened. Sidy Useph aware, from this officer's religious principles, he could not be supposed to approve of this day's deeds, he therefore stabbed him to the heart the moment they met, and the Chiah died instantly at his feet. Sidy Useph's blacks, who were following him, threw the Chiah's body into the street before the castle gates, and the *hampers* standing by carried it home to his unhappy family: it was buried at the same hour with the Bey's.'—pp. 227—229.

'The Bey was buried at three in the afternoon. The short space of

* Bey Abdallah, the adopted son of Hamet the Great, married a daughter of that sovereign, sister to Mohammed Bashaw, the father of the present Ali Bashaw.

little

little more than four hours had witnessed the Bey in the bloom of health in the midst of his family, murdered, and in his grave.'

So habituated are the people to scenes of this kind, that this atrocious murder caused little or no disturbance in Tripoli. The public criers, by order of the Bashaw, proclaimed through the city, 'To the Bey who is gone, God give a happy resurrection, and none of his late servants shall be molested or hurt.' Notwithstanding which the followers of the murderer were ordered by their master to put to death the servants of the late Bey, wherever they should find them. As to the murderer, the grave was hardly closed over the brother he had so treacherously assassinated, when he gave a grand entertainment, at which 'the sounds of music, firing, and women hired to sing and dance, were louder than at the feast of a wedding.' A few days after this, Sidi Hamet, the second son, was proclaimed Bey.

The wretched widow, according to the custom of the country, paid her first visit, at the proper time, to her husband's grave.

'The grave of the Bey had been previously strewed with fresh flowers for the second time that day; immense bouquets, of the choicest the season could afford, were placed within the turba or mausoleum; and Arabian jasmine, threaded on shreds of the date leaf, were hung in festoons and large tassels over the tomb; additional lights were placed round it, and a profusion of scented waters was sprinkled over the floor of the mausoleum before Lilla Aisher (the widow) entered the mosque. His eldest daughter, the beautiful Zenobia, was not spared this dreadful ceremony. She accompanied her disconsolate mother, though this princess was so ill from the shock she received at her father's death, that she is not expected to live.'

'Lilla Aisher's youngest daughter, not six years old, was likewise present at this scene of distress; and when this infant saw her mother weeping over the Bey's tomb, she held her by her baracan, and screamed to her to let him out, refusing to let go her hold of her mother or the tomb till she saw the Bey again. The wretched Lilla Aisher, who went there in a state of the deepest dejection, was naturally so much afflicted at this scene of useless horror, heightened by the shrill screams of all her attendants, that she fainted away, and was carried back senseless to the castle in the arms of her women.'—p. 240.

The Moors have no particular colour appropriated to a mourning dress; 'their grief,' says Chenier, 'for the loss of relations, is a sensation of the heart they do not attempt to express by outward symbols.' This is not strictly the case: the clothes are entirely deprived of their new appearance, and the deeper the mourning is meant to be, the more mean and dirty they are made; all the gold and embroidery is passed through water till the gloss is removed,

moved, and the beauty destroyed; the Scripture phrase of 'sackcloth and ashes' describes almost literally the mourning habit of the Moors.

The female part of Mr. Tully's family visited Lilla Aisher, and they found her, as might be expected, very melancholy.

'According to the custom of the East, her dress bespoke the state of her mind; deprived of all its lustre, by methods taken to deface every article before she put it on. She wore neither ear-rings, bracelets, nor *halhals* round the ancles, or ornaments of any kind, except the string of charms round her neck. The moment she saw us she burst into tears, and one of the blacks was going to scream, (the *woulliah-woo.)* but Lilla Aisher had the presence of mind to prevent her, as such a circumstance would have thrown the whole harem into confusion.'

During this visit, Lilla Halluma, the unhappy mother of the murdered Bey, entered the apartment, with her mangled hand in a sling. The Moors, it seems, instead of endeavouring to lighten the heavy hand of affliction, are ingenious in finding out new means to keep alive the recollection of misfortunes, and resort to every method they can think of to nourish grief. One of the first requests of the mother was that the company might be taken into the very apartment where, in her presence, the Bey met his death.

'Dreadful as this favour appeared to us, we could not refuse to go for fear of offending her. We found the sight as strange as it was terrible; against the walls, on the outside of the apartment, had been thrown jars of soot and water mixed with ashes. The apartment was locked up, and is to remain in that state, except when opened for the Bey's friends to view it. All in it remained in exactly the same state as when Lilla Halluma received the Bey to make peace with his brother; and what was dreadful, it bore yet all the marks of the Bey's unhappy end. Not an article of any description had been suffered to be removed since the Bey's dissolution. All that the apartment contained was doomed, by Lilla Halluma, as she said, to perish with the Bey, and like him, to moulder away in darkness.'—p. 244.

This soiling, or defacing, whatever belonged to the deceased, is further instanced in the case of the unfortunate Bey.

'Among the number of his horses that had never been mounted by any person but himself, he had one particular favourite; it was remarkably handsome, and perfectly white. During the obsequies performing for the Bey's death, when all was wretchedness and nothing to be seen but mourning, this beautiful horse formed a painful contrast. It was the last object that appeared in the midst of this scene of horror, in the same state as when it belonged to his late master; but soon its fine appearance was altered. Those who were mourning for the Bey's death sprinkled it with their blood, and strewed it with ashes, and it was

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was led from the place covered with dismal tokens of its master's fate.' —p. 244.

During the period of mourning, all finery is put away, and all superfluous articles of furniture. Neither curtains, looking-glasses, tapestry, nor carpets are to be seen. The slaves wear their caps reversed, and they are stripped of all ornaments; the *henna (Lawsonia inermis)* ceases to stain the nails of the feet and hands; bracelets, ear-rings, necklaces, and every species of jewelry disappear; and all perfumes and scented waters, of which the Moors are particularly fond, are dispensed with. A widow of rank, when she puts on her weeds, goes to the sea-side, has her hair combed with a gold comb, and the tresses plaited with white silk instead of black; the golden bandage over the forehead set with jewels is exchanged for a white fillet, and every article of her dress soiled. At the expiration of four months and ten days she repairs again to the sea-side.

'The same gold comb she had used before is carried with her, and four fresh eggs: the eggs she gives to the first person she meets, who is obliged to receive them, were it even the Bashaw himself. With the eggs, it is imagined, she gives away all her misfortunes, consequently no person likes to receive them; but this custom is so established, that not any one thinks of refusing them. She then proceeds to the sea-side, where her hair is combed a second time, and the comb thrown into the sea by herself; and she is then, and not before, at liberty to marry again.'—p. 307.

The writer of the 'Narrative' had an opportunity of being present at the marriage of Sidi Hamet, the Bashaw's second son, and also of a daughter of his. The wedding clothes of a Moorish lady are the accumulation of her whole life.

'Among the articles in the princess's wardrobe were two hundred pair of shoes, and one hundred pair of rich embroidered velvet boots, baracans, trowsers, chemises, jilecks, caps, and curtains for apartments, and many other articles in the same proportion. Each set of things was packed separately in square flat boxes of the same dimensions; and were conveyed with great pomp and ceremony in a long procession out of one gate of the castle into another, escorted by guards, attendants, and a number of singing women, hired for the purpose of singing the festive song of *Loo, loo, loo,* which commences when the procession leaves the bride's father's house, and finishes when it enters the bridegroom's house.'—p. 175.

In general the bride is paraded round the streets at the head of the procession, shut up in a sort of cage, which is covered with fine linen and placed on the back of a horse, mule, or ass, according to the circumstances of the parties; and this strange custom prevails

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among all true Mussulmans, from the shores of the Yellow Sea to those of the Atlantic. 'The procession ended, the bride received the visitors sitting on an elevated seat, with an embroidered veil thrown over her, almost covered with gold and silver ornaments; and having rings of gold round the ancles, of four or five pounds weight. Two slaves attended to support the two tresses of her hair behind, which were so much adorned with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments, that if she had risen from her seat she could not have supported the immense weight of them.'

To understand the nature of this mass of hair it will be necessary to take a peep into a Moorish lady's dressing-room,—there we shall find her attended by a number of black slaves, one to plait, another to perfume the hair, a third to arrange the eyebrows; a fourth to paint the face, a fifth to adjust the jewels, &c. The hair behind is divided into two tresses, into which a quantity of black silk is worked, prepared with perfumes and scented waters of various kinds, after which about a quarter of a pound of cloves reduced to the finest powder is worked into them; the fingers and feet are then stained black with henna; her fingers are covered with rings, and lastly, a string of gold and silver beads are thrown over her shoulders, as a charm against witchcraft, or an evil or unfriendly eye. We confess we had no idea of the brilliant display of gold, silver, and jewels so lavishly exhibited within the dungeon walls of the castle of Tripoli: with the exception of Abul Kurreem's description of the peacock throne and the jewels which Nadir Shah carried away from Delhi, and exhibited to the astonished Affghans, Turcomans, and Tartars, we know of nothing to equal it in any part of the world. But all these tyrants are immensely rich in gold and silver; their whole business is to collect, and they expend nothing: it is not unusual to employ the Jews in casting old brass guns into money, and buying with it gold sequins and Spanish dollars to hoard. Keatinge met with an English renegade, whose name in his own country was Thomas Myers, but in Morocco Boazzar, and his office that of Alcaide, a sort of high-constable. This man being questioned as to the pay of the soldiery, said, 'it was all that they could rob and steal;' and the establishment of the younger branches of the royal family was, by his account, supported pretty nearly from the same resources. The wealth of the sovereign is therefore constantly accumulating; and thus it is that, in the Bastile of Tripoli, we read of 'curds and whey served up on tables of mother-of-pearl and silver, and gold embossed waiters above three feet in diameter; coffee in gold chased cups, placed on gold trays,' &c.—p. 251. On a visit to Lilla Halluma,

'The coffee was served in very small cups of china, placed in gold fillagree

fillagree cups without saucers, on a solid gold salver of an uncommon size, richly embossed; this massive waiter was brought in by two slaves, who bore it between them round to each of the company, and these two eunuchs were the richest habited slaves we had yet seen in the castle; they were entirely covered with gold and silver. Refreshments were afterwards served up on low beautiful inlaid tables, not higher than a foot from the ground. After the repast, slaves attended with silver fillagree censers, offering at the same time towels with gold ends wove in them near half a yard deep.'—p. 31.

Yet amidst all this splendour, the wives and daughters of the Bashaw are by no means inattentive to domestic concerns; they knit, weave, and embroider, and even occupy themselves with spinning wool; they superintend the preparation of the victuals, and the married ladies wait on their husbands at their meals; in return, the only privilege they seem to enjoy is that of having the power of preventing their tyrants from entering their apartment by placing their slippers outside the door. They are rarely permitted to go without the castle gates, and then only by night, surrounded by a numerous guard of soldiers, slaves, and attendants. Their approach is announced by vociferous shouting, lights, and burning perfumes, which cast a cloud of aromatic odour around them. The writer of the 'Narrative' tells us it would be death for any one to look at them, even from a window, Tripoli being the only Moorish town on the coast in which the houses have windows facing the street. Of so little concern, however, is the life of a female to society, that a father, husband, or brother can easily procure a *teskerar*, or permit, from the Bashaw or Bey to put the object of his anger or jealousy to death, in any way he pleases. The dishonour of a wife or daughter can only be avenged by her death. Several instances of this are recorded in the 'Narrative;' among others, that of a beautiful young woman, who, for her levity of conduct, was shot in her bed by her cousin, in the absence of her father; but the wound did not prove mortal. After her recovery she took a walk into the garden, in a corner of which she was discovered lying on the ground strangled: 'all present were interrogated about the dreadful deed, which every one denied. It was then declared and readily admitted by her uncle, who was present at this examination, that evil spirits only had murdered this young beauty.'—p. 148.

Macgill says, that the Moors of Tunis are less jealous of their women than the Turks; that they are not guarded in any way; that eunuchs are unknown, and that the women make no ceremony of uncovering themselves in the presence of Christian slaves. He illustrates this remark by a story, which proves at least the good

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nature of the present Bey. A Christian surgeon was suspected of an intrigue with one of his wives; being watched closely, the gallant one day narrowly escaped, leaving his slippers at the bedside: next day the Bey sent for him, put a purse of money in his hand, and told him to make the best of his way out of the country, as he could no longer be answerable for his life. The lady was punished by banishing her from bed and board.

The following custom in Tunis, of fattening up young ladies for marriage, is too curious to be omitted.

'A girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room, shackles of gold and silver are placed upon her ancles and wrists, as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore, are put upon the new bride's limbs, and she is fed until they are filled up to the proper thickness. The food used for this custom, worthy of barbarians, is a seed called *drough*, which is of an extraordinary fattening quality, and also famous for rendering the milk of nurses rich and abundant. With this seed, and their national dish *cuscusoo*, the bride is literally crammed; and many actually die under the spoon.'—p. 90.

The same idea of corpulency being a criterion of female beauty is prevalent in Morocco, where Lempriere tells us the women use a grain which they name *el houba*, which they eat with their *cooscosoo*; that they also swallow boluses of paste heated by the steam of boiling water; and we recollect some other author stating that it was a common practice for young ladies to cram themselves with rolls of bread soaked in warm water.

According to the Mussulman ritual, every man may take to himself four legitimate wives, and as many concubines as he has the inclination, or the means to keep. It would seem that the royal concubines are not very expensive. Lempriere, who had free admission to the imperial harem, says, that the daily allowance to the favourite Sultana did not exceed half-a-crown a day; the rest is obtained from those, chiefly Jews, who have favours to solicit at court. The usual number of ladies kept by the Emperor is from sixty to a hundred, besides their slaves; they live in small separate apartments, communicating with square courts, in the centre of each of which is generally a pool of water. Their time is occupied with the toilet, bathing, hearing stories, and a little needle work. Far from being shy, they all wished to state their complaints to the English doctor, whom it seems they rather disconcerted by the free exhibition of their limbs; but they had great reluctance in shewing him the tongue, which they considered to be very indecent. One of the Sultan's wives kept behind a curtain, and had her pulse felt by putting her arm under the bottom, but it was with the greatest difficulty

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ficulty she could be prevailed on to shew her tongue, which however she at length protruded through a hole made in the curtain; so very different are the notions of delicacy in different nations!—But it is time to stop.—If the extracts which we have given from the 'Narrative' be thought interesting, we can assure our readers we have not in the least forestalled the best parts of the work, which abounds with curious matter; and which treats of manners and subjects of so unusual a kind, that had they fallen into the hands of another Lady Mary Wortley Montague, they could not fail to have supplied an inexhaustible fund of literary entertainment.

ART. VII. *Sequel to a Narrative of a Forced Journey through Spain and France, as a Prisoner of War in* 1810 *to* 1813; *including Observations on the present State of Ireland, &c. &c. &c. By* Major-General Lord Blayney. Vol. iii. London. 1816. pp. 429.

OUR readers cannot fail to recollect the Culinary Register, in two volumes octavo, which Lord Blayney was pleased to denominate 'The Narrative of a Journey through France and Spain,' but which, like drunken Barnaby's journey into Yorkshire, was little else than a list of taverns and the history of his meals from Malaga to Calais.

——————— edit, bibit,
Curæ dignum nihil vidit.

The noble author has now thought proper to favour the world with a third volume of this delectable history; but we are concerned to say, that absurd as the first parts were, this part is much more so, and that his Lordship, with an alacrity in sinking which we did not think possible, has found

In the lowest depth, a lower still.

The readers of his Lordship's former works will be at a loss to imagine by what means he can have contrived to fall below himself; and we admit that, *on the same subject*, it would perhaps not have been possible to do so; but, aware of this, his Lordship has selected a new career; for though the shape and *title* of his work are the same, the *matter* is, toto cœlo, different; and strange to relate, the *third* part of the journal of this Hibernian Peer through *Spain* and *France* is neither more nor less than a wretched hotch-potch of some of the statistical accounts of *Ireland*, hardily pilfered, and clumsily put together.

Of all the works which have ever passed under our observation,

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this, indeed, seems to be the most flagrant catch-penny, and to bear the most indubitable marks of that notable mystery called *book-making*.

In the first place, it is published as the 'Sequel' of a work with which it has not the slightest connection—probably in the hope that the unhappy purchasers of the two former volumes may be so indiscreet as to throw good money after bad in completing their sets with this additional volume.

In the second place, not above one half of the volume is Lord Blayney's—we cannot call it *composition*, nor even writing, but it is not even his Lordship's—scribbling: of 429 pages, 109 are taken verbatim and literatim from the reports of commissioners, which have been laid before Parliament, and printed both officially, and in all the newspapers, and which his Lordship thinks it fair and honourable towards the purchasers of his book to print over again, in the shape of an Appendix—divers pages in the body of the work are stolen, wholesale, from publications equally recondite, and fifteen mortal pages are taken from a strange work of Colonel (now Viscount) Dillon, entitled a Commentary on the Military Defence of the Empire.

This is the most justifiable part of his Lordship's larceny, because, though Lord Dillon's book has been printed these five years, we never heard of any one who had read or even seen it; and we believe the extracts from it, though certainly not the most entertaining, are at least the most novel part of Lord Blayney's publication.

In short, reckoning by pages, Lord Blayney has borrowed full one third of his book; but as the extracts and Appendix are *closely*, while his Lordship's own share are very *diffusely* printed, the real proportions of the new and the second hand parts of this volume, are, as we before said, about half and half.

So much for the general plan and composition of this book—the details of its execution are not unanswerable to this auspicious promise—it is the most strange and incoherent farrago we have ever wondered at: take, for instance, the table of contents of one or two of his chapters.

CHAPTER I.

Effects of Prepossession—*British Constitution*—*Captain and his Lady*—Calais—Difference of Costume—*Duchess of Angoulême's bonnet*—Dover—Bullion!

CHAPTER IX.

Pulpit—Orators in Ireland—London and Dublin badly lighted, (quere *enlightened?*)—Placards—Attachment to Buonaparte—Folly and Malignity of the Disaffected—*Postboys*—Roads.

After these chapters, the topics of which one would have thought sufficiently

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sufficiently various, comes a chapter which, καὶ' ἐξοχήν, is entitled, *Miscellaneous*; and undoubtedly it deserves its name. We shall extract one or two pages as specimens of our author's lucidus ordo, taste, information and truth.

'Let any person walk at night through the streets of Dublin, and look at the lamps; they are lighted, indeed, if we can so call it, but the glasses are never cleaned, and they shew only a sufficiency of light to cause embarrassment. Look at the dirt of the streets; in short, look at every thing which you see around you, and it distinctly marks a total neglect and indifference on the part of those who pocket immense salaries,—neglecting the duties of their situation. If a general officer be placed on the staff in Ireland, it is not because that general officer has distinguished himself in the field, or because he possesses local information, or has influence in the country, but he is sent there to improve his income, and in a few years, to accumulate sufficient provision for himself and for his family.—If a Bishop be sent over to Ireland, economy is the text—in many instances, that economy is carried to penury; and we have the most striking examples of Bishops on the Irish establishment, having accumulated sums beyond all conception, for a country so circumstanced.

'These abuses and want of support of their character and situation, on the part of those who hold large endowments and emoluments under the authority of the Crown, not only create on the part of the people, a disrespect for those to whom they should look up with awe and veneration—but it also makes them despise the laws themselves, and they frequently break out into violence, murder and outrage.—So frequent of late have been the murders committed on Protestants, merely because they were Protestants and loyal, that the indifference manifested on the part of the government to these atrocities has been so revolting, that many of the fine, proud and loyal Protestant yeomanry, once the protection and the ornament of the country, are now emigrating in numbers to America; and the extortion of the landlords will cause all that is worthy the name of *people* to desert the country with their property, and nothing will remain but those cut-throats and assassins, who will ultimately triumph.'—pp. 268—270.

On this *miscellaneous* passage we shall say a few words.

On the subject of the cleaning and lighting of the city of Dublin, we have little experience; but if these points be criteria by which we are to judge of a government and people, we fear that London itself may afford similar causes of apprehension for the state and constitution of England.

From the sneer at the general officers on the Irish staff, we collect that Lord Blayney is not on that staff; he certainly is one of those who distinguished himself in the field in a very remarkable manner, though we cannot say that he has either of the other two qualifications, 'local information or influence.' We are glad to hear from so competent an authority as his Lordship, that the appointments

appointments of an officer on the staff are such as to enable him in a few years to accumulate a sufficient provision for himself, and not for himself alone, but for his family after him. This is quite new to us, and we fear as new to the staff officers themselves.

His Lordship next insinuates that Bishops are *sent over* to Ireland, and that Bishops on the Irish establishment have accumulated sums beyond all conception.—His Lordship seems as uninformed with regard to the church as to the army. In the first place there has not been, we believe, one *bishop sent over* to Ireland since the Union; and in the next, we may venture to say, without knowing every individual character on the Irish bench, that as a *general charge*, his Lordship's imputation against that reverend body is absolutely unfounded and grossly calumnious.

That murders are committed on Protestants, *merely* because they are Protestants and loyal, we can hardly believe; but that the assertion of the government's being indifferent to those atrocities is untrue, we have official and irrefragable evidence, even in those very sources whence his lordship has so liberally borrowed on other occasions,—we mean the proceedings of Parliament.

Of the same class is, we believe, his lordship's assertion, that the loyal protestant yeomanry are emigrating to America: and as to the extortion of the landlords we shall say but one word, which is, that we earnestly hope that Lord Blayney himself, an Irish proprietor, will endeavour to give them a lesson of moderation, not only in his *theory* but in his *practice*.

It is worth while to recapitulate, in one sentence, the picture of his native country which Lord Blayney draws in two pages of his miscellaneous chapter. The capital is dirty and dark—the public functionaries are totally negligent of their duty—the government permits the most horrid atrocities—the staff of the army are persons of no military character—the bishops are sent from England, and are penurious misers—the people at large despise and break the laws—the Catholics murder the Protestants, because they are loyal—and the Protestants are exiled by the extortion and tyranny of the country gentlemen.

We really are surprized that a good natured man, which Lord Blayney has the reputation of being, should so far forget himself as to scatter such wild and inflammatory nonsense abroad; he means, we are satisfied, no harm, and we are equally satisfied he can do none, for no one will attend to him; but it is nevertheless lamentable to see a person of his rank and situation in society, labouring to bring that rank and station into contempt; and while he fancies that he is satirizing other men, writing, in fact, libels upon himself.

On the whole, instead of quarrelling with his lordship, for his having borrowed so largely from the Commons' journals, Lord Dillon's

Dillon's Commentaries, and the county histories, we lament that he did not either draw more largely from these innocent sources, or pursue his old and discreet system of confining his essays to the safe and well understood topics connected with the cellar and the kitchen.

ART. VIII.—1. *Reports of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor.*

2. *Pietas Londinensis.*

3. *Mémoires sur les Moyens de détruire la Mendicité.* Par M. le Vicomte de Prunelle, Membre de la Chambre des Députés, du Comité d'Administration de la Société Philantropique de Paris, de la Commission des Assurances établie près le Ministre de l'Intérieur. Paris. 1814.

4. *The Principles of Population and Production as they are affected by the Progress of Society, with a View to Moral and Political Consequences.* By John Weyland, Jun. Esq. F.R.S.

DURING many ages it was an undisputed opinion that the state of the world was continually growing worse, according to the complaint of Horace;

> *'Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?*
> *Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit*
> *Nos nequiores, mox daturos*
> *Progeniem vitiosiorem.'*

It was even believed that the earth itself decayed as it grew old, and that nature in all her operations was debilitated with age. To confute this opinion, Hakewill wrote his 'Apology, or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World.' Some of the good old archdeacon's topics may excite a smile in these times: he clears away doubts 'touching the strong physic which the ancients used,' and 'touching the length of the duodenum, or first gut,' which in the Greeks was said to be twelve inches long, and in these degenerate days hardly four, an objection 'which, of any he had met with, was most fully opened and seriously urged by Archangelus Piccolomini in his Anatomical Lectures,' and which would evince that the happiness of an Athenian archon exceeded that of a London alderman in the proportion of three to one. And he proves that the human race was not less prolific in his age than in elder times, by the epitaph of Dame Honeywood, of Charing in Kent, who had, at her decease, 367 children lawfully descended from her; and by that of a woman in Dunstable Church, 'who bore at three several times three children at a birth, and five at a birth two other times.' But his moral philosophy

phy is of a higher strain, and may command our respect both for its truth, and for the feeling with which he has expressed it.

'How other men,' says he, 'may stand affected in reading I know not; sure I am that in writing it often lifted up my soul in admiring and praising the infinite wisdom and bounty of the Creator in maintaining and managing his own work, in the government and preservation of the universe, which in truth is nothing else but (as the schools speak) *continuata productio*, a continuated production: and often did it call to my mind those holy raptures of the Psalmist, "O Lord, how glorious are thy works, and thy thoughts are very deep: an unwise man doth not well consider this, and a fool doth not understand it." I must confess that, sometimes looking stedfastly upon the present face of things both at home and abroad, I have often been put to a stand, and staggered in mine opinion whether I were in the right or no: and perchance the state of my body, and present condition in regard of those fair hopes I sometime had, served as false perspective glasses to look through. But when again I abstracted and raised my thoughts to an higher pitch, and as from a vantage ground took a larger view, comparing time with time, and thing with thing, and place with place, and considered myself as a member of the universe and a citizen of the world, I found that what was lost to one part was gained to another, and what was lost to one time was to the same part recovered in another, and so the balance, by the Divine Providence overruling all, kept upright. *Qui ad pauca respicit de facili pronunciat*, saith Aristotle: he that is so narrow eyed as he looks only to his own person or family, to his own corporation or nation, or the age wherein himself lives, will peradventure quickly pronounce that all things decay and go backwards, which makes men murmur and repine against God under the name of Fortune and Destiny. Whereas he that, as a part of mankind in general, takes a view of the *universal*, compares person with person, family with family, corporation with corporation, nation with nation, age with age, suspends his judgement, and upon examination clearly finds that all things work together for the best to them that love God.'

With this feeling founded upon wise observation, and sustained by piety, did Hakewill combat the then prevailing notion of the progressive deterioration of mankind. The stream of opinion took a different direction in the last century. A shallow and self-sufficient generation had then arisen, who proclaimed themselves to be the only philosophers; their metaphysical, moral, and political discoveries were offered to the world with all the impudence of quackery, and like a quack's nostrums they were received for a season with fatal confidence. That season is gone by; bitter disappointment has brought with it humility; we are now but too feelingly convinced that no violent and sudden amelioration in society is possible, and that great and sudden changes are evils in themselves and in their consequences: but it is not the less certain that the general condition of the world may be improved, and especially

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especially that part of it in the improvement of which we are most nearly concerned: it is not the less certain that of the moral and physical evils which afflict mankind, many, very many, are remediable; and that if any country be

> ' ——— an unweeded garden
> That runs to seed,'

the fault lies in those who should cultivate it, not in the soil or climate.

A proud statement of the strength and prosperity of the British empire has lately been laid before the public; and although sums which ascend from hundreds of thousands of millions to billions look as if they were calculated in Portugueze *reis* rather than in pounds sterling, and seem at first to stagger or confound belief, the detail from which they are deduced is in many parts officially accurate, and, in all others, approximates to the reality; nor can the general result be controverted that the wealth and power, and resources of this empire, form a phenomenon to which no parallel can be found in the history of the world. The public are indebted to Mr. Colquhoun also for another work, not less curious than his late important compilation, but leaving upon the reader's mind a very different impression,—his treatise upon the Police of the Metropolis. That treatise lays open the extent to which crimes are carried in the huge capital of this mighty empire,—a frightful extent,—yet it relates only a part of the wickedness of the community, and that part only which is cognizable by human laws: how large a portion then remains untold! Of the poverty also which exists among us we have a faithful statement, as far as it can be expressed by numerical figures; the sum of existing wretchedness is not to be numbered: its intensity every man may estimate by what has fallen under his own notice if he be not one of those who keep aloof from the contemplation of human misery; but its extent is known only to Him unto whom the prayers and the groans of the miserable ascend.

The solid, substantial, permanent welfare of a nation is not to be estimated by extent of dominion, or greatness of population, or amount of revenue, or of national wealth. This outward prosperity might be, like the antediluvian earth, as Burnet has imagined it in his magnificent philosophical dream, a fertile and beautiful surface, —but only a surface,—only a crust which enveloped the waters of the abyss, and which never appeared more flourishing than at the moment when, because of the iniquity of the inhabitants, the abyss was broken up, and all things swept away by the foredoomed, inevitable, and avenging deluge. Is this our case? Is Britain cancerous in her vital parts? They who believe in our political reformers would answer in the affirmative; and if the common weal were

delivered

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delivered over into the hands of these practitioners they would prove the inveteracy of the disease by destroying the patient. With their knife of radical reform, and their Irish Catholicon, they would make quick work! A saner mind, a riper judgement, a sounder philosophy, would give a different reply. There are diseases in the body politic; but none which stand in need of the knife and the cautery. Diet is more needful than medicine; and where medicine is required, alteratives, not drastics, ought to be administered.

Since man has ceased to exist in the patriarchal state,—that golden age to which the earliest poets, and the most widely-diffused traditions refer,—he has no where, nor at any period, existed in so favourable a condition as in England at this present time. The fine arts have been carried to higher perfection in Italy and in Greece; a far greater population has been supported in China and in the Netherlands; more magnificent works of public utility have been executed in the ancient republics; greater triumphs over physical circumstances have been obtained in the Low Countries, and in Egypt, which a Dutch traveller beheld with feelings of natural pleasure, because in many points of art and nature it appeared to him the Holland of the Eastern world; in industry England has been rivalled by the Dutch; and in bold commercial enterprize she has been equalled, or, perhaps, surpassed, by Carthage in old time, and by Portugal in the age of her glory. But when every thing is considered which contributes to the moral and intellectual improvement of the individual, and the general well-being of the community, certain it is that England stands alone, and is conspicuously blest above all countries either of the ancient or the modern world. The world, indeed, through all the evils with which it has been afflicted, has been progressive in good; but the insular situation of England, its geographical position, its laws, its institutions, its history, and the national character which these circumstances have combined to form, have made it of all parts of the world, the most prosperous and the most happy.

But every stage of society brings with it its attendant evils; the body politic may be plethoric like the body natural: there is a state of prosperity which, like overfeeding, disposes the system for inflammatory diseases, or makes it break out in blains and blotches. As no political change, whether from peace to war, or from war to peace, can occur without immediate inconvenience and injury to some branches of the community, far less can any material alteration of manners take place without some detrimental consequences, more or less dangerous in proportion as the class which is affected is more or less numerous. Now, that the change of manners which has taken place in England during the present reign is greater than was ever produced during the same number of years, in any known period

period of history, will appear manifest upon consideration. For although no event has occurred of equal magnitude to the discovery of America, and no invention like that of printing, society was not at that age organized as it is at present: the different classes of men, as they were then connected, might be compared to links in a chain, the blow which struck fire from those at the one end, or broke them in pieces, would produce no vibration at the other: the state is now more artificially and intimately combined; it resembles a spider's web, in which the slightest impact upon any one of the threads is felt throughout the whole. Probably more than a century elapsed before half the people in the old world learnt that a new one had been discovered: there was a time when, in the remoter parts of the British islands, the subjects knew not under what sovereign they lived, and the same habits and manners which had prevailed under Queen Elizabeth existed under Queen Anne. But now the rapid intercourse which commercial activity has created has given wings to fashion and folly, and the politics of Paris and of London are canvassed in every pot-house where the English language is spoken.

Let us then examine what are the classes of society which have been injuriously affected during the great moral revolution of the last half century; this inquiry will lead us to consider what old evils have been diminished among us; what new ones have sprung up; what has been done toward diminishing the sum of human misery, and what remains to do in this great work, which is one of the worthiest employments of enlightened man.

The higher ranks are, in many respects, improved. That true nobility of feeling and intellect, as well as manners, which was found at the Court of the Tudors, does not, indeed, peculiarly distinguish the nobles of the present age; this is because the circumstances of those times tended to produce a chivalrous exaltation of character, and because the advantages which were then confined to men of family are now open to the whole middle class, and the gentleman has risen to that honourable standing-ground which was formerly reserved for the knight and baron. Nor should it be forgotten that the Woodvilles, the Howards, the Sackvilles, the Sidneys, and the Grevilles of that age were gifted individuals, who, in any age, would have risen to the same height above their contemporaries. But the nobles of the present race have the advantage of their predecessors in one very material circumstance; though their heads may neither be so long, nor in all instances so well stored, the owners have the comfortable certainty of feeling them safe upon their shoulders. In reality, there are but two great divisions of society in England,—the educated and the uneducated. The former, whatever may be their respective degrees upon the scale, necessarily

rily partake the more decorous manners, and the increased humanity of an improving age. In what manner has the latter and larger division been affected?

A well graduated commonwealth has been aptly compared to a pyramid; the peasantry are its base; they are the most numerous of the uneducated classes: but, though the most prolific of the whole population, they are probably the least progressive in number, for it is from them that the large demands of war are chiefly supplied; and the continual and more extensive consumption of life which cities and manufactories require. If, however, their numbers had augmented in a much greater ratio than is actually the case, the far greater and appalling increase of the poor rates in the agricultural counties would demonstrate that the condition of the peasantry during the present reign has been deteriorated; and that either the feeling of becoming pride has diminished, which formerly withheld them as long as possible from applying for parochial aid, or that the necessity which drives them to it has become more pressing. Both causes have co-operated; the moral evil results from the physical one; fellowship in degradation takes away the sense of shame, and the more claimants there are upon the eleemosynary funds which the law has provided, the more there will be.

'The national debt,' says Sir Thomas Bernard, 'with all its magnitude of terror, is of little moment when compared with the increase of the poor rates. In that instance, what is received from one subject, is paid in a greater part to another; so that it amounts to little more than a rent charge, from one class of individuals to another. But the poor's rate is the barometer, which marks, in all the apparent sunshine of prosperity, the progress of national weakness and debility; and as trade and manufactures are extended, as our commerce encircles the terraqueous globe, it increases with a fecundity most astonishing; it grows with our growth, and augments with our strength; its root, according to our present system, being laid in the *vital source* of our existence and prosperity.'

This, however, is no new malady; like causes have in other countries, and in this country at other times, produced similar effects; though the effects have perhaps never existed in so great a degree as at present, nor has there been, in other instances, a barometer by which the degree could be ascertained as certainly as it is now by the poor rates.

The great and rapid increase of national wealth has always been attended by a correspondent pressure of distress upon the peasantry. It was thus in Portugal when Joam III. succeeded his father Emanuel, the most fortunate prince that ever sate upon a European throne: he was master of Ormuz, of Goa and of Malacca in the east—thus commanding the whole trade of the Indian seas; the

the gold mines of Africa sent in rich returns to him, and the greater part of Morocco paid him tribute: to these treasures Joam III. succeeded, and never was there a period of greater national distress arising from poverty than at the commencement of his reign. It was thus in Spain, when ships came laden with silver and gold from Mexico and Peru—the fact was distinctly seen, and the cause distinctly stated by a contemporary writer;* the influx of specie produced a diminution in the value of money, and habits of lavish expenditure in the rich; rents were raised; all the necessaries of life advanced in price; the burden fell upon the poor; and of the wealth which poured into the country in full streams, all that reached them was in the shape of more abundant alms, which made them more dependent than they were before, without preventing them from being more miserable. These cases are clear and specific; an increase of national wealth produced an increase of poverty among the great body of the people; and these things were not accidentally co-existent;—they were cause and effect. The cases are also in point; Mr. Colquhoun's book shews that British industry and enterprize have produced wealth in as great abundance as the mines of Hispaniola and Peru, the gold of Africa, or the spices of the east.

The growing demands of government, and the growing luxury of the higher classes, produced a similar effect in the first years of our Reformation. The great distress of the peasantry in those times, and the rapid increase of mendicants have been ascribed to the dissolution of the monasteries, whereby the sources of charity to which the poor had been wont to apply were suddenly dried up. 'I let pass,' says Sir William Barlowe in his Dialogue, 'my Lord Cardinal's act in pulling down and suppressing religious places; our Lord assoil his soul! I will wrestle with no souls: he knoweth by this time whether he did well or evil. But this dare I be bold to say, that the countries where they stood found such lack of them,

* The Inca Garcilasso, vol. ii. book i. chap. 7. The passage is so remarkable that we shall quote it in part. '*Los que miran con otros ojos que los comunes, las riquezas que el Peru ha embiado al mundo viejo, y derramadolas por todo el, dixen que antes le han dañado que aprovechado; porque dixen—que si han crescido las rentas de los ricos, para que ellos vivan en abundancias y regalos, tambien han crescido las miserias de los pobres; para que ellos mueran de hambre y desnudez; por la carestia que el mucho dinero ha causado en los mantenimientos y vestidos; que aunque sea pobremente ya los pobres el dia de oy, no se pueden vestir ni comer, por la mucha carestia, y que esta es la causa de aver tantos pobres en la republica, que mejor lo passavan quando no avia tanta moneda. que aunque entonces, por la falta della, eran las limosnas mas cortas que las de aora, les eran mas provechosas, por la mucha barata que avia en todo. De manera que concluyen con dezir que las riquezas del nuevo mundo, si bien se miran, no han aumentado las cosas necesarias para la vida humana (que son el comer, y el vestir, y por ende provechosas) sino encarecidolas, y amugerado los hombres en los fuerças del entendimiento, y en las del cuerpo, y en sus trages, y habito y costumbres, y que con lo que antes tenian vivian mas contentos, y eran temidos de todo el mundo.*'

that they would be had let them stand. And think you then that there would be no lack found if the remnant were so served too? I wene men would so sore miss them, that many which speak against them would soon labour with his own hands to set them up again.' The loss of the alms which the monasteries used to distribute must however have been an evil partial in its operation, and in itself insignificant; the way in which the peasantry were injured at the Reformation was by turning the abbey tenants over from the sort of parental tenure under which they then lived to lay landlords, unconnected with them by any habits or hereditary feelings, who lived at a distance, and racked their tenants to support the expense of a court life. As in the Highlands at this time, Latimer complains that in tracks which formerly were well peopled, only a shepherd and his dog were to be found. Society cannot perhaps advance without passing through changes such as these; but they produce immediate evil and perilous consequences. In that age, as in this, great advances were made in civilization; and changes of this kind can no more take place without derangement in the commonwealth, than any new functions in the animal frame can develope themselves without a feverish excitement of the system, and a tendency to diseases more or less dangerous. A fashion of ambitious expenditure prevailed, which made men live to the utmost of their means; the exertions which were called forth to make the income keep pace with the outgoings roused a spirit of enterprize, which displayed itself both in evil and good; commercial and privateering adventures were undertaken abroad; at home, trades and professions raised their prices and their fees, the manufacturer worsened his wares, the landholder increased his rents, and the lord inclosed what had before been common ground. Latimer, whose sermons are full of information respecting the state of England in his days, repeatedly cries out against these things.

'I doubt,' says the good old Bishop, 'most rich men have *too much*, for without *too much* we can get nothing. As for example: the physician; if the poor man be diseased, he can have no help without *too much*; and of the lawyer the poor man can get no counsel, expedition, nor help in his matter, except he give him *too much*. At merchants' hands no kind of ware can be had, except we give for it *too much*. You landlords, you rent-raisers,' (it should be remembered that he was preaching before the Court,) 'I may say you step-lords, you unnatural lords, you have for your possessions yearly *too much*. For that here before went for twenty or sixty pounds by year, which is an honest portion to be had gratis in one lordship of another man's sweat and labour, now is let for fifty or an hundred pounds by year. Of this *too much* cometh this monstrous and portentous dearth made by man, notwithstanding God doth send us plentifully the fruits of the earth, mercifully, contrary unto our deserts. Notwithstanding, *too much* which these rich men

men have, causeth such dearth, that poor men which live of their labour, cannot with the sweat of their face have a living; all kind of victuals is so dear—pigs, geese, capons, chickens, eggs, &c.; these things with others are so unreasonably enhanced. And I think verily that if these continue, we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pig a pound.'

In another place he says,

'My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pound by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound or twenty nobles a-piece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours; and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did of the said farm: where he that now hath it, payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.'

When things had found their level after this great change, the condition of the lower classes underwent little alteration either for better or worse till the present reign. At the beginning of this reign, boys went to school in wigs and cocked hats: the change of fashion has not been greater than that which has affected the middle and lower classes of society in many of the most material circumstances of life. We have seen, as in Latimer's days, an extensive system of inclosures, an enormous advance of rents, the diminution, almost the disappearance of small farms, and habits of emulous expensiveness generally prevalent: these we have seen acting far more generally, and upon a far wider scale; and combined with these are the consequences resulting from the mail coach and the steam engine,—the multiplication of newspapers, and the character which they have assumed,—things of which each in itself is not less influential upon the great body of the people than was the mighty event of the Reformation, or the Discovery of the New World. Amid all these changes, Sir Frederick Morton Eden was of opinion that the condition of the day labourers was much more comfortable than it had ever been in what are called the good old times; and Sir Thomas Bernard thinks his opinion well founded. With great and unaffected respect for both, we cannot but differ from them upon this point,—and appeal to Sir Thomas Bernard's own barometer for the fact. The poor rates have existed more than two centuries, and they incontestibly prove the condition of the

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day labourer to be worse at present than at any former time during that period. This too should be remembered, that the condition of the middle ranks has been materially improved meanwhile: their comforts, their luxuries, their importance have been augmented tenfold; their intellectual enjoyments have been enlarged and multiplied; the situation of the poor would be relatively worse, if they had only remained stationary, without receiving a proportional increase of comforts; but this has not been the case,—it is absolutely worse. The same quantity of labour will no longer procure the same quantity of the necessaries of life. Fuel is one of the first necessaries in this climate; there was a time when it cost nothing more than the trouble of gathering it, in the greater part of England; its high price at present, every where except in the immediate vicinity of collieries and canals, is one evil to which the poor are subject now, and to which they were not subject in former times. They are worse fed than they were of old. When Peter Heylyn, in the beginning of Charles the First's reign, 'painted France to the life,' he described the condition of the peasantry as 'very wretched and destitute.'

'Search their houses,' said he, 'and you shall find no butter salted up against winter, no powdering tub, no pullein in the rick-barton, no flesh in the pot or at the spit—and what is worse, no money to buy them. The best provision they can shew you, is a piece of bacon wherewith to fatten their pottage, and now and then the inwards of beasts killed for the Gentleman. But of their miseries, this me thinketh is the greatest, that growing so many acres of excellent wheat in the year, and gathering in such a plentiful vintage as they do, they should not yet be so fortunate as to eat white bread, or drink wine,—the bread which they eat is of the coarsest flour, and so black that it cannot admit the name of brown; and as for their drink, they have recourse unto the next fountain.'

In speaking thus of the food of the French peasantry, the traveller manifestly writes as if his own countrymen in the same rank of life were then in a much better condition. Since that time, the diet of the whole English people has been materially altered by the introduction of two articles of food—one from the East, and the other from the West; both which are in use in every cottage throughout the empire,—both which have added greatly to the comfort and well-being of the community in general, but have become too exclusively the sustenance of the poor,—we speak of tea and potatoes. In Ireland, where the introduction of potatoes has contributed so much to the rapid increase of population, a finer animal race is scarcely to be found than is produced upon this food: but the Irish poor have milk also, with which the English peasantry are very ill supplied; and when potatoes alone are depended

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pended upon, as is too much the case in England, a more comfortless or impoverishing diet is scarcely to be found. Tea, upon which the female poor chiefly subsist, is, by the warmth which it communicates and its stimulating effects, more exhilarating; but this also relieves the pain of hunger by mechanical distention more than it supplies the waste of nature by adequate sustenance.* 'It is a melancholy truth,' says Sir Thomas Bernard, 'and the concealment will prevent the correction of the evil, that the poor of England are not properly fed.' And to this truth every medical practitioner will bear witness.

The improved system of farming has lessened the comforts of the poor. It has either deprived the cottager of those slips of land which contributed greatly to his support, or it has placed upon them an excessive and grinding rent. But as the comforts of the cottager are diminished, his respectability and his self-respect are diminished also, and hence arises a long train of evils. The practice of farming upon a great scale has unquestionably improved the agriculture of the country; better crops are raised at less expense: but in a national point of view, there is something more to be considered than the produce of the land and the profit of the landholders. The well-being of the people is not of less importance than the wealth of the collective body. By the system of adding field to field, more has been lost to the state than has been gained to the soil: the gain may be measured by roods and perches,—but how shall the loss be calculated? The loss is that of a link in the social chain,—of a numerous, most useful, and most respectable class, who, from the rank of small farmers, have been degraded to that of day labourers. True it is, that the ground which they occupied is more highly cultivated—the crooked hedge-rows have

* It is curious to see what dreadful properties were imputed to Tea when its use was beginning to become general, and what dreadful consequences were anticipated from it. 'If we compare the nature of tea,' says a writer in the Grub-street journal, 1757, 'with the nature of English diet, no one can think it a proper vegetable for us. It has no parts fit to be assimilated to our bodies: its essential salt does not hold moisture enough to be joined to the body of an animal: its oil is but very little, and that of the opiate kind, and therefore it is so far from being nutritive that it irritates and frets the nerves and fibres, exciting the expulsive faculty, so that the body may be lessened and weakened, but it cannot increase and be strengthened by it. But were it entirely wholesome as balsam or mint, it were yet mischief enough to have our whole populace used to sip warm water in a mincing, effeminate manner, once or twice every day. This mocks the strong appetite, relaxes the stomach, satiates it with trifling light nick-nacks which have little in them to support hard labour. In this manner the bold and brave become dastardly, the strong become weak, the women become barren, or, if they breed, their blood is made so poor that they have not strength to suckle, and if they do, the child dies of the gripes. In short, it gives an effeminate weakly turn to the people in general.' And the writer goes on imputing the political evils of the last twenty years to the use of tea, and prophesying that if it be continued for another generation, the English must hire foreigners to do their hard labour, and would become incapable of defending themselves.

of his brow, and there the fruit of his labour ends, as when he enjoys day by day the advantage of his former toil, and works always in hope of the recompense which is always to come? The small farmer, or, in the language of Latimer and old English feeling, the yeoman, had his roots in the soil,—this was the right English tree in which our heart of oak was matured. Where he grew up, he decayed; where he first opened his eyes, there he fell asleep. He lived as his fathers had lived before him, and trained up his children in the same way. The daughters of this class of men were brought up in habits of industry and frugality, in good principles, hopefully and religiously, and with a sense of character to support. Those who were not married to persons of their own rank, were placed in service; and hence the middle ranks were supplied with that race of faithful and respectable domestic servants—the diminution and gradual extinction of which is one of the evils (and not the least) that have arisen from the new system of agriculture. One of the sons succeeded, as a thing of course, to the little portion of land which his fathers had tenanted from generation to generation. If among the boys there was one of a studious turn, he became the schoolmaster of the village, or by help of endowed schools, and the wise provision which our pious ancestors made for such cases in the Universities, or perhaps the occasional bounty of a liberal patron, he was bred up for holy orders; and as in these cases natural aptitude and the strong desire alone were consulted, it was from hence that the Church received most of its ablest and most distinguished members. The sense of family pride and family character was neither less powerful nor less beneficial in this humble rank, than it is in the noblest families when it takes its best direction. But old tenants have been cut down with as little remorse and as little discrimination as old timber,—and the moral scene is in consequence as lamentably injured as the landscape!

If the small farmer did not acquire wealth, he kept his station. The land which he had tilled with the sweat of his brow, while his strength lasted, supported him when his strength was gone: his sons did the work when he could work no longer; he had his place in the chimney corner, or the bee-hive chair; and it was the light of his own fire which shone upon his grey hairs. Compare this with

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with the old age of the day-labourer, with parish allowance for a time, and the parish workhouse at last! He who lives by the wages of daily labour, and can only live upon those wages, without laying up store for the morrow, is spending his capital; a time must come when it will fail; in the road which he must travel, the poor-house is the last stage on the way to the grave. Hence it arises, as a natural result, that looking to the parish as his ultimate resource, and as that to which he must come at last, he cares not how soon he applies to it. There is neither hope nor pride to withhold him: why should he deny himself any indulgence in youth, or why make any efforts to put off for a little while that which is inevitable at the end? That the labouring poor feel thus, and reason thus, and act in consequence, is beyond all doubt; and if the landholders were to count up what they have gained by throwing their estates into large farms, and what they have lost by the increase in the poor-rates, of which that system has been one great cause, they would have little reason to congratulate themselves on the result. The system which produces the happiest moral effects will be found also most beneficial to the interest of the individual and to the general weal: upon this basis the science of political economy will rest at last, when the ponderous volumes with which it has been overlaid shall have sunk by their own weight into the dead sea of oblivion.

If it be allowable to give political application to a sacred metaphor, hope may be called the salt of the earth; it is the preserving principle without which the faculties of the individual stagnate and decay, and social bodies corrupt and go to dissolution. The 'improved system' in great measure deprives the lower class of agriculturists of this impulse and support. While small farms existed, the labouring husbandman might look on to one as the reward of his industry and good character;—it was for him the attainable point of hope, but it exists for him no longer; the step has been taken from the ladder, and when he looks upward now there is a gap in the scale, which no exertion on his part can possibly surmount. Is there no evil in this to the state as well as to the individual? When hope leaves the mind, discontent enters it; and where that evil spirit is in possession, it is not long before 'he taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself!' The harrow has gone over the ground, and they who sow disaffection, sedition, and insurrection, find it ready for the baneful seed. With what success those seeds have been scattered by the apostles of anarchy, who are never weary in ill doing, recent events may prove. Possibly those events might not have occurred, certainly they could not have occurred to the same extent, if the 'improved system' had not destroyed the small farms—if great cultivators, like Aaron's rod, had not swal-

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lowed up the small farmers. The men who grow corn are never the men who set fire to it. A large proportion of the misled multitude who have been burning barns and corn-stacks, would have been aiding the civil power to repress these frantic outrages, if they had had their own little property to defend. Let us not deceive ourselves! governments are safe in proportion as the great body of the people are contented, and men cannot be contented when they work with the prospect of want and pauperism before their eyes, as what must be their destiny at last. If you would secure the state from within as well as from without, you must better the condition of the poor.

In the natural course of things, the peasantry are as strongly attached to a government which protects them, and frets them with no vexatious interference, (be that government in other respects good or ill,) as a Highland clan to their hereditary chief, or the vassals of old to their immediate lord, when by his personal qualities he deserved their attachment. Of this we have two memorable instances in La Vendée and in Spain. La Vendée is a country of small farms; the peasantry there were contented with their lot; they were well instructed according to their church, (erroneous and idolatrous as that church is,) by the parochial clergy; and never was a nobler spirit of loyalty exhibited by any race of men than they displayed in defence of the throne and the altar. 'The anarchy which ravaged France,' says the Count de Puisaye, 'owed its first successes to the wretchedness, the corruption, and the fury of the populace of its towns. It might have been checked in its progress by the courage of the inhabitants of the country. These two classes, of which the one is every where the vilest, as the other is the most useful of society, constitute that part of the people in which the physical strength of the state resides. When they are united, nothing is capable of resisting them; opposed one to the other, every thing will be to the advantage of the peasantry, if they are well conducted. There is but one thing common to them—the ignorance of the one, and the simplicity of the other, render them equally susceptible of enthusiasm; but as that enthusiasm cannot have the same principles, so neither can it have the same objects. The peasantry give themselves up to a good impulse with the same facility as the town populace let themselves be led away to evil. The one being discontented with their lot, are always ready for insurrection, in the hope of changing it; the other, submitting to their station, decide coolly, but will resist for the sake of keeping themselves as they are. From the habit of that submission arise the perseverance and tenacity which are peculiar to them. Here, restlessness, chagrin, and discomfort produce an opposition of interests and ideas,—envy, suspicion, indiscipline, and disorder; there,

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there, the sense of a common interest in the benefits of a simple and virtuous education, and the instinct of revering that which is above human nature, guarantee confidence, union, subordination, and regularity.' 'In the condition of low and rustic life,' says Wordsworth, 'the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity.' In the circumstances and feelings of this class he has found materials for poetry of a high order: our readers need not be reminded of the disquisitions upon this subject with which the periodical press has been persecuted by critics of all dimensions; but that this philosophic poet has rightly estimated the native character of the peasant, is strongly proved by M. de Puisaye's testimony to the virtues of the peasantry in France. 'It is almost exclusively,' says he, 'in that class of men whom riches had not corrupted, and whom *philosophism* had not deprived of the support of religion, that I have found at all times sentiments of fidelity, of discretion, and of devotedness carried even to heroism. The apparatus of punishment, and the blow of death suspended over their heads, could never intimidate them.'

These high moral qualities exist in a virtuous peasantry, and are called forth like latent heat, when put to the test. In the natural course of things they should be the most contented part of the community: when they are otherwise, that course has been influenced by some disturbing causes. One main cause has been indicated in the present state of society, which, by rendering agriculture a branch of great commercial speculation, has worsened the general condition of the agricultural class. Another is to be found in the efforts of political faction, and the very different degree of zeal with which good and evil principles are inculcated among them. The good instruction which they receive is limited to what they may gather at church from a weekly sermon—(it is of *direct* instruction that we are speaking)—upon this cold and meagre diet faith could not be kept alive, if it had not in itself a principle of vitality which is almost indestructible. Any other religious instruction that may reach the peasantry comes from the Methodists, and brings with it a proud spirit of contempt for the clergy, and of hostility towards the establishment. Let us now see in what manner their political lessons are inculcated. Every village has its alehouse, and most villages have two or three. Every alehouse has its newspaper, and a large majority of newspapers are enlisted against the government. The factious journalists are in opposition to their country during times of war, and to the government of the country at all times. True to this spirit of opposition, and to this alone, they advance with the same vehemence any principle which may suit their immediate purpose, blind to, or heedless of the grossest

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grossest and most palpable self-contradictions. But self-contradictions matter little; they address themselves to the discontented, the unthinking, and the uninstructed;—the most senseless declamation, the most shameless misrepresentation will pass current in the tap-room, and by the ale-house fire;—and the journalist poisons the minds of the populace with his weekly dose of sedition, while the distiller is poisoning their livers with ardent spirits, or the brewer is inducing diseases not less formidable with his decoction of quassia and *cocculus indicus*. They who join at church in supplications that the Lord will deliver us from all sedition, listen at the ale-house to the weekly epistles of the apostles of sedition with the implicit faith of honest simplicity, at a time too when their animal feelings are in a pleasurable state from the warmth of a cheerful fire, the sense of comfort which is produced by rest after labour, the excitement of company, and of deleterious liquor;—their pores are open, and the whole infection is taken in.

According to the anarchists, government is the root of all the evils which afflict the country, and the cure of all those evils is political reform. In faithful imitation of the French—untaught by their errors, and undeterred by their crimes and their punishment—they proclaim that for a nation to be reformed, it is sufficient that she wills it; and the hopeful end at which they are aiming is to make the multitude declare this their sovereign will and pleasure. God help the simple understandings of men who suppose that the condition of the people can be ameliorated by means like these, and that the fear of the mob is the beginning of wisdom in a government! And God forgive the deliberate guilt of those who perseveringly endeavour to make the mob sensible of their strength, and breathe into them their own spirit of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness! Among the manufacturing populace they have been but too successful; they have laboured not without success among the agricultural part of the people; and if the army and navy are not discontented also, it is not their fault.

'The people,' says Bishop Warburton, 'are much more reasonable in their demands on their patriots than on their ministers: of their patriots they readily accept the will for the deed; but of their ministers they unjustly interpret the deed for the will.' In these times we could not desire a more favourable interpretation:—'by their fruits ye shall know them.' The foreign policy of our government has been such that more signal successes could not have been anticipated or desired, than have actually been attained; and in domestic concerns its acts may be appealed to as the best indication of its intentions. It is indeed impossible that in any enlightened part of Europe a government can be so behind hand with

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with the age, as not to know that the security of the state depends upon the well-being and contentment of the people. The conduct of Ferdinand, in Spain, is no exception, for Spain is not an enlightened country: and moreover, the acts which excited most indignation in England are popular among the great majority of that noble-minded, but be-darkened nation: the restoration of the Inquisition was their own work; and when Ferdinand formally re-established it, he only ratified what they had spontaneously done. Buonaparte's conduct is just such an exception as proves the rule. Ambition had intoxicated him, and the possession of absolute power had produced in him that specific moral madness of which so many cases were seen among the Roman and Greek emperors: he sought to reign by force and delusion, and to make the nations of Europe the mere instruments of his selfish and wicked will; but in attempting this he acted in opposition to the spirit of the age, and was overthrown. He condescended to it during his short usurpation, when he abolished the Slave Trade. The general spirit of the age is good both abroad and at home. The Christian Treaty, as it is called, however nugatory it may be deemed, is one memorable instance. The Pope also affords another;—he has restored the Jesuits, but he has prevented the Inquisition from roasting a relapsed Jew. The Portugueze have abolished the Inquisition at Goa, and are taking measures for abolishing it in Portugal. This spirit, which exists strongly in every country where public opinion is known, exists with most strength in England, where public opinion is more decidedly expressed. There is an ardent desire of diminishing the evils of the world, as far as our efforts can contribute to their diminution, in other countries and in our own. The abolition of the Slave Trade—the abolition of infanticide in part of our great Indian empire—the various missions which are so liberally supported in the East, in Africa, and in Polynesia, and the strong feeling which has been excited here by the suspicion of a Catholic persecution in France,—evince the prevalence and the power of this desire, so honourable to the age, so honourable to England, and to human nature.

The Romanists used to reproach us with our inattention to the duty of disseminating the religion which we profess; and they asserted* that missionary zeal could only proceed from the Spirit of God,

* Muratori's language is curious:—*Cerchisi pure fra le sette de' moderni eretici; non vi si troverà questa specie di eroica carita.—Ma questo nobil ardore non si può aspettar altronde, che da quel divin Spirito, il quale infiamma al bene i cuori de' Fedeli, nè trovarsi altrove che nella vera Chiesa di Dio; e perciò dee dirsi un contrasegno anch' esso, che questa è la legittima Sposa di Gesù Cristo, conservatrice dello spirito de' primi Cristiani, e tuttavia feconda di Apostoli e di Martiri, come fu la primitiva chiesa.* It is remarkable that he has not spoken of miracles as well as martyrs. The reports of the Protestant missions

God, and therefore it could be found in the true church alone. This reproach, which was at one time deserved, holds good no longer; and the Protestant missionaries of the present age will be found to equal their Catholic predecessors in zeal and disinterestedness,* and to excel them in erudition. They reproached us also with a decay of charity, in consequence of the Reformation; affirming that no monuments of durable benevolence had been erected like the convents, hospitals, colleges, and other religious foundations, with which England was enriched by the piety of our Catholic ancestors before the schism. But here they exult without a cause; the establishment of schools, hospitals, alms-houses, and eleemosynary societies of various descriptions in London, will be found to exceed in number and in extent the charitable institutions of any other city in Europe: not to mention that the history of the world affords nothing similar to the provision which the Legislature has made for the poor in England. Of these institutions, the five royal hospitals, as they are called, (St. Bartholomew's, Bedlam, Bridewell, Christ's Hospital, and St. Thomas's,) were originally endowed from the church and convent lands; the rest are all Protestant foundations. To give the briefest account of all, or even to enumerate them, would require more space than can here be allotted to that purpose; suffice it to say, that more than 30,000 patients are annually admitted into the London hospitals; that about 15,000 children receive the benefit of gratuitous education; that about 13,000 persons are supported in endowed alms-houses; and that the sums which are annually disposed of in charitable uses by the several companies and halls in London, amounted, in Maitland's time, to more than 26,000*l.*

But among the numerous associations which have in late years been formed for benevolent purposes, there is one whose proceedings are entitled to particular notice—the Society for Bettering the Condition and Increasing the Comforts of the Poor. This society originated twenty years ago with the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Wilberforce, Sir Thomas Bernard, and the Honourable Edward James Eliot. The latter was early removed from a world which his talents and his example were alike fitted to adorn and to amend; the three former names need no panegyric. The general object of

missions are now more than equal in bulk to the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*; and in the whole of them there is not one miracle. Bishop Milner would say this is a proof that ours is not the true church; on the contrary, it proves satisfactorily that his is a lying one.

* It is not, perhaps, generally known, that each of the three elder missionaries at Serampore (Dr. Carey, Dr. Marshman, and Mr. Ward) contribute to the support of the mission the whole of their incomes, beyond what is sufficient for a bare subsistence; and that the sums thus contributed are not less than 1500*l.* a year from each. These are the men who were reviled, but a few years ago, in the worst spirit of scurrility, for the lowness of their origin!

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the Society was to collect information respecting the actual situation of the poor, and the most effectual means of improving it. They proposed to apply the principle of experimental philosophy to this object, and to make 'existing facts the means of practical and systematic investigation into what has really augmented their virtue and happiness, and has been sanctioned by use and experience.' The inquiry has been conducted patiently, and without ostentation. Instead of coming forward with cumbrous theories, or presenting crude plans to the legislature, they have collected facts, tried such limited experiments as were in their power, and laid their observations before the public, as materials from which every man may draw the conclusion. The conclusions which every sane mind must draw from the premises thus laid before it, are truly consolatory: it appears that more may be done by well disposed and active individuals, than could be effected by legislative interference; that little exertion, and less expense, if wisely directed, may produce much good; that the poor are well disposed to second the efforts which are made for their advantage, whenever they understand the benefit; and that the lower classes become improved in other respects in proportion to the improvement of their circumstances.

The advocates for radical reform assert, that as the weight of taxation makes every thing dear, government is thus the direct cause of the distresses of the poor. This assertion being continually repeated as a political axiom, and involving in the first part of its proposition a certain degree of truth, produces much of the mischief which it is intended to produce. Fools! who would begin to repair the pyramid from the top instead of the bottom! Taxation affects the poor in an infinitely trifling degree compared to the tax which is laid upon their poverty by individual cupidity. 'It is but too obvious,' says Dr. Glass, 'how much the poor are imposed upon by the petty shopkeepers in the necessaries which they are enabled to purchase. The *quality* of the goods is not the best, the *price* is extravagantly high, and the *quantity* is reduced by deceitful weights and a scanty measure.' It appeared upon a strict inspection of weights and scales, in a small and by no means a populous district, that the loss which the poor of that district sustained from this cause, or, in other words, the money thus fraudulently raised from them, amounted to not less than 500*l.* a year. Sir Thomas Bernard asserts, that the injury which the poor sustain from buying their flour at the shop instead of the mill, was nearly equal, at the time when he wrote, (1798,) to two-thirds of all the poor's rates then collected in England. This latter evil has, in some instances, been removed by the establishment of parish mills; the former requires only that the existing laws should be duly enforced; and when

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when the weights and measures of the country shall be regulated, (as it may be presumed they soon will be,) it is to be hoped that means will be provided for rendering those laws efficacious. These grievances, which fall with peculiar weight upon the poor, arise from that eagerness for gain, which is the sin that most easily besets a commercial people, and which, perhaps, has never been so generally prevalent as at present. In this point, God knows, the country stands truly in need of radical reform; but it is a reformation which cannot be effected by laws or by political changes; it must be in public opinion; in the habits of thought and the principles of action. There is a memorable passage upon this subject in one of Mr. Windham's speeches,—'The whole country, it is said, is full of abuses from top to bottom. I believe so; with this correction, that the description would be more just if we were to say from bottom to top, it being here, as in other *media*, the parts of which are left to move freely, that the lower *strata* are the denser and grosser, and that they become rarer and purer the higher you ascend. The fact is, that when the matter comes to be searched to the bottom, it is the people throughout who are cheating the people; the people individually cheating the people collectively. The people in all quarters, and by all opportunities, are preying upon the public; and then make it the reproach of the government that it has not the power to prevent them.'—Well does Sir Thomas Bernard lay it down as an axiom that no plan for the improvement of the condition of the poor will be of any avail, unless the foundation be laid in the amelioration of their moral and religious character. The exactions of which we have been speaking are those to which the poor are subject from persons of their own class, or who are just rising above it; but the spirit which occasions these petty frauds extends far higher: it is found not only in the little shopkeeper, who curtails his measures, falsifies his weights, and exacts a dear price for bad commodities, or in the mistress of a dairy, who mingles water with her milk before she sells it out to those, perhaps, who will dilute it still further; but to the brewer, who procures his materials from the druggist instead of the maltster; to the druggist who adulterates the material which he sells him; and to the rich manufacturer who makes flimsy goods for foreign sale, thus, for the sake of his own immediate gain, inflicting lasting injury upon his country, by injuring the character of English commodities.

Let it not be supposed that any indiscriminate censure upon the commercial classes is intended; nor that the censure which is intended applies to those classes exclusively. The landlord who exacts a grinding rent for the labourer's cottage is less culpable than the

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the fraudulent tradesman, inasmuch as he offends against no law of the land: but in proportion as he lessens the comforts and increases the necessities of the poor, he does evil and occasions evil. Some years ago, a traveller, who took shelter from a storm in a cottage by one of the Scotch lakes, saw that the rain ran in, and lay in pools upon the uneven floor, which consisted only of the bare earth on which the hovel had been built; during great part of the year, therefore, the floor must necessarily be wet and dirty, making it both uncomfortable and unwholesome: he observed to the owner with how little trouble the inconvenience might be removed; the man shook his head, and answered, it was very true, but that if he were to do this, the cottage would be thought worth more for having been made comfortable, and the rent would in consequence be raised. Such cases may be unusual, and we believe indeed that they must be so; but it is certain that high rents are common, and it is not less certain that they aggravate the poverty of the poor. Another, and perhaps greater, evil, is the difficulty with which the cottagers can obtain some little land; the grievance was long since pointed out by Mr. Kent:—'when the cottagers,' he said, 'are accommodated with a small quantity of land, they are obliged to pay, at least, a double proportion of rent for it, to what the farmers pay themselves.' Upon this point, the facts which have been collected by the Society, led Sir T. Bernard to conclude, that the possession of arable land is hurtful to the cottager; but that his condition is most materially improved by possessing a garden and grass land for one or two cows. The experiment has been extensively tried by the Earl of Winchelsea;—there are from seventy to eighty labourers upon his estates in Rutlandshire, who keep from one to four cows each; and of all his tenants these men are the most punctual with their rents. Lord Winchelsea asserts, from experience, that nothing is so beneficial both to them and the landholders as this system; that the labourers and their families, living better, are consequently more able to endure labour; that they are contented with their situation, and attached to it; that having acquired a sort of independence, which makes them set a higher value upon their character, they are generally considered in the neighbourhood as men the most to be depended upon and trusted; that feeling the advantage of possessing a little, their industry is excited by hope; and that when a labourer has obtained a cow, and land sufficient to maintain her, his next thought is to save money enough for buying another. The experiment was tried also in Wiltshire, in a parish containing 140 poor persons, divided into 32 families, chiefly employed as labourers in husbandry. Having suffered greatly during the high price of provisions

visions in 1801, it was proposed to them that they should make an effort to better their circumstances, and occupy, at a fair rent, such a quantity of land as each family could cultivate without improperly interfering with their usual labour, and keep well manured; the land was to be forfeited if they received any relief from the parish, except medical assistance, or under the militia laws. The proposal was gladly accepted by all who could possibly accept it; and the consequence was, that the poor-rates, which, in the last six months before the experiment was made, had amounted to 212*l.* 16*s.* amounted, three years afterwards, in the six corresponding months of winter, to 12*l.* 6*s.* Some part of this great difference is, of course, attributable to the scarcity in the first year; but the fact that all these families had before been chargeable to the parish, and that none of them were chargeable after they had been thus enabled to assist themselves, proves incontestibly that no better means can be devised for improving the condition of the agricultural poor. The utmost quantity of land thus leased was an acre and a half, of which a fourth part in winter was planted with potatoes, the rest was in corn or in garden cultivation; and this experiment shews that even arable land is not always hurtful to the cottager. Of all means of improving his condition, this has been found the most beneficial;—the children are thus educated to husbandry, to the care of cattle, and the management of the dairy; while they are thus healthfully and usefully brought up, they are better fed; the father employs those hours in hopeful and therefore willing occupation, which would otherwise be idly or injuriously spent, and finds such solid satisfaction at the close of day by his own fire side, that the alehouse holds out no temptation to him; and the mother has that enjoyment in her offspring, which, in the right order of things, has been appointed by a benevolent Creator, instead of feeling, as is too often the unnatural state of the miserably poor, that their existence is burthensome to their parents, and calamitous for themselves.

The individual Christian, if he truly deserves that name, will ever bear in mind an humiliating sense of the evil propensities of fallen humanity, as a motive for vigilance over his own heart, and for charity towards the offences of others. But it is the business of governments to regard the bright side of human nature; the better they think of mankind the better they will find them, and the better they will make them. It is well known that in the middle and higher walks of life, men in general bear adverse fortune more wisely than they bear prosperity: one reason for this is, that these opposite states call into action the same principle; and pride, which makes man insolent or arrogant in the one situation, is in the other chastened and refined, till it becomes a virtue. The wisest and

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and the best minds have received their painful education in the school of adversity: but if adversity be favourable to the developement of our virtues, (and indeed many of our noblest qualities would never be developed under any other discipline,) there is a degree of misery which is fatal to them, and which hardens the heart as much as coarse manual labour indurates the skin, and destroys all finer sense of touch. Among savages, those tribes have ever been found the most unfeeling who possess the fewest comforts, and have the most difficulty in obtaining food; for when self-preservation becomes the prime concern, the natural charities are starved; a brutish selfishness occupies the whole heart, and man, having no instinct to supply the absence of his human affections, becomes worse than the beasts. Mournful as this is, it is far more mournful to contemplate the effects of extreme poverty in the midst of a civilized and flourishing society. The wretched native of Terra del Fuego, or of the northern extremity of America, sees nothing around him which aggravates his own wretchedness by comparison; the chief fares no better than the rest of the horde, and the slave no worse than the master; the privations which they endure are common to all, they know of no state happier than their own, and submit to their miserable circumstances as to a law of nature. But in a country like ours, there exists a contrast which continually forces itself upon the eye and upon the reflective faculty. There was a Methodist dabbler in art, who, in the days of our childhood, used to edify the public with allegorical prints from the great manufactory of Carrington Bowles; one of these curious compositions represented a human figure, of which the right side was dressed in the full fashion of the day, while the left was undressed to the very bones, and displayed a skeleton. The contrast in this worse than Mezentian imagination is not more frightful than that between health and squalid pauperism, who are every day jostling in our streets.

From the moment when any man begins to think that

'The world is not his friend, nor the world's law,'

the world and the world's law are likely to have that man for their enemy; and if he does not commence direct hostilities against them, he abandons himself to despair, and becomes a useless if not a hurtful member of the community. Attempts to reclaim him by penal statutes are worse than unavailing; they provoke that spirit of stubbornness which oftentimes is only the disease that ill treatment and untoward circumstances produce in a noble disposition. You might as well attempt to stop the progress of contagion, by punishing all who are affected by the baneful principles in the air, as to remedy poverty by penal laws against the poor. Children

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may sometimes be reformed by punishment, but even for children it is the clumsiest and worst means of reformation. Men must be led to their duty, not driven to it. You may deter them from doing what is criminal, but you cannot compel them to do what is right: or if the right thing is done by compulsion, the right will will have been wanting.

'Laws,' says Sir Thomas Bernard, 'have been made to *compel* industry and economy, and workhouses have been erected, and *farmed* to the best bidder, in order to deter the poor from wanting relief; but parishes and parish officers have not as yet been aware that in every instance in which a poor family is driven by distress to take refuge in a workhouse, an incumbrance has been entailed on the funds of the parish never to be redeemed, even in part, except by a change of system; by *encouraging* that industry and prudence which no act of parliament can *compel*, and by assisting them with increased means and advantages of life, calculated to enable them to support themselves and their families in their own cottages, without parochial relief.'

What reason would teach us to conclude, and what benevolence would induce us to hope, is in these instances abundantly proved by experience. Men are easily led to their duty. 'A child,' says the Eastern proverb, 'may lead the elephant by a single hair.' Try the effect of good will and hope upon the man who has wrapt himself in the covering of a reckless and stubborn despair, and you will see verified the old apologue of the sun, and the wind, and the traveller. His heart will open like a flower that closes at night, and expands its petals to the morning sun. The better parts of his nature will be put forth like the tendrils of the sea-anemone, when it feels the first wave of the returning tide upon its rock. A beautiful instance of the effect of kindness upon a most hopeless subject is related by Mr. Weyland in the volume which is now before us; it would be doing injustice to the able and benevolent author were we to give it in any other language than his own.

'I have seen a poor deformed cripple in a work-house attain his 20th year with not a spark of moral culture, with ears through which the accents of kindness and encouragement were never directed to his heart; the object of complete neglect, if not of scorn and contempt, to all by whom he was surrounded. His mind not highly endowed by nature, completely blunted by hard usage, approached to idiocy, and his countenance exhibited a mixture of sullenness, envy, and despair. I have seen this miserable object taken by the hand of a benevolent individual, his rags exchanged for decent clothing, *strange* words of kindness and encouragement addressed to his astonished ear, a spelling-book placed in his hand, his steps directed to a sunday-school, and flattering approbation bestowed upon his earnest but quite abortive efforts to learn to read. Although little actual knowledge was imparted, a more complete moral revolution was never observable in man. The eye,

eye, before dejected, was lighted up with joy and hope; the countenance, distorted with envy and furrowed with the deep lines of despair, relaxed into a cheerful smile; an interest for his own improvement was excited in his mind, and kept alive by the consciousness that his benefactor *cared for him.* The smile of pleasure, with which that benefactor was constantly greeted, imparted a joy only to be equalled by his humble thankfulness for having been the instrument of such a change in the heart of a fellow-creature. But if these were his feelings as a philanthropist and a Christian, I think that he might also fairly indulge some sense of gratification as a *politician.* The dirty and vicious habits, to which this poor creature was formerly a prey, were far from incapacitating him from becoming the father of a family as wretched and denuded as himself. He would have been satisfied to lie down with his partner in the hovel of a workhouse, and to pullulate without controul. But feelings of decency and self-respect have now induced better habits. His mind is diverted towards objects more remote from the brutal part of his nature, and it is probable that he will, at least, become a harmless if not an useful member of society.'*—pp. 344, 345.

The Society have collected some valuable examples of what may be effected by willing industry, when there is hope to encourage it. A tenant of Mr. Way's, in Suffolk, died, leaving a widow with fourteen children, the eldest of whom was a girl under fourteen years of age: he had rented fourteen acres of pasture land on which he kept two cows; these cows, with his little furniture and clothing, were all the property he left. The parish of which he had been an inhabitant was within the district of an incorporated house of industry, where the rule was to receive proper objects within the walls, but not to allow any thing for the out poor, except in peculiar cases. The directors of this establishment offered to relieve the widow by taking her seven youngest children into the house. It may be difficult to say what system of affording relief to the poor is best, but this may be affirmed without hesitation, that whatever system tends to weaken the domestic affections by separating child from parent, is radically bad. When this was proposed to the widow, she replied in great agitation that she would rather die in working to maintain her children, than part with any of them; or she would go with all of them into the house and work for them there;—but if her landlord would continue her in the farm, (as she called it,) she would undertake to bring up the whole fourteen without any help from the parish. She was a strong woman, about forty-five years old, and of a noble spirit; happily too she had to deal with a benevolent man. He told her she should continue the tenant, and hold the land for the first year rent-free; and at the

* An instance of a similar kind occurred in the Male Asylum at Madras, where the new system of education originated, and was carried to its full perfection.—See our Eleventh Number, p. 287, where it is given at length.

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same time, unknown to her, he directed his receiver not to call upon her afterwards, thinking that even with that indulgence it would be a great thing if she could maintain so large a family. But this further liberality was not needed. She brought her rent regularly every year after the first; held the land till she had placed twelve of the fourteen children in service, and then resigned it to take the employment of a nurse, which would enable her to provide for the remaining two for the little time longer that they needed support, and which was more suited to her declining years. Had the seven children been sent to the House of Industry, they would have cost the parish scarcely less than seventy pounds a year: and the widow and the other children also, had she been deprived of the land, would in all likelihood have soon required parochial support.

Twenty years ago there stood a small cottage by the road side, near Tadcaster, which for its singular beauty, and the neatness of its little garden, attracted the notice of every traveller. The remarkable propriety which appeared in every part of this tenement, made Sir Thomas Bernard curious to learn the history of the owner; and he obtained it from his own mouth. Britton Abbot (such was the owner's name) was a day-labourer: beginning to work with a farmer at nine years old, and being careful and industrious, he had saved nearly 40*l.* by the time that he was two-and-twenty. With this money he married and took a farm at 30*l.* a-year,—but the farm was too much for his means, and before the end of the second year he found it necessary to give it up, having exhausted almost all his little property. He then removed to a cottage, where with two acres of land and his right of common, he kept two cows, and lived in comfort for nine years; at the expiration of that time the common was inclosed, and he had to seek a new habitation with six children, and his wife ready to lie-in again. In this state he applied to Mr. Fairfax, and told him that if he would let him have a little bit of ground by the road side 'he would shew him the *fashions* on it.' The slip of land for which he asked was exactly a rood; Mr. Fairfax, after inquiring into his character, suffered him to have it; the neighbours lent him some little assistance in the carriage of his materials; he built his house, inclosed the ground with a single row of quickset, which he cut down six times when it was young, and planted the garden. The manner in which he set to work, and the way in which the work was performed, pleased Mr. Fairfax so much, that he told him he should be rent-free. His answer, as Sir Thomas Bernard justly says, deserves to be remembered. 'Now, sir, you have a pleasure in seeing my cottage and garden neat: and why should not other squires have the same pleasure in seeing the cottages and gardens as nice about them? The poor would then be happy, and would love them, and the

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the place where they lived: but now every nook of land is to be let to the great farmers, and nothing left for the poor but to go to the parish.'

'Though my visit,' says Sir Thomas, 'was unexpected, and he at the latter end of his Saturday's work, his clothes were neat and sufficiently clean. His countenance was healthy and open; he was a little lame in one leg, the consequence of exposure to wet and weather. He said he had always worked hard and well; but he would not deny but that he had loved a mug of good ale when he could get it. When I told him my object in inquiring after him, that it was in order that other poor persons might have cottages and gardens as neat as his, and that he must tell me *all his secret*, how it was to be done, he seemed extremely pleased, and very much affected: He said, "nothing would make poor folks more happy than finding *that great folks thought of them*: that he wished every poor man had as comfortable a home as his own,—not but that he believed there might be a few thoughtless fellows who would not do good in it."'

Britton Abbot was at this time sixty-seven, and had lived happily with his wife for five and forty years. He earned from twelve to eighteen shillings a week by task work, 'but to be sure,' he said, '*I have a grand character in all this country.*' Five of his children were living, and having been well brought up, were thriving in the world. Upon his rood of ground he had fifteen apple trees, one green gage, three winesour plum trees, two apricot trees, currants, gooseberries, and three beehives; he reared also from this garden abundance of common vegetables, and about forty bushels of potatoes annually. When this man was turned adrift upon the world by the inclosure of the common, if he had been without hope, or if the rood of land for which he asked had been denied, he and his six children, and his pregnant wife, might have gone to the workhouse, and become a burthen to the public, instead of setting it an example, and teaching a most important lesson to their superiors. We will transcribe Sir Thomas Bernard's words, and print them, as he has done, in a manner which may tend to excite the attention they deserve. 'FIVE UNSIGHTLY, UNPROFITABLE ACRES OF WASTE GROUND WOULD AFFORD HABITATION AND COMFORT TO TWENTY SUCH FAMILIES AS BRITTON ABBOT'S.' The quarter of an acre which was granted him was not worth a shilling a year before it came into his hands.

The Reports of the same meritorious Society supply another of these

'Short and simple annals of the poor,'

which those who are acquainted with the fact will be pleased to see brought once more into public notice, and which those who are not, may peruse with pleasure and perhaps with advantage to themselves

threatened that if he began his house they would pull it down; upon this he applied a second time to the court, and obtained a legal permission with the assent of all the copyholders, paying for the entry of his name on the court rolls, and sixpence a year quit-rent. And here we must do our country the justice to observe, that if a man of known industry and good character, like Joseph Austin or Britton Abbot, applies for an indulgence of this kind, there is very little probability that the application will be refused. Austin was at this time about forty-two years of age; he had a wife and four children, and his whole stock of worldly riches amounted to fourteen shillings: But men who deserve friends are seldom without them; and a master, with whom he usually worked at harvest, sold him an old cottage for nine guineas, which he was to work out. He had for some time in his leisure hours been preparing *bats*,—a sort of bricks made of clay and straw, well beaten together, eighteen inches long, twelve wide, and four deep, not burnt, but dried in the sun; with these and the materials of the old cottage he went to work. The *bats* make a better wall than lath and plaster with a coating of clay, less wood is required, and the house is stronger and warmer; but they must be protected from rain as much as possible, and especially toward the bottom. As he had to live and support his family by his daily labour, this building could only be carried on when his regular day's work was done; he has often continued it by moon-light, and heard the clock strike twelve before he withdrew from an occupation in which his heart was engaged,—this too when he had to rise at four the next morning, walk to Cambridge (nearly four miles distant) to his work, and return in the evening. If his constitution had not been unusually strong, it must have sunk under these extraordinary exertions, a fate more frequent than is generally supposed among the industrious poor. But he seems to have possessed an unwearied frame of body, as well as an invincible spirit. When the building was one story high, and the beams were to be laid on, the carpenter discovered that the timber from the old cottage would not serve for

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so *large* a place. This was a severe disappointment; nothing, however, discouraged him; he covered it over with a few loads of *haum*, and immediately began a small place in the same manner, at the end, working at this with such perseverance that he got his family in within four months after the foundations were laid. This great object being accomplished, he went on leisurely with the rest as he could save money for what was wanting: after five years he raised the second story, and in ten it was tiled and coated; the inside was not completed when Mr. Plumptre communicated the story to the Society, but there was house room for himself and his family, and another apartment was let for a guinea a year.

'In this manner,' says that gentleman, 'Joseph Austin, with singular industry and economy, in the course of ten years built himself a house, which he began with only fourteen shillings in his pocket. During that time his wife had four children, and buried as many more. The money which it cost him was about 50*l.* the whole of which was saved from the earnings of daily labour. The house and garden occupy about twenty poles of ground; and the garden is as creditable as the house to the industry and good sense of the owner;—one of the fences was made of sweet briar and roses mixed with woodbine, another of dwarf plum trees, and against the back of the house he had planted a vine, a nectarine, and a peach tree.'

Such are the advantages which a poor man may attain by perseverance and well-directed industry,—but there must be hope to aid. Hope is the leaven without which the mind becomes inert, and tends only to corruption. As well might you look for the kindly fruits of the earth without sunshine in its season, as for any good product from the people without hope.

'In all the plans which have been produced for the management of the poor, the defect,' says Sir Thomas Bernard, 'seems to be, that they do not propose to operate as *on free and rational agents, and on religious and accountable creatures*, each filling his place best when most earnestly seeking his own happiness; but as upon *works of art and mere mechanism*, where the greatest *momentum* is to be acquired when the machinery is most complicated, and the principles of action most involved. We have made repeated experiments on parochial manufactures, on farming the poor, on increasing the poor's rate, on the patronage of sentimental beggars, and the establishment of incorporated workhouses:—Let us now try the influence of *religious motive*, the consequence of *melioration of character*, and the effect of *improvement of condition*. Let us endeavour to operate by individual kindness and encouragement, by the prospect of acquiring property, and by every other incitement to industry and prudence; and we shall find that when the component parts of the body politic become sound and perfect, the state itself will be healthy and thriving.'

This is true radical reform,—this is the reform of which the na-

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tion stands in need,—and it is that also in which every one according to his station may bear a part. The good man will not be deterred from persevering in good, though his attempts to benefit others should sometimes end in disappointment, or sometimes be ill-bestowed and unthankfully requited.* A poet more conversant with humble life than any of his brethren, and in knowledge of human nature, its principles and its powers, scarcely inferior to the greatest of his predecessors, says upon this subject—

> 'I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning,
> Alas! the gratitude of man
> Has oftener left me mourning!'

The experience of most good men would agree with the poet's; for though diseases of the mind (and all vices—without ceasing to be vices—are such) are unhappily frequent as well as diseases of the body, like them also they are exceptions to the general and healthy state of man.

So far as the further increase of pauperism can be prevented, and the poor rates diminished, by improving the condition of the present generation of the poor, more may be done by benevolent individuals, and by making parishes sensible of their true interest, than by any parliamentary interference. It augured well of the Society, when upon first proposing this establishment, Sir Thomas Bernard the founder deprecated any attempt at proceeding rapidly and prematurely. In the same spirit of wisdom, after eight years of patient inquiry, he laid it down as a principle that, in every measure respecting the poor, we should avoid sudden and rapid changes. The Turks have a proverb, that hurry comes from the Devil, and slow-advancing from God. More than this, he says truly that not only sudden changes ought to be avoided, but also any unnecessary variation in form and manner from long-existent institutions. Far different this from the principle of our political—or more properly speaking, our pseudo-reformers, who, under pretence of restoring the constitution to what it never at any time was, would, by their violent innovations, dislocate the parts, loosen the foundations, and subvert the whole fabric! Great good may be brought about by means so easy and gradual as almost to be imperceptible.

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* '*Les Princes et autres*,' says Comines, '*se plaignent aucunesfois comme par déconfort, quand ils ont fait bien ou plaisir à quelqu'un, disans que cela leur procede de malheur, et que pour le temps à venir ne seront si legers, ou à pardonner, ou à faire quelque liberalité, ou autre chose de grace, que toutes sont choses appartenantes à leurs offices. A mon avis c'est mal parlé; et procede de lasche cœur à ceux qui ainsi le font et disent; car un Prince ou un autre homme qui ne fut jamais trompé, ne scauroit estre qu'une beste, ny avoir connoissance du bien et du mal, ny qu'elle difference il y a. Et davantage, les gens ne sont pas tous d'une complexion: par quoy, par la mauvaistié d'un ou de deux, ne se doit cesser à faire plaisir a plusieurs, quand on en a le temps et opportunité.*'—Liv. ii. c. 3.

If

If such slips of waste land as were given to Joseph Austin and Britton Abbot, and as even now are every where to be seen, were in like manner to be appropriated wherever there were labourers of good character able and desirous to improve them, that moral charm which delights the traveller in Flanders, would then be added to the English landscape: the very face of the country would in a few years shew that the vital parts had recovered their tone and their healthy action; the poor rates in the agricultural parts of England would be prevented from increasing at first, and gradually reduced; the amount of the additional produce in fruit and garden vegetables would appear, if it were calculated, surprizingly great; and there would be a produce of virtues and human happiness, the worth of which is beyond all calculation. Greatly too would this desirable end be furthered, if the great landed proprietors, instead of throwing their estates into the largest farms that can be managed by an individual, were in some degree to reverse their system, and ascertaining what are the smallest that can be cultivated with proper advantage, were to afford many families the means of subsisting with comfort and respectability, instead of enabling one to adventure for wealth by speculating in agriculture upon a large scale. Too long has that foul philosophy prevailed which considered men either as mere machines who fulfilled all the purposes of their existence if they furnished recruits for fleets and armies, and raised money sufficient for the exigencies of the state; or as mere animals, whose wants were all that were to be taken into the account of statistic economy. Hence the absurd assertion that the greatest benefactor of his species was the man who made two blades of grass grow where only one had grown before; and hence the more absurd approbation with which the hyperbole was received as a maxim of political wisdom! *Quicquid amat valdè amat* may truly be said of the Englishman; a good deal of this disposition has been shewn in the ardour with which agriculture has been taken up as a fashion, and as one of the many means for acquiring notoriety. The benefit which has resulted from it may remain when the folly shall have evaporated, and the evil past away; but it were well if our gentle and noble agriculturists would more generally take a pride in increasing the comforts of the peasantry, and ameliorating their moral and intellectual state. Great and successful efforts have been made not only in improving the fleece of the sheep, but in increasing the tallow and spoiling the mutton; in fitting cattle to the standard of perfection at the shambles; in delighting amateur graziers with the beauty of Farnese Tups, Bulls-Belvedere, and Cows de' Medici; and astonishing amateur butchers by the weight and dimensions of Lambert Oxen. The skill of the engraver has been called in to perpetuate the triumphs of art over nature, in inducing

ducing a disease of obesity which makes the animal at once hideous, helpless, and miserable: and the fortunate feeders have been rewarded with cups and vases which are to be handed down as heirlooms in their families, and excite the young gentry and nobility of England to emulate their fathers in the same ennobling pursuits!—A little less of this folly in future,—and a little more attention toward the real and permanent interests of our fellow creatures.

What has hitherto been said relates almost exclusively to the agricultural poor; what other means of bettering their condition have been devised, are equally applicable to those of all descriptions, miners, manufacturers, and those who dwell in large cities, who are hardly less numerous at this time than those engaged in rural occupations, but are in some respects more wretched, and in general more corrupt. When, in pursuance of Mr. Rose's Bill, authentic information was for the first time in any country laid before the public, of the number of paupers, and the amount of the poor rates, it appeared that more than 700,000 persons were enrolled in benefit societies. The advantage of such societies might fairly be inferred from their antiquity; they are known to have existed in some of the ancient Greek republics, traces of them are found among our Anglo Saxon ancestors, and what is more remarkable, institutions of a similar purport have been discovered in some of the South Sea Islands, among a people still barbarous enough to delight in devouring the flesh of their enemies. There is much good in these societies; and the protection which government has given them has been found of considerable use; that protection also originated in Mr. Rose, whose views have been steadily and usefully directed toward the real benefit of the great body of the people, and whose name therefore will be deservedly respected when those who are now on all occasions ready to assail him will be remembered far less honourably—if indeed they be remembered at all. The protection would have been more efficacious if, according to his intention, a power of effectual interposition in the affairs of the Societies had been given to the magistrates; but this intention was very properly given up, when it was ascertained that the members were jealous of such interference. In the neighbourhood of London, a majority of one of these societies, all young men, passed a vote for dissolving the society and dividing the stock; thus defrauding the old members of that provision for age and infirmity, for which they had so long contributed: the young villains then formed a new society among themselves, and left the old men to the parish. No magistrate would have permitted an act of such impudent iniquity as this.

The number of persons enrolled in these associations would decidedly prove that there is by no means a general want of forethought among

among the lower classes. There is nothing attractive in their object,—the weekly or monthly payment is not a deposit made by hopeful industry for future comfort and enjoyment, but a provision against sickness, the inevitable infirmities of old age, and the expenses attendant upon death. It is not a little honourable to the national character that among the uninstructed ranks who stand in need of such a provision, so large a proportion should be found who are mindful of the decline of life, and prepare this melancholy resource for themselves and their widows; and hence it may reasonably be supposed that the Saving Banks will be generally established wherever these more cheerful, and infinitely more important institutions shall become generally known. It would scarcely be too much to affirm that a more beneficial institution has never been devised since the foundations of civilized society were laid; and scarcely too much to hope that it may operate as a Sinking Fund toward the extinction of the Poor Rates,—as a moral vaccination against the spreading infection of pauperism and misery. This also is a means for bettering the condition of the poor, for which no legislative interference is required; but were the legislature to facilitate it by establishing County Banks, the people might thus be delivered from the greatest political evil to which they are subject. The frequent failures of Provincial Banks, and the misery which they occasion, deserve the serious attention of government; no political circumstances ever in this island produce such extensive distress and ruin. The tenant who has laid by his rent, the shopkeeper who has collected money for his payments, find, like the man in the Arabian Tales, that what they received as money, is at once become worthless; they could insure against fire, they could guard against thieves, but there are no means of providing against this danger; they incur it with their eyes open—knowingly but inevitably; for in the greater part of England, country-notes are exclusively in common circulation. The evil of the old Birmingham halfpence, or the present generation of Irish shillings, whose reign is now to be at an end, were mere trifles compared to this: it is a public and notorious evil, which affects all the middle classes of the community, and which it is both the interest and the duty of government to remove.

Thanks to the gradual improvements which have been made, there are but few political evils left for government to amend in this fortunate country. The grievances to which the labouring poor were subject, in being removed from places where they were not parishioners, lest they should become chargeable, has been taken away; and for this benefit also they are indebted to Mr. Rose. Further good might be effected, if the practice of passing paupers to their parish were discontinued, and relief administered to

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to them upon the spot where they needed it, the balances being annually settled between the respective parishes, or counties: much expense and much litigation might thus be avoided, and there would be no room for those occasional instances of brutality which it is better to prevent than to punish. There is more to be done in delivering the people from evil, by removing temptation. Magistrates should be less ready to grant licenses for public-houses, and more prompt in taking them away in all cases where irregular hours are kept, and disorderly meetings permitted or encouraged. Bull baiting should be prohibited. Mr. Windham, who so often became paradoxical for the pleasure which he felt in exercising his intellectual subtlety, never went so far astray in following the Will o' the wisp of his own imagination, as when he defended this brutal practice. There is no necessary connection between courage and cruelty—there seems to be a natural one between cruelty and cowardice; for though brave men may sometimes be cruel, cowards are generally so; and among savages, and in the excesses which have been committed by infuriated mobs, the weaker sex have always been more cruel than the men. Mr. Windham's argument was false in all its bearings, and so he would have discovered if he had asked his heart the question; there never breathed a more intrepid man, nor one with quicker feelings of generous humanity—but his heart was not consulted upon this occasion. Cock fighting is much more frequent, and much more pernicious, for it connects gambling with cruelty: and here it may be observed that in all measures of preventive reform, which the legislature may enact, or the magistrate enforce, they will be acting in unison with the wishes of the well-disposed men among the class for whose benefit these measures are intended; and of all the women:—wives and mothers will bless them for their interference.

Disgraceful as these practices are to the nation, and detrimental as they are in their consequences, they are trifling both in extent and in evil to the consequences of the Game Laws. Mr. Weyland's letter upon this subject cannot fail of convincing every considerate reader that an immediate alteration in these laws is, of all legislative measures, the most necessary for preventing crimes.

'The extent and progress of the evil,' says this active and most meritorious Magistrate, 'cannot be conceived by those who are not conversant with the lower ranks in the country villages. From extensive observation and inquiry, I believe in my conscience that three-fourths of the crimes which bring so many poor men to the gallows, have their origin in the habits necessarily introduced by the almost irresistible temptations held out in consequence of the prohibitions of the Game Laws, and a nightly breach of their enactments.'

He declares of his own knowledge, that in every village with which

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which he is acquainted, the profligate characters may trace the first corruption of their habits to this cause; and, he says, the wonder is not that so many are corrupted, but that so many escape the temptation. This subject is so important, that Mr. Weyland's statement cannot be too generally circulated, nor his object too strongly recommended. The game laws were intended to preserve the pleasures of sporting for the landed proprietors, and to secure game for the tables of the higher orders, as an object of luxury and distinction; the lower class attach no value to game as a delicacy, their sense of taste has never been cultivated, and to them it is only worth its weight as meat: to them, therefore, there is no hardship in the privation, and certainly no injustice in reserving animals for the profit of those persons at whose cost they have been fed. When those laws were enacted, the gentry of England were all landholders; since that time the monied interest has risen to an equal rank, fashion and custom have made game one of the requisite luxuries of an opulent table, and three-fourths of the persons who consume it, and from their station in life are expected to consume it, can procure it in no other way than by purchasing from those persons who employ poachers, or corrupt the gamekeepers. Is it to be expected that a large and affluent part of the community, who know, that according to the customs of the country in which they live, game ought to appear at their tables, will abstain from it in deference to laws which time has made unjust by making them inapplicable to the existing circumstances of society, and which the landholders in whose favour they were framed, and in condescension to whose prejudices they have too long been retained, are so far from respecting themselves, that the very persons, who would most severely punish poaching upon their own estates, make no scruple of encouraging it elsewhere, by ordering game at an inn whenever they are travelling? Since the establishment of the mail coach, and the increased rapidity of travelling and number of public conveyances, poaching has increased fifty fold; game is conveyed from the remotest parts of England to the London market, and the commissariat department of the trade is regular and perfect. It thus possesses greater facilities than smuggling; and while the one offence prevails along the whole coast of the island, the other prevails in every part of it. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the consequences: the instances of homicide and murder to which it leads are now become so frequent, that the magnitude of the evil is universally perceived and acknowledged. 'If,' says Mr. Weyland, 'the object of a good law is to prevent the commission of an offence, it is difficult to speak in terms of measured indignation concerning statutes which at one and the same time both promote and punish the same crime.

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To be both *unjust* and *ineffectual* is the deepest reproach with which any law can be stained; but it is by no means the foulest to which the present game laws are obnoxious;—they are not only unjust, as *they tempt to the commission of the offence which they punish;* not only ineffectual, as *they have no tendency to prevent the commission of the offence;* not only absurd, as tending to *raise the price of game* by the additions made to its cost on account of risk and penalties,—but they are, above all, grossly wicked, as the chief positive consequence is *the general destruction of the morals of the rural population.*' The cause of this evil exists obviously in the demand for game among such of the opulent classes as can only procure it by purchase. The remedy which Mr. Weyland proposes is, to legalize the sale of game in open market, and to permit all occupiers of land of above thirty or forty acres in extent, to kill game, for sale or otherwise, on their own land, unless they are specially prohibited by agreement with their landlords; such person paying one guinea for a license, and the poulterer and innkeeper taking out in like manner an annual license; and, lastly, that qualified persons should not sport upon preserved or inclosed ground (after notice to abstain) under a penalty of five pounds Here would be an increase of revenue, if that object were worthy of consideration, when the welfare of the lower classes is so deeply implicated. The game would be increased, as it would every where be the farmer's interest to preserve it, whereas at present it is their interest to connive at, or encourage its destruction. It is not many years since the Grand Jury in one of the Northern counties received, when they were dining together, a basket containing two thousand partridges' eggs, carefully packed.—This further and greater good would arise, that when the wild animals upon the land were made the property of the farmer by whom they are fed, they would be considered as such in general opinion, and the equity of the law be recognized by that sense of justice, which positive law can never offend with impunity.

No single act of the legislature would so certainly decrease the number of crimes, as an alteration of the game laws. There are other evils which the legislature might redress. The night work in the cotton mills, one of the most inhuman practices that ever calculating* avarice devised, has been prohibited; but it is to be hoped that government will interfere further, and limit the day labour exacted from the poor children whom their parents or their parishes have sold to this miserable employment.

It was a clumsy and cruel contrivance of the Romans to use

* This act was not passed without considerable opposition; and an attempt was made to procure its repeal, upon the plea, that unless the owners of cotton mills could work their apprentices night and day, it would amount to a surrender of all their profits!

hedge-

hedge-hogs for clothes brushes, and prepare them for it by starving them to death: our method of sweeping chimnies is not more ingenious, and little less inhuman. The practice, however, is not, as has been asserted, peculiar to England, nor is it of so modern an origin as has been supposed. The first chimney-sweepers in Germany came from Savoy, Piedmont, and the neighbouring territories, the only countries where chimney-sweeping for a long time was followed as a trade; and from hence Beckmann conjectures that chimnies were invented in Italy. M. Jaubert had drawn the less reasonable inference that the Savoyards had learnt the art of climbing from the marmots, as if the art of climbing were not learnt by boys wherever there are trees or crags to climb. The greater part of the chimney-sweepers in Paris, according to Beckmann, are still Savoyards. The earliest mention that we have found of this trade in England, is in Beaumont and Fletcher; and the broken English which they have put into the mouth of Monsieur Black, as they call him, indicates rather a *Savoyard than a Frenchman, but proves that the trade was imported into this country, and originally exercised by foreigners. If, however, we have not the sin of having invented it, it may be feared that we have carried it to a more brutal extent than any other nation;—for, half a century ago, girls† were employed in this disgusting and cruel occupation. This certainly would not be tolerated now by popular feeling; nor ought the trade itself to be tolerated longer. Children cannot be compelled to learn it, frightful and perilous as it is, without cruelty: it induces a peculiar and fatal disorder, so common, as to be called the chimney-sweeper's disease; and the boys, who escape the disease, and are neither killed by filth nor hard usage, outgrow the employment, when they shoot into manhood, and find themselves adrift upon the world, without any means of getting a livelihood;—for, notwithstanding the consumption of life, the trade does not afford a maintenance for one in seven of those who are apprenticed to it. 'The consequence,' says Sir Thomas Bernard, 'is, that the greater part of these boys are driven to a profligate and vicious course of life by the want of education and protection: that of about two hundred master chimney-sweepers in London, there are not above twenty who can make a decent livelihood by it; and that in most instances the master is only a lodger, having one room for himself, his wife, and children, and another (generally a cellar without a fire-place) for his soot and his apprentices, without any

* Ma litla, litla frera, and é, chante frare chante.—Monsieur è have dis for votra barba, ple ta vou Monsieur. Broken French was never written thus.

† Fawkes has an epithalamium upon the marriage of a cobbler and a female chimney-sweeper.

means

means of providing for their comfort, health, or cleanliness, and without any other bed for them than the soot-bags which they have been using in the course of their day's work.' A recent case of atrocious barbarity, in which a child was killed in such a manner that the law could not pronounce it murder, though the act was committed, and the guilt in its worst degree incurred, has called the public attention strongly to this subject. It is some years since the Adelphi Society granted a premium for the invention of a machine, which supersedes the necessity of employing human creatures in this shocking manner. An act of parliament should be passed to abolish the present trade, and public benevolence would, beyond all doubt, find suitable provision for the little slaves who would thus be emancipated.

A man of wit, seeing the chimney-sweepers in their May-day trappings, observed that he had often heard of the majesty of the people, and these were doubtless some of the young princes. But with what feelings will a good man contemplate these wretched beings in their every-day state, when he thinks of the majesty of human nature, the capacities with which it is endowed, and the immortality for which it is created? When he reflects upon the condition of these most forlorn and pitiable of his species, and upon the far greater numbers who are working at unwholesome occupations in hot and offensive rooms, debarred the natural enjoyments which childhood instinctively requires, deprived even of fresh air, destitute of all moral, intellectual, and religious education, and habituated from their earliest years to whatever can corrupt the imagination and defile the heart—with what feelings will a Christian call to mind the words of his Lord and Redeemer—'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven!' It is not in respect to his Creator alone that man is as clay in the potter's hands: human institutions make the difference between the Englishman and the savage; and in the same country between the happiest members of an enlightened age, and the veriest wretch in St. Giles's, whose life displays at once the extremes of degradation and of misery. Ambition has received so memorable a lesson in these late years, that it will probably be long before another war be undertaken in Europe for the mere purposes of conquest. Let us hope that the time is not far distant, when the first object of every Christian government will be to better the condition of the people, and remove as many as possible of the factitious evils which flesh is heir to. The first great and indispensable measure is to provide for the instruction of the people, by training up the children in the way they should go.

About

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About five years have elapsed since some remarks were submitted to the public, in this journal, upon the Origin,* Nature, and Object of the New System of Education. At that time an attempt had been made, with matchless effrontery, to give the merit of the discovery to an impudent pretender, and to vilify the real author, as one who recommended that the poor should be kept in ignorance. We exposed these calumnies, and proved by official documents, the authenticity of which could not be called in question, that the system originated at Madras, where the principle of self-tuition, having been accidentally resorted to in practice, was first perceived as a principle, and as such applied, and carried into full effect. Since the publication of our essay, time, by whom all controversies are finally decided, has gone far toward deciding this.—Joseph Lancaster has disappeared from the Lancasterian schools which his partizans founded; and as they begin to be ashamed of the name, as well as of the man, the name is disappearing also. Meantime the Madras system has been exhibited under the auspices of the National Society; and all who have visited the Central School are witnesses that the process of education is carried on to the greatest possible advantage of the pupils, and with the greatest possible ease, expedition, and economy. When the last Annual Report of the Society was published, there were about 700 schools conducted under their auspices, and the number of children comprized in these schools exceeded 100,000. Promising, however, as this is, and great as is the good which has been effected, it is little in comparison with what might be done. It rests upon no stable foundation. The more zealous and munificent benefactors may leave none to supply their loss, when they drop off in the course of nature; and it must not be expected that individual liberality will always keep pace with the demands which are made upon it. But a business of such momentous interest should not depend upon casual means alone; nor ought government to rely upon private benevolence for the performance of one of the most imperative and important of all public duties.

The wicked opinion, that it is good policy for a government to keep the people in ignorance, has been exposed by Sir William Davenant, in arguments which the circumstances of his own age suggested; and which are but too applicable at present:—'A maxim,' he says, 'sounding like the little subtlety of one that is a statesman only by birth or beard, and merits not his place by much thinking. For ignorance is rude, censorious, jealous, obstinate, and proud; these being exactly the ingredients of which disobe-

* Vol. VI. No. XI. Afterwards enlarged and published separately under this title.

dience is made: and obedience proceeds from ample consideration, of which knowledge consists; and knowledge will soon put into one scale the weight of oppression, and in the other the heavy burden which disobedience lays on us in the effects of civil war; and then even tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supreme power binds up our load, and lays it artfully on us, than disobedience, (the parent of confusion,) when we all load one another, in which every one increases his fellow's burden to lessen his own.' Such was the judgement of a wise man in evil times, when the unhappy temper of the age seemed to admit no medium between absolute power and anarchy: it was his opinion, that the wisest policy, even for a despotic government, was to instruct the people; —how much more, then, must it be the interest of a government wisely constructed, justly administered, and perfectly free, like ours, especially when its internal enemies are continually labouring to bring it into disrepute by imposing the shallowest sophistry, the grossest misrepresentations, and the most impudent falsehoods, upon the ignorance of the vulgar!

The recent parliamentary inquiry has shewn that there are from 120 to 130,000 children in the metropolis without the means of education; between three and four thousand of whom are let out by their parents to beggars, or employed in pilfering,—and thus trained up for profligacy, the prison, and the gallows! A like proportion would be found in all large cities, and throughout the manufacturing districts a far greater. It is not necessary to dwell upon the impolicy and evil consequences of suffering so large a part of the community to grow up in ignorance,—it is not necessary to point out the political danger and the moral guilt: these points will not now be disputed; all parties are agreed upon the duty and necessity of educating the people. The point which is disputed is, whether upon any great and general plan of national education, the children should or should not be instructed in the principles of the established church. But if governments are secure in proportion as the great body of the subjects are attached to the institutions of their country, it necessarily follows that national education ought to be conducted in conformity to those institutions. No proposition in geometry is more certain than this; no inference is more inevitable. Upon this principle our public schools and colleges have all been founded—institutions which are unrivalled in the rest of the world. The very sects in condescension to whom we are required to exclude the doctrines of the church from public education, would be the first to acknowledge the unreasonableness of the request, if they were not aware of its consequences, as tending to sap and subvert the establishment which they detest. Ask

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the Quakers or the Romanists so to regulate their seminaries, and accommodate the mode of instruction, that the children of churchmen may not be excluded,—and they will laugh you, and deservedly laugh you, to scorn! The very Romanist would silence you by an appeal to the Bible—Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

The cost of national education is rendered so trifling, by Dr. Bell's intellectual steam-engine, that the expense would present no obstacle; but it is only by the legislature that this good can be rendered permanent, and extended to the whole nation. Fain would we see a system of parochial schools connected with the church establishment, and fencing it like a line of outworks, and the parish clerks raised into respectability by being made the parish schoolmasters, when a race of men had been fitted for the office. Among the queries which the excellent Bishop Berkley proposed to the consideration of the public, are the following: 'Whether it be not of great advantage to the church of Rome, that she hath clergy suited to all ranks of men, in gradual subordination from cardinals down to mendicants? Whether her numerous poor clergy are not very useful in missions, and of much influence with the people? Whether, in defect of able missionaries, persons conversant in low life, and speaking the Irish tongue, (he is here referring particularly to Ireland,) if well instructed in the first principles of religion, and in the Popish controversy, though for the rest on a level with the parish clerks, or the schoolmasters of charity-schools, may not be fit to mix with and bring over our poor illiterate natives to the established church? And whether in these views, it may not be right to breed up some of the better sort of children in the charity-schools, and qualify them for missionaries, catechists, and readers?' Berkley published his Querist about eighty years ago: these hints which he then threw out for the benefit of Ireland, might have excited some useful reflections in England also; and if the heads of the English church at that time had been actuated by a spirit like that of this excellent prelate,—the zeal of Wesley and Whitfield, instead of being inflamed and exasperated by ill-judged and illegal resistance, might have been conciliated, regulated, and so wisely directed, that these extraordinary men might have been to the Establishment what Dominic and Loyola were to the Romish Church, instead of becoming the founders of a schism. No person can contemplate the organization and the rapid increase of the Methodists, without perceiving the imminent danger with which the national church is threatened: but a full sense of these dangers, and a full perception of the evils which they have done, and the heavier evil to be apprehended from their further success must not prevent us from acknowledging that they have done good also, and

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sown the seeds of the Gospel in many places which would otherwise still have remained waste ground. At the time of the Reformation, the Romish church was in its worst state, its scandalous abuses having in fact provoked that tremendous, but needful and salutary revolution. A dissolute clergy, and a series of atheistical popes, some of whom were the most profligate of the human race, seemed to delight in outraging all decency, and insulting the people upon whose credulity they preyed. The doctrines and discipline of that corrupt church remain unaltered;—the same idolatry exists—the same polytheism, the same assumption of infallibility, the same consistent intolerance; while the practice of auricular confession, and the celibacy of the clergy, produce the same injurious consequences to the purity of private morals and the well-being of society. But the Romish church, even in Italy, and in Rome itself, has learnt decency of manners from the Reformation; and the conduct of its higher clergy, which was formerly so shameless, has become decorous in most cases, and exemplary in many. Had it been thus in the sixteenth century, we should perhaps have retained some of its institutions, which, with due modifications, might be rendered as useful as they were then pernicious. One of its chief advantages is, that no men who can possibly serve it in any station, are precluded from its service: it has, therefore, always members enough, and among them subjects suited to every sphere and every kind of duty,—from the cardinal who directed with absolute controul the councils of the French or Spanish monarchy, in the days of their greatest power, to the lay brother, who performed with unaffected humility the menial offices of a hospital. The Methodists also have this advantage; for they are wise in their generation. Archbishop Wake is known to have taken some steps toward effecting a union with the church of Rome; and the same benevolent hope has been expressed by the most learned and most liberal of the English Catholics. With the Methodists a union is possible; yet even here the difficulties are so many,—such a concession of dignity is required from the one side, and of power from the other, with perhaps some sacrifice of prejudice from both,—that it would appear absurd to recommend a measure which is so devoutly to be wished.

There is always, and there ever will be, a quantity of religious enthusiasm in every civilized community, which becomes useful or injurious, as it is well or erroneously directed. To prevent it is impossible—even if its prevention were desirable;—it arises out of the condition of human nature, and is one of the manifestations of our immortality. Where it occurs in youth and opening manhood, it is most commonly in great measure factitious, and its duration may be doubted. The vanity of human wishes, and the instability of human

human happiness, trite as the topics are, must be experienced before they influence our conduct. It is not in the heyday of health and enjoyment—it is not in the morning sunshine of his vernal day—that man can be expected feelingly to remember his latter end, and to fix his heart upon eternity. In the order of nature, what Hartley calls theopathy, is not, and ought not, to be looked for, as the predominant feeling of youth; the religious enthusiasm of youth is likely to abate, or sometimes the appearance is retained when the reality has evaporated, and zeal as it cools settles into hypocrisy. But in after-life many causes operate to wean us from the world: grief softens the heart, sickness searches it; the blossoms of hope are shed; death cuts down the flower of our affections: the disappointed man turns his thoughts toward a state of existence where his wiser desires may be fixed with the certainty of faith; the successful man feels that the objects which he has so ardently pursued fail to satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit; the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he may save his soul alive. Among men who, to borrow a Catholic expression, are thus undeceived, the Catholic church has, in all times, found its most efficient and useful ministers, from the days of St. Augustine to La Harpe. They require to be actively employed,—*in labore quies*,—the restless spirit finds food and gratification in action, and could not be supported without it. But the English church has no room for them in her ranks, and provides no employment for them; they are therefore gathered into the Methodist fold.

During the first age of Methodism, Bishop Lavington published a curious parallel between the enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists,—the former were not then so well understood as they are at present, and the latter a great deal better. At that time the sect was in its first effervescence, and committed many extravagancies and follies, which in the natural process of fermentation have since worked off. If their journals and experiences then afforded abundant resemblances to the legends of the Romish church, a parallel would now hold equally good with many of their institutions and practices,—in their confessions, their system of itinerancy, and the knowledge of human nature which they have shewn in raising women to a degree of importance in their church, which has in no slight degree contributed to its rapid progress. Possibly it may not be long (after the example of the Romish church,—in this instance truly exemplary) before they form societies like the Beguines of Flanders, and the *Sœurs de la Charité* of France, whom the French found it necessary to re-establish* for the good of humanity, when

* What Portalis said upon this subject in his report upon the Concordat well deserves

for the sick, asylums for the destitute, and prisons for the criminal; but the prison might be made a place of moral discipline, the poor house a place of religious retreat; and if Christian consolation found its way into the hospital, the wounded spirit might be healed when the bodily disease was irremediable.

The Report of the Society for benefiting the Poor contains an account of two religious societies formed among the aged poor at the suggestion of the excellent Bishop of Durham. The members meet together on Sunday evening for religious improvement; they engage to promote, as far as is in their power by influence and example, the observance of the Sabbath, and to do every thing that in them lies for promoting good will, good neighbourhood, and Christianity one amongst another; and they allot a tenth part of the little which they can lay by to the relief of their more necessitous neighbours. A penny per week is paid by each member, and the contributions of honorary members created a fund which enabled their weekly deposit to be returned at the end of the year; twofold to all above sixty years of age; threefold to those who had reached the full age of man, and fourfold to those of fourscore. If that due instruction be given in childhood, which it is the interest and the duty of a Christian government to provide for all its subjects, none will then perish through ignorance,—there will be a rule of conduct for every one in life, and a consolation in age and cala-

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attention. '*Qu'avons nous fait, quand, après la dévastation générale, nous avons voulu rétablir nos hospices? Nous avons rappelé ces vierges Chrétiennes connues sous le nom de Sœurs de la Charité, qui se sont si généreusement consacrées au service de l'humanité malheureuse, infirme et souffrante. Ce n'est ni l'amour-propre ni la gloire qui pouvait encourager des vertus et des actions trop désintéressées, et trop pénibles pour pouvoir être payés par des applaudissemens humains. Il faut élever ses regards au-dessus des hommes; et l'on ne peut trouver des motifs d'encouragement et de zèle que dans cette piété qui anime la bienfaisance, qui est étrangère aux vanités du monde, et qui fait quitter dans la carrière du bien public des consolations que le ciseau seule ne pourrait nous donner. On a fait, d'autre part, la triste expérience, que des mercénaires sans motif intérieur qui puisse les attacher constamment à leur devoir, ne sauraient remplacer des personnes animées par l'esprit de la religion, c'est à dire, par un principe qui est supérieur aux sentimens de la nature, et qui pouvant seul motiver tous les sacrifices, est seul capable de nous faire braver tous les dégoûts et tous les dangers.*'

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mity, except they wilfully go wrong. What it is to possess that consolation, and what it is to be without it, may be better shewn by example, than by any reasoning. A woman at Dundee, in humble life, was left a widow in her youth, with one child; she supported herself and the boy, and paid a trifle for his education: her own had been entirely neglected. When he was twelve years old, the mother was afflicted with a paralytic stroke, which confined her to her bed a hopeless cripple. The boy then procured work at an Osnaburgh manufactory; every morning he cleaned the room, prepared breakfast, and made her comfortable for the day before he went to his loom; a neighbour occasionally called in to assist her during his absence. The child taught her to read, she procured a Bible, and the comfort which she found there was such, that when she had thus been bed-ridden for five years she called herself one of the happiest of mortals. Now for the contrast: A woman, in humble life also, being seduced in her youth, and finding herself pregnant, retired under the strong sense of shame to a lonely cottage, and there brought forth a daughter who proved an idiot, and for that reason, being always helpless as an infant, was always an object of unabated tenderness and love. More than fifty years they lived together, the mother excluding as much as possible all commerce with the world, and supporting herself and her child by her own labour. In 1810 the idiot died, and the survivor was seen, a few years afterwards, by one whom humanity, not less than curiosity, induced to visit her—her grief being spoken of as extraordinary both for its strength and duration. The village near which she lived is situated in one of the most exposed, wild, unfrequented, and barren spots in Somersetshire, and the hovel was one of the most miserable hiding places in which wretchedness had ever laid itself down to die. Not a footstep or patten-mark was near the door, scarcely any vestige of a path; the cracked mud wall was not more than four feet in height, and the roof had no other covering than the damp green moss under which the thatch had rotted. The moor sheep (says the friend from whose letter we are now writing) lying under the black rocks, which every where appeared among the surrounding heath and peat, seemed better housed and sheltered than the inmate of this nook of misery. The inside was, if possible, worse, yet it seemed as if some care had formerly been taken to make it comfortable; for the bedstead on which the old woman sate, and whatever furniture damp and neglect had not destroyed, appeared once to have been decent; there were mildewed prints upon the walls, which in better days had been neatly nailed up with red tape, and in what had once been a window there were some flower pots, but the plants were dead; the window was stopt up with weeds,

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and covered with cobwebs, on which the damp had collected in large drops. She was sitting erect on the bed with her arms folded, and a countenance that exhibited the character of sullenness rather than of grief. Her features were strong but regular, such as in youth had probably been beautiful in no ordinary degree, and even now had much womanly expression in them when she spoke. All her neighbours had long dreaded and abused her for being a witch; and the overseers, with whom she was compelled to have intercourse, had brought no unusual degree of feeling or charity to the execution of their office: no wonder then that a stranger should be doubtfully received. The visitor began the conversation by begging shelter, and presently made some observations on the state of the hovel. She said she had done with comfort, and did not wish to be better off. He asked if her neighbours were kind to her; her answer was that she never *would* have neighbours at any time, much less now; she used to be happy without them, and they could not make her happy now. He inquired if she could get sufficient food; yes, she said, but she ate little and cared not what it was; her clothing was supplied by the parish. Did she never go out? But seldom, she made answer, because she did not chuse to be asked questions. The stranger then said that, although she might dislike any human company, she might, perhaps, find some amusement in keeping chicken; and he offered to set her up with some, and with food to keep them. She replied that she never more would take care of any living thing; it was a kind offer, but she had her reasons for refusing it. The determined tone of her voice and her manner compelled him to drop the conversation, and he had too much humanity to touch on the immediate cause of her grief. Her notions of religion were too indistinct to afford her any relief,—they had never been cultivated,—and the fruit therefore was not to be found when it was wanting. Nor was there any of that pride which enables many to bear up against affliction: it was vehement grief acting upon a strong mind and strong frame, unmixed, unsophisticated, unalleviated,—and, for want of the most precious of all the Almighty's gifts to man, unalleviable. She was at that time seventy-six, and in such bodily strength and health, that she seemed likely long to continue in this awful state. This case is the more impressive, because the subject possessed no ordinary strength of heart, and no ordinary capacity of virtue, else shame would not have wrought on her so strongly in her youth, nor her affections have retained such intensity in age. The mere absence of religion caused this excess of misery. More frightful instances might be related where this want of religion is combined with moral depravity: One of those wretched women who infest the streets of London was carried to a hospital, some few months ago, dying under the effects of poison which

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which she had accidentally taken; some of the last words she uttered were, that this was a blasted world, and she cared not how soon she were out of it!

There will be lost members under any system of society: but if any be lost for want of competent instruction, the fault is in the society more than in the individual,—and to whom shall the guilt be imputed? When we have stated upon the authority of parliament that there are above 130,000 children in London, who are at this time without the means of education, and that there are from three to four thousand who are let out to beggars, and trained up in dishonesty;—even this represents only a part of the evil;—if the children are without education, the parents are without religion;—in the metropolis of this enlightened nation the church to which they should belong has provided for them no places of worship; and 'two thirds of the lower order of people in London,' Sir Thomas Bernard says, 'live as utterly ignorant of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, and are as errant and unconverted pagans, as if they had existed in the wildest part of Africa.' The case is the same in Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, Sheffield, and in all our large towns; the greatest part of the manufacturing populace, of the miners and colliers, are in the same condition, and if they are not universally so, it is more owing to the zeal of the Methodists than to any other cause.

The chancellor of the exchequer has intimated (while this paper was preparing) that another session will not pass over without means being taken for supplying, in some degree, the scandalous want of churches in the metropolis. But it is not in London only that the population has outgrown the establishment. It appears by Mr. Rickman's Tables that the population of England and Wales has nearly doubled in the last hundred years; and the ten years which intervened between the enumeration of 1801 and 1811, shew an increase of 1,377,000, being about 13 per cent. Since the Reformation it has never been complained that the clergy were too numerous for the duty which they had to perform; their numbers, however, have not increased, while the population has thus doubled upon them; the best mode of rendering what they do more effective, and of enabling them to do more, is by preparing the rising generation, —by building up an outer and subsidiary establishment of parochial schools.

The age for enacting Utopias is gone by; but God forbid that we should cease to look on in hope and in faith to the gradual and possible amelioration of society!—God forbid that we should cease to pray for it, and to labour for it as we may! We have lived to see the abolition of the Slave Trade,—we have lived to see the discovery of Vaccination, events by which one of the greatest moral, and

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one of the greatest physical evils in the world will ultimately be rooted out. The condition of one great and important class of the community (the military and naval class) has been most materially improved: a wiser and humaner discipline is gradually obtaining in both services; the principle has been introduced of increase of pay in proportion to length of service, and the man who has served his country one and twenty years is entitled to his discharge, and to a pension of a shilling a day for life. He who enters the service young may thus retire from it at an age when he has years of enjoyment to look on to in the course of nature. A proportionate pension is allotted to those who are discharged after fourteen years, and sickness or infirmity entitles a man to a support after seven. Honorary distinctions have been extended to privates as well as officers. Regimental schools have been established, and munificent institutions founded, for the orphans of the defenders of their country. When these benefits shall be generally understood there will be no difficulty in recruiting the army and navy, desertions will become less frequent, and the necessity of pressing will in time be superseded. Nor will the condition of the peasantry, and the manufacturing populace, be less essentially improved when those measures, which the practical philanthropists have recommended, shall be generally introduced. Let there be a system of parochial schools, connected with the church establishment, where every child may receive the rudiments of necessary knowledge, and be well instructed in his moral and religious duties. Let the temptations to guilt be lessened by a prohibition of those brutal sports which harden the heart, and by an alteration of the Game Laws, which are absurd, pernicious, and abominable. Let us multiply farms instead of throwing many into one. Let the labourer, wherever it is possible, have his grass plot and his garden. Let the inducements of industry be further strengthened by the universal institution of Saving Banks, giving thus to every one the fair prospect and easy means of providing in youth for the increased expenses of manhood. Were these measures adopted the poor rates would diminish, and in no long time disappear; and the asylums, which would still be required for friendless age, and helpless infirmity, might be so regulated as to acquire a religious use and a religious character. They who exert themselves in promoting these objects, and such as these, are the genuine patriots, the true reformers, the real friends of the people.

But if these things were done, says the metaphysical politician, the country would be overstocked; Mr. Malthus's discovery must be remembered, and the 'new science of population!'—The new science of population!—First rate powers display themselves in the same manner in all ages. Alter but the place and time of their birth,

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birth, and the Aristotle of Greece would have been the Bacon of England; Æschylus might have been our Shakspeare, Demosthenes have led a House of Commons, and the Hannibal of one time have been the Wellington of another. Great men set their stamp upon the age,—it is otherwise with the small craft, the age sets its stamp upon them. Men of genius work like the sculptor for posterity upon enduring materials; the second and third-ratelings compose works of perishable stuff to the fleeting fashion of the day. The same temper of mind, which in old times spent itself upon scholastic questions, and at a later age in commentaries upon the Scriptures, has in these days taken the direction of metaphysical or statistic philosophy. Bear witness, Bullion and Corn Laws! Bear witness, the New Science of Population! and the whole host of productions to which these happy topics have given birth, from the humble magazine essay, up to the bold octavo, and more ambitious quarto. The type of the disease has varied at different times, but the disease remains the same—a colliquative diarrhœa of the intellect—arising from its strong appetite and weak digestion.

To legislate upon theories of population would be as absurd as if a physician upon some theory of pneumatics were to set respiration to music, and order all his patients to regulate their breathings by the time. A numerous population is, like the Amreeta cup of Kehama, the greatest of evils or the greatest of blessings, according to the government which wields it. A people properly instructed in their duty, and trained up in habits of industry and hope, which induce prudence, can never be too numerous while any portion of their own country remains uncultivated, or any part of the habitable earth uncolonized. To reason against the amelioration of society from such an apprehension is worse than folly. Under the most favourable circumstances which the most ardent enthusiast can contemplate, millenniums must pass away before the earth could be replenished;—till that time the first commandment which man received from his Creator stands unrepealed,—and if ever that time should come the Creator may then be trusted: meantime it is the truest policy and the highest duty to improve the condition of the poor. The better the people are instructed, the happier and the better they will become; the happier they are, the more they will multiply; the more they multiply, the greater will be the wealth, and strength, and security of the state; and these maxims are as certain as the laws of nature and of God.

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Art. IX.—*The History of Persia, from the most Early Period to the Present Time: containing an Account of the Religion, Government, Usages, and Character of the Inhabitants of that Kingdom.* By Colonel Sir John Malcolm, K. C. B., K. L. S. late Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia, &c. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 650—715.

TO write the history of a distant nation is likely to be, in most instances, a thankless labour, since few men feel so disinterested a love of knowledge as to give up their time and attention to events in which their forefathers had no concern, and which can by no probability prove important either to themselves or their posterity. There have been, indeed, some splendid instances of success in this most difficult branch of authorship; and whoever has sufficient courage to begin the perusal of the History of the Saracens, by Ockley, or the Abyssinian Annals of Bruce, will find his tedium and trouble overpowered and overpaid by the strong moral painting and dramatic vivacity with which those vigorous writers have been able to diversify and elevate their subject. But such talents fall to the lot of few; and Des Guignes, in his History of the Huns, and the Jesuits in that of China, are appalling examples that they who chuse such themes must generally look for the reward of their researches in the pleasure of research alone; must be content to be more praised than read, and to see their works placed among those which, in every library, are least frequently disturbed from their cobwebs.

But the mighty nation which is the subject of Sir J. Malcolm's toils is not so far removed from the course of European politics and curiosity as to render its history devoid of attraction. As arbiters of all the eastern, and no small portion of the western world, the subverters of Babylon and Egypt, the restorers of Jerusalem, the invaders first, and then the victims of Greece and Macedon, Cyrus and his successors are among our first and most interesting acquaintances, and those from whom we derive our most familiar examples of the instability of human affairs; of the virtues whereby empires are founded, and the weakness which hastens their decay. At a later date, and with a kingdom less entensive, we discover, nevertheless, the sovereigns of Persia adorned with the yet prouder distinction of having withstood and rivalled Rome in the full tide of her power and fortune. Even the palsying influence of Mohammedanism has not sufficed to render this country insignificant in the politics of the western world. Her situation, more than her strength, rendered her a sort of favourite with Christians so long as the unwieldy power of the Turkish sultans continued to alarm the eastern provinces of Christendom; and at the present day, though with a divided empire, and slowly recovering from a century of

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of unexampled distress and misrule, we have seen the favour of the kings of Teheraun and Caubul courted at an expense and with an anxiety which sufficiently evince their real or supposed importance to the Muscovite protectors of Georgia and the British conquerors of Hindostan. Nor—though the face of the country, and the manners of the people have been often and ably described—is the subject of Persia yet exhausted. Chardin, indeed, has introduced us not only to the land itself, but to the houses, the habits, and almost the friendship of its inhabitants; and Sir William Jones has rescued their poetry and literature from those imputations which our ignorance and idleness had previously combined to throw on them. But it is by the history of a nation that the national character is best unfolded; and much may be expected from an historian who is qualified for his task, not only by access to the records of former times, but by personal observation and inquiry as to the events which have occurred in his own; who has been enabled to compare the accounts of ancient writers with the phenomena actually existing in the country; and who has had sufficient experience both in the wars and politics of the east, to judge, with something of a practical eye, as to those anomalies which are most apt to perplex or mislead the European student. We opened accordingly the present history with expectations highly raised; and in all those points for which Sir J. Malcolm himself is fairly answerable, it is but justice to say that we have not been disappointed. We have seldom met with a work where a greater internal evidence is displayed both of candour and of industry; and we can safely promise abundant instruction and amusement to those who have courage enough to surmount the appalling fables by which the earlier chapters of Persian history are occupied and encumbered.

That history, as delivered to us by native authorities, is divided by Sir J. Malcolm, after the example of Sir W. Jones, into—'the fabulous,' including all which precedes Kai-kobad, whom Sir J. Malcolm (we apprehend erroneously) identifies with the Deïoces of Herodotus;—'the poetical, or that part which contains some facts and much fiction,' from the Kaianian dynasty to the accession of Ardisheer Babigan; and 'the historical,' which begins with that monarch, and continues uninterrupted to the present period. Now, as Ardisheer, or Artaxerxes, by whom the Parthian dynasty was expelled, and that of the native Persians restored, was contemporary with Alexander Severus, and ascended the throne A. D. 226—this is surprizingly late for the commencement of authentic history in a country which, from the very earliest time to which our knowledge of its inhabitants extends, has been in possession of the art of writing, and in a state of civilization far greater than is necessary to induce mankind to preserve the records of their own achievements

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and those of their ancestors. It is so, however; and, without undervaluing the labour and ingenuity displayed in extracting some scattered facts from the general mass of fable, and in reconciling others with the more credible accounts of the Greek and Roman historians, we greatly fear that the system of native Persian history, anterior to the period already mentioned, reposes on a foundation too weak to be of any considerable use, either in checking or correcting the facts or chronology of those western writers, on whom alone (as Sir John Malcolm, with much good sense, acknowledges) we can depend for any rational information.

He pleads, it is true, and pleads with reason, in behalf of those wonders which engross his earlier chapters, that—

'If we desire to be fully informed of a nation's history, we must not reject the fables under which the few traces that remain of its origin are concealed. These, however extravagant, always merit attention. They have an influence on the character of the people to whom they relate. They mix with their habits, their literature, and sometimes with their religion. They become, in short, national legends, which it is sacrilege to doubt; and to question the deeds of a Roostum, would raise in the breast of a Persian all those feelings which would be excited in that of an Englishman, if he heard a foreigner detract from the great name of Alfred. Such heroes often rise in importance (as far as their example is of value) in proportion as their real history is lost in obscurity; they are adopted as models by the painters and the poets of their country; every human virtue is ascribed to them; and men are taught their duty from fables decorated with names which they have learnt (learned) to venerate from their cradle, and the love of which is cherished with all the enthusiasm of national pride.'—vol. i. p. 7.

But though it be undoubtedly important to our knowledge of national character to be possessed, in some degree, of those facts to which the attention of youth is chiefly directed, and which leave no doubtful tinge on the temper and habits of maturer age—yet is the value, we apprehend, of these fabulous and heroic legends of a relative rather than a positive description. They serve to illustrate that state of society which can receive them as truths, and act on them as precedents, more than that which they themselves profess to depict to us; and they will continue to possess this value, though the little historic truth which they contain should be buried so deep, or so lamentably mutilated, as to elude discovery, or not to be worth digging for. In general, we cannot help thinking that such legends may be more advantageously placed in a dissertation preliminary to the history of those countries to which they belong, than incorporated with the work itself, and placed on a footing with those events which are probable in themselves and detailed on sufficient authority: for we are not to suffer our prejudice against eastern writers to carry us away so far as to conclude that no

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no history, deserving of the name, is really to be found among them. From the period which we have already noticed, and still more from that of the Mohammedan conquest, the annals of Persia are related by a succession of authors who are, in all essential respects, qualified to rank with the best models of ancient or modern Europe; and this very clearness of their more recent annals is in itself a considerable presumption against the authenticity of the marvellous and contradictory narratives which, in order of time, precede them. But the following short account of the style in which the ancient Persian history is written, and the authority on which it reposes, may enable our readers to decide for themselves, how far their writers are to be relied on, either in supplanting (as Richardson desired they should do) the authority of western historians when treating of the East—or in elucidating and confirming (as Sir John Malcolm has, by their means, endeavoured) the testimony of Herodotus and the Scriptures.

The great majority of Persian historians commence the history of their country with a certain king Kaiomurs, whom the Guebres describe as the first-created man, but whom the Mohammedans are content to make the grandson of Noah. Both adorn him with the character of a mighty legislator—the civilizer of the world, and the inventor of almost all useful arts; and both ascribe to him exploits which would seem to identify him with that mythological person who was the Osiris and Bacchus of the west, and the Rama of India. There is, however, a single author, Mohsin Fani, (whom Sir William Jones regarded as worthy of great credit, but whom Sir John Malcolm is inclined to treat with far less deference,) who, not satisfied with this moderate degree of antiquity, deduces, on the alleged authority of ancient Zend and Pehlivi writings, the empire of Persia and the world (through a long series of kings and revolutions anterior to Kaiomurs)—from the prophet Mahabad, a sort of preadamite being, who, though not the first-created man, was, except his wife, the only survivor of one of those great cycles which, in the opinion of many nations in the east, successively terminate and renew the series of earthly things. It is almost needless to observe, that Mahabad and his successors are described as doing every thing which is usually attributed to fabulous kings and lawgivers. They beget children—they invent astronomy—they teach mankind the ceremonies of religion and the practice of justice,—and are each of them contented with a very moderate reign of eight or ten thousand years.

The exploits of the Paishdadian and Kaianian dynasties, with which the Mohammedans begin their history, are of a nature not materially different from those of the Dabistan:—Kaiomurs makes war against the Deevs, (devils, or enchanters,) assisted by an army

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ference between the tone of the Shah Nameh and the Arabian Nights, it is only that the wonders contained in these last are of a tamer and more moderate description.

Now the inference which we would draw from this intermixture of obvious fable with the ancient Persian history, is, that such wonders must needs have been invented at a very great distance of time from the facts which they have displaced or disfigured,—and that all authentic documents must have perished before such monstrous fictions could have been believed or endured by rational creatures. Fables are then only tolerated in the place of facts when real facts are no longer remembered. The exaggeration of contemporary flattery is of a very different kind; and the vainest conqueror that ever lived would receive no gratification in being told that he had defeated 'the White Daemon;' that he had slain a giant with a serpent on each shoulder; or that his father and grandfather had each of them reigned two hundred years. Nor can that be proved, which has been sometimes rashly asserted, that it is peculiar to the genius of eastern authors to clothe the simple facts of history in the cumbrous trappings of allegory and fable, and that the priests and sages of the ancient world were accustomed, by mystic legends, to conceal the truth from the knowledge of the vulgar. The authentic historians of the east have handed down to posterity such facts as we receive on their testimony in a manner not materially differing from that of our own writers; and the mysticism of the ancient priests (a point which the framers of modern systems have exceedingly exaggerated and misunderstood) had reference, we may be sure, to other truths than those exploits of their countrymen which, from their nature, could not be secret, and which the natural vanity of every age would induce it, instead of endeavouring to conceal them, to hand down by every means in its power to the knowledge and admiration of posterity.

But the sins of omission in the native Persian historians are as preposterous,

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preposterous, and yet more unaccountable, except on the supposition of a general ignorance of all past events, than the exaggerations which we have already noticed. They appear to have preserved no recollection whatever of the mighty empire which their ancestors long maintained over the whole of Asia Minor and Syria, and no inconsiderable regions of Africa and Europe. No mention is found in their works of a permanent authority exercised by their ancient kings over any provinces west of the Euphrates; the whole dynasty of the Arsacidæ, including a space of five centuries, the most glorious, perhaps, which Persia ever knew, is past over by them in perfect silence; and the only foreign enemies of whom any mention is made in the Shah Nameh are those which, in the life time of Ferdusi himself, were still in the recent memory of his countrymen,—the Turks of Sogdiana and the Byzantine emperors. Nor is this all. There are many of those circumstances which are most confidently advanced, and have least the air of fable and poetic exaggeration, which, yet, we know to be untrue, from the authority of such western writers as had the most accurate means of information, and approach most nearly to the periods in question. Thus, when Ferdusi tells us that a leathern apron was, for a reason already mentioned, the royal and sacred standard of the Persian armies anterior to the invasion of Alexander, there is no internal circumstance in the story which would induce us to deny our belief; it was a circumstance of which the memory was likely to be long retained; and as we know, from good authority, that a leathern standard was really used by the kings of the race of Sassan, it is, *prima facie*, probable that, with a people so fond of ancient customs, this national symbol was indeed derived from the earliest years of their empire. Accordingly, Sir John Malcolm considers the fact of Kawah's insurrection as one of the best authenticated in eastern history. Yet, from the concurrent testimony of the Greeks, we learn that the royal standard of Persia, down to the invasion of Alexander, was not a leathern apron, but a golden eagle. It is true that Sir John Malcolm supposes, in order to obviate an objection so fatal to Ferdusi's credit, that the leathern standard was only displayed on occasions of more than common danger or rejoicing. But was not the emergency worthy of such an exhibition when Artaxerxes in person contended with his brother, at Cynaxa, for his life and crown? Would the vain-glorious Xerxes have gone to war without the sacred pageant of his ancestors? or were not Issus and the Granicus scenes where at all means would have been employed which could inspire or strengthen the national spirit of the Persian soldiery? When, indeed, the general discrepancy between the Greek and Persian authors in treating of the same period of eastern history is so great as to call forth from

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Richardson a declaration, that they had no more resemblance to each other than the annals of Persia and Japan; it is plain (though we should admit this statement to be somewhat exaggerated) that the credit must be very small which we can attach to one or other of these contradictory witnesses, and that either the Persians or the Greeks must be necessarily abandoned as mendacious or mis-informed.

Against the latter, when treating of Persia, the following objections have been alleged:—First, their overweening opinion of their own little country, and their consequent ignorance of all which concerned those nations whom, in contempt, they termed barbarians. Secondly, the manner in which some of their most eminent authors contradict each other. And, lastly, the evident exaggeration of those accounts which they have given us of a part of history, in which, of all others, they were least likely to err—the celebrated expedition of Xerxes. Now, in answer to the first of these, it is far from our inclination to deny, that the Greeks had, like all Europeans, considerable difficulties in acquiring a knowledge of the writers and history of the east, and that, where a contemporary eastern writer is to be found, we should give him a very decided preference to the most learned inquirer of Athens. It is on this principle, in all those circumstances where the Jewish Scriptures differ from the accounts of Herodotus, that, setting aside all question of their inspired and sacred character, we should consider Ezra and Daniel, who had lived at the court of Cyrus, far better evidence of his exploits and character than a person who had merely travelled through his empire. But, whatever were the attachment of the Greeks to their native soil, it is far from true that it was of a nature to prevent a very extensive and continual intercourse with other nations; nor does it appear that they had less curiosity than any other nation, ancient or modern, as to the manners, laws, and history of the countries which they thus frequented. The narrow resources of their native land, and the excellence of their national education, induced them, (as the Scots and Swiss have been, by similar circumstances, induced,) in frequent instances, to seek their fortune among foreigners; and the dissensions which continually prevailed in their republics conspired to swell the number of those voluntary emigrants with a crowd of exiles and fugitives. And that a disposition was not wanting to improve such opportunities of information is apparent from the space occupied by the incidental mention of foreign customs, in all their more considerable works, whether political or philosophical; a space, we apprehend, even greater than such topics will be found to occupy in the similar productions of modern authors. Nor will it be denied, that so far as Persia itself is concerned, the ancient Greeks had more opportunities

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nities of learning its contemporary history, and that this history was likely to interest them more than that of any other nation upon earth.—A journey into Asia in pursuit of knowledge appears to have been a frequent qualification with those who professed either moral or natural philosophy. The wealthiest, if not the most extensive, part of Greece, the Ionian provinces, were, for more than a century, the peaceful subjects of the court of Susa: the agents of the great king traversed European Greece in all directions, to enlist its youth in their master's service, or to maintain his secret interest with the factions of Athens and Lacedæmon; Greek physicians were always resident at the Persian capital; at the battle of Issus no less than thirty thousand Greeks were in Persian pay; the character of an officer in that service was as common on the Athenian stage as a sailor is on our's; and the intercourse between Persepolis and Athens was, to all appearance, little less incessant than that which now exists between Petersburgh and the smaller states of Germany. It is very possible, indeed, that the greater part of those who thus explored the east had no great inclination or ability to decide on the antiquities or extraction of the people with whom they dwelt; and it is on questions of remote antiquity only, that the Grecian writers will be found to dissent materially from each other. But we are not now contending for the accuracy of their information where Ninus or Semiramis is concerned; nor do we deny that the accounts of Diodorus Siculus and Justin are extremely inconsistent with those which we receive on the far earlier and therefore better authority of Herodotus. As little do we wish to extenuate the obvious exaggeration of the number of Xerxes' army; which will appear, however, far more excusable, when we reflect on the difficulty of ascertaining the amount of an enemy's force, and the fear and astonishment which a royal army would cause in a nation who had never before seen more than a few thousand men in battle array. But we cannot but contend that, in their outlines and more essential circumstances of Persian history, which rest on the authority of contemporary or nearly contemporary historians, as it was almost impossible that the Greeks could be deceived themselves, no reason can be given why they should have desired to deceive posterity.

But, if the testimony of the Greeks be thus worthy of reception, the testimony of Ferdusi will retain very little historical value.—There are, no doubt, some insulated points of resemblance between the accounts thus severally furnished; and of these Sir John Malcolm has made the most which can be made, in the seventh chapter of his first volume,—of which the avowed intention is to reconcile the jarring narratives, and which contains, perhaps, more learning, candour, and original information, than any thing which had

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previously appeared on the intricate subject of Persian history. Thus, with the famous eclipse which Thales had foretold, and which so terrified the contending armies of Cyaxares and Halyattes, that those princes immediately made peace and allied their families,—Sir John Malcolm compares a magic blindness, which, according to the Persian historian, was inflicted by the enchanters of Mazenderan on the army of Kai-kobad, in consequence of which the Persians were defeated with great slaughter, and their king consigned to a dungeon. But Mazenderan, or Hyrcania, is very far indeed removed from the Halys and the frontiers of Lydia,—and the consequent events are so completely different,—the one ending in a great misfortune, the other in a peace and a wedding,—that we can hardly, on such grounds, allow that Herodotus and Ferdusi are speaking of the same event; or that Cyaxares and Kai-kobad are identical. And though the history of a royal youth devoted to death in infancy, who is brought up among peasants, and afterwards becomes the preserver and sovereign of his country, presents, beyond doubt, a striking likeness to what the Greeks have told us of Cyrus;—yet is this tale, which occurs, in fact, more than once in Ferdusi, too common in the fabulous history of all ancient nations, to make us wonder that we should find it in the Shah Nameh. That no instances of coincidence can be found more striking than these, it would, certainly, be hazardous to maintain; but, the most considerable facts in their ancient history—of which the Persians appear to us to have retained any tradition—are, that one of their kings had very long hands and arms; that another, named Gushtasp, (Hystaspes,) was the protector of their prophet Zoroaster; and that a king of *Rome* named Secunder (Alexander) subdued a king of Persia named Darab or Darius.

Nor will this dearth of ancient history seem surprizing when we consider the many political revolutions to which Persia has been exposed, and the injudicious manner in which her sovereigns attempted to recover a knowledge of the exploits of their ancestors. In both these misfortunes their nation is by no means singular; and the same circumstances will account for by far the greater part of those fables and mis-statements by which the ancient history of all nations is more or less deformed. Time, in itself, has little power to interrupt such truths as are once written down, in their progress to the most distant generations. Where, then, a nation is sufficiently civilized to record contemporary events, we might expect that those events would, thenceforward, be never allowed to sink into oblivion. And this would probably be the case so long as the political frame of the country remained uninjured or entire. But the hand of a conqueror can efface in a day what the lapse of many ages has spared; and where printing is unknown,

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and the possession of books a privilege confined to few, the work of havoc will be more easy and more irreparable than can be well conceived by those who are accustomed to that boundless diffusion of literary treasures, which would seem, in modern Europe, to render the return of barbarism impossible. Nor is it by the destruction of public libraries and national records alone that the misfortunes of a vanquished nation affect its historical knowledge. Such ruin, where it is total, is almost always gradual; many years of weakness and calamity will generally be found to have preceded that decisive blow by which the sceptre is dashed from the grasp of an ancient government; and of political adversity, and the vices by which it is produced and accompanied, neglect of literature has always been a leading symptom. Men who are themselves dispirited and miserable soon cease to care for those ancestors whose happiness and renown they can never hope to equal. As the readers grow few and indifferent, the scribes discontinue their labours; the ancient volumes disappear in proportion as less value is affixed to them; and, if any escape this destruction, they will be either manuals of devotion and fragments of poetry,—of which both the one and the other are dear to men under misfortune. After a time, indeed, when the conquered, recovering from their dejection, have begun to look out for sources of self-respect; and the conquerors, more assimilated with their vassals, to regard with an eye of curiosity and interest the vestiges of ancient grandeur which surround them;—the priests and scribes will probably again exert themselves to recover the history of their forefathers. In the mean time, however, the language of their country has been corrupted by an admixture of foreign idioms, and the few ancient books which remain are only accessible through considerable labour. To invent, in such a case, is easier than to examine and compare: it is more profitable also, and may be practised without fear of detection. Where ornaments are to be had for nothing, men will seldom be sparing of them; every hero is therefore swelled into a giant, and every emperor is described as leading millions into the field; and thus, by degrees, every story gains by the additions and corrections of its retailers, till the nation at length, become more instructed, dashes away with an indiscriminate indignation the whole tawdry fabric of mingled truth and falsehood, without staying to extricate the pearls from the dunghill.

The events which we have been supposing are not hypothetical only; they are known to have taken place, in the fullest extent, after the downfall of the only great empire which has been established and destroyed in Europe; and in all the convents of the middle ages, the manufactory of ancient history went on with a spirit which even the boldest eastern fabulist has hardly been able to excel. So

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strange indeed are the perversions of historical truth contained in the Gesta Romanorum, the Alexandreis, the various chronicles of Arthur and his Knights, the Siege of Troy Town, and the legends of Hercules, Virgil, and Aristotle, that it would, at the present day, be difficult to believe that such liberties were ever taken with the credulity of mankind, did not the works remain, composed with all commendable gravity, and with an assertion of their own accuracy and truth so frequent and so solemn as to be something more than ludicrous. If such were the consequences produced by the destruction of the Roman empire, we need not wonder that a similar oblivion of their former history has taken place in nations by far less favourably circumstanced; and to this cause we may ascribe with safety the fables which alone have descended to us of the Egyptian and Assyrian monarchies, and the similar romances which compose the bulk of the Shah Nameh. Two nations, indeed, are known, and only two, whose original records survived, in their primitive simplicity, the destruction of their government by foreign usurpation. But the circumstances which rendered the Grecian literature a fashionable study with their conquerors did not occur in the instance of Persia, after the Mohammedan invasion: and the Jewish annals were so inseparably connected with the private faith and religious practice of every individual in their nation; their distinct, if not their national, existence, has, in all their misfortunes, been so strangely preserved; and the adoption of their scriptures, before the last great dispersion, by the sect which rose on their ruins, is a circumstance so anomalous to the common course of revolutions, that it would be idle to quote their example against the experience of ages, which would teach us to apprehend that the destruction of a nation's literature is for the most part contemporaneous with the ruin of its civil polity.

But the Persians, it will be said, at length attempted to recover their ancient annals. And when was it, and by what agents, that they attempted this desirable object? Four centuries had elapsed from the time of the Mohammedan conquest before any anxiety of the kind was felt; and when, at length, the celebrated Mahmood of Ghisni was inspired with the wish to know the exploits of those ancient heroes, with the greatest of whom he might himself be justly compared, he selected for his purpose, not a laborious antiquary, but a popular poet, whom he enjoined to mould them into a continued epic. The prince, it may be thought, was, at least, as anxious for amusement as for authentic information; and the poet, we may be sure, would be less occupied in comparing dates and unravelling difficulties, than in selecting and new-modelling such 'specious wonders' as would afford the greatest scope for romantic interest, and the ornaments of pathos and description. That the Shah Nameh

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Nameh is a poem of the most splendid kind, the extracts which Sir William Jones and Sir John Malcolm have furnished are sufficient evidence. But that it is a poem only, not an history, is also, we think, sufficiently proved by the nature of those extracts themselves —and, till we take Lidgate and Chaucer as historians of Theseus and Hippolita, we cannot allow Ferdusi to correct Herodotus or Xenophon. Do we, then, deny altogether, that any truth is to be found in the earlier cantos of the Shah Nameh?—certainly not. We have already allowed that the memory of three, at least, among the ancient kings of Persia, is preserved, the one by a peculiarity of his person, the second by the religious opinions which he introduced, and the third by his remarkable misfortunes. And to these we may add that there are other circumstances which, in their general outline, without any exceeding stretch of fancy, may be identified with the leading circumstances of Grecian history,—though all these are in their detail so blended with fable, that hardly any two of those authors who have attempted to reconcile the writers of the east and west have agreed to what events they refer. Thus, to omit, for the present, all mention of those kings whose existence appears to rest on the doubtful authority of the Dabistan, Sir William Jones supposes that the eleven whose names stand first in the Shah Nameh, and who make up that dynasty which the Persians call 'The Judges,' are the same with the Assyrian kings of Nineveh, and, consequently, that Kai-kobad, with whom the Kaianian dynasty begins, is no other than the Deïoces of the Greeks. Sir John Malcolm, while he agrees with him in identifying Kai-kobad with Deïoces, does not consider the Paishdadian and Assyrian dynasty as identical. The former he regards as that of the ancient native kings of Iran who reigned before their country was known to the geographers and historians of the west,—and, indeed, before the west could boast of either a geographer or historian. The Assyrian conquerors of Persia he conceives to be personified in the tyrant Zohauk, who is supposed by some of the eastern writers to have been of Arabian or Syrian origin; and whose reign, of a thousand years, he understands of the whole time during which the country was a province in subjection to Nineveh. And Anquetil du Perron apprehends the Paishdadian dynasty to refer to sovereigns who reigned over the eastern provinces of Persia only, and who were consequently, from their remote situation, no less than their remote antiquity, entirely unknown to the writers of Greece, of Judea, and of Rome. But the first of these hypotheses involves the apparent improbability of supposing that the Persians of any age would reckon their Assyrian invaders among their native kings and under so advantageous a name as that of 'dispensers of justice,' even if it were proved, which is far from being clear, that the Assyrians ever possessed any considerable part

of Iran. Some part of Media is all which they at any time appear to have subdued; Persia remained an independent nation as low down as the reign of Astyages;—and the more eastern provinces of Bactria, Aria, and Chorasmia were first united under a single sceptre considerably after the Medes had recovered themselves from the yoke of Assyria. Nor do the circumstances by which, according to Ferdusi and his imitators, the Paishdadian dynasty was brought to an end, in the least degree correspond with those which are described by the Grecian writers as attending the revolt of the Medes and the subsequent ruin of Nineveh.

The hypothesis which Sir J. Malcolm has adopted is liable to still greater objections, inasmuch as no instance can be found in any history, eastern or western, in which a dynasty is described as one single person; and we may be sure that Zohauk—(if indeed he had any more real existence than the Scythian Humber who invaded Yorkshire in the reign of King Locrine, or than King Lud who imposed his name on one of the gates of London)—will be found to be an exaggeration of some individual enemy, not an aggregate term for many successive governors. And both this hypothesis and that of Sir William Jones are disproved by the infinite difference of character and renown between Deioces, the Romulus at once and Numa of his country, and a sovereign who, like Kaikobad, was neither the first of the native kings, nor renowned for any reform or legislation whatever;—who is distinguished by the Persians only as having led an obstinate and ill-conducted expedition into a country of enchanters. The idea adopted by Anquetil du Perron is free, no doubt, from any of these difficulties; but it labours, on the other hand, under the equally fatal exception of being contrary to the general tenor of the Persian history, which no where supposes that, during either the Paishdadian or Kaianian dynasty, the empire of Iran was dismembered;—and which, by ascribing to Jemsheed the foundation of Persepolis, plainly gives us to understand that the power of the Paishdadian sovereigns extended to the neighbourhood of the Euphrates. The truth is, that all these eminent persons whose opinions we have examined have been more or less misled by a notion of the very high antiquity to which the traditions of Persia ascend. If, however, there be any circumstance in the Shah Nameh which is more obviously fabulous than the rest, it is unquestionably that monstrous system of chronology which assigns to some of its sovereigns a reign of above a thousand years, and distributes twenty kings from Kaiomurs to Alexander, over a space of almost thirty centuries. Nor—as the notion of including many kings under a single name is too improbable to deserve any long examination—can we conceive any reason which can be assigned for such a mode of reckoning,

ing, if it be not that admiration of antiquity which leads all mankind to throw back their national origin to as early a period as possible,—and a desire, perhaps, on the part of Mohammedans to reconcile the chronology of Persia with their notions respecting that of Moses; and, having once made Kaiomurs the son or grandson of Noah, to assign him a date corresponding with that of the patriarch from whose loins they derived him.

But if, rejecting a calculation which even the warmest supporters of the Persian historians regard as, in most instances, untenable, we compute the duration of the twenty reigns of these two dynasties, at an average somewhat exceeding that to which the sovereigns of Europe attain, we shall obtain a result very little different from the 380 years assigned by the best Grecian authorities to that series of monarchs which began with Deïoces, and ended with Darius Codomannus. Nor is this the only coincidence. Seventeen successive kings of the Medes and Persians are reckoned by the Greeks; and if, from the Persian list of the Paishdadian and Kaianian sovereigns, we strike out Zohauk and Afrasiaib, (who, as usurpers and foreigners, have, clearly, no business there,) and Homai, who may be suspected, from the account given of her in the Shah Nameh, to have merely acted as regent during the minority of her son, the same number of seventeen reigns from Kaiomurs to Darab II. will appear in Ferdusi's Catalogue. We shall thus obtain in the great Kaiomurs a worthy counterpart, both in character and renown, to the Deïoces of Herodotus; and when we recollect that, while dates are, of all historic truths, the most easily forgotten, the number of kings in the regal table is, of all others, the least liable to fabulous perversion,—we may readily allow that this imperfect outline of the times anterior to Alexander may have descended uninjured to those in which Ferdusi flourished, and that the Grecian and oriental historians do really concur in one circumstance which their respective champions have, hitherto, very little considered.

We are aware that this doctrine of the comparatively recent date to which the history of Persia ascends (though in substance supported by the authority of Newton) has been combated by very plausible arguments. It has been urged by one whose works we never read without delight, and seldom without acquiescence, that it would be

'unaccountably strange, that, although Abraham had found a regular monarchy in Egypt; although the kingdom of Yemen had just pretensions to very high antiquity; although the Chinese, in the twelfth century before our era, had made approaches, at least, to the present form of their extensive dominion; and although we can hardly suppose the first Indian monarch to have reigned less than three thousand years ago,—yet Persia, the most delightful, the most compact, the most desirable country

country of them all, should have remained for so many ages unsettled and disunited.'*

And the astronomical calculations of the learned Bailly, which fix the first institution of the Neuruz to the year A. C. 3209,† would seem to ascribe at least an equal antiquity to Jemsheed, by whom, if we believe the Persians, that computation of time was introduced into their country. But to the observation of Sir William Jones we would reply, that our hypothesis by no means involves, as a necessary conclusion, that Persia or Media was uncivilized till the reign of Deïoces,—far less that the name of king or of a regular government was unknown in Iran till he ascended the throne. It is extremely possible that the account of those political changes which he effected, may be exaggerated both by Herodotus and Ferdusi, and that the whole of his exploits was confined to the union of the discordant tribes who inhabited Media and Hyrcania, and the consequent reduction of Persia. Assyria (which both Sir William Jones and Sir J. Malcolm include in Iran) we know had kings from the very earliest ages, and it is probable that all these countries might have never lost, from the time of Noah, that degree of civilization which the Asiatics have never very greatly exceeded or fallen short of. But this by no means makes it necessary to suppose that they were united under a single despot. We have no good reason to believe that the kings of India who reigned 3000 years ago were masters of the whole peninsula; and there is room within the spacious bounds of Iran for four or five kingdoms as large as either Yemen or Egypt, and which would not thrive at all the worse in the arts of war or peace for being thus what Sir William Jones would call 'disunited.' But of that mighty empire into which these separate governments were eventually melted down, we have no right whatever, from any abstract probability, to fix the commencement at an earlier period than that assigned by Herodotus; nor have we any greater cause for wondering that such an union was not effected sooner, than an Asiatic would have for expressing his astonishment that the several kingdoms of continental Europe have not long since coalesced in one unwieldy sovereignty. And that this compulsory union did not take place in Iran till a period comparatively recent, we can hardly require a stronger proof than the want in ancient writers of any common name for the countries between the Tigris and the Indus. Sir John Malcolm is mistaken when he supposes that, either in the Scriptures or the early Grecian authors, the name of Persia is in any case applied to the whole extent of that country which is so called by modern Europeans. By Daniel and Ezra, Pars or Persia

* Sir W. Jones's Sixth Discourse before the Asiatic Society.
† Bailly, Hist. de l'Astronomie, p. 130.

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is only used in contradistinction to Madai, or Media; and, by the Greeks, the several districts of Caramania, Media, Parthia, Persia, Susiana, are never described as subdivisions of one great region, but as distinct and adjoining nations, of which some had, at different times, achieved the conquest of their neighbours. Iran, or Eeran,—under which general name these countries are, by the modern inhabitants of the East, comprized,—is not a name expressive of political union. In Pehlivi it means the Land of Believers, and denoted with the followers of Zoroaster that general agreement in religion which we, in our own case, express by the term of 'Christendom.'* But, for this very reason, its usage cannot be more ancient than the Prophet to whose tenets it refers; and the fact that this name does not occur in any of the writers of Grecian antiquity, would induce us to believe that it was of still more recent introduction.

To that objection which arises from the calculation of Bailly, we should find it, perhaps, more difficult to make a reply, were it not a circumstance of ordinary occurrence in fabulous and legendary history, to ascribe to its heroes actions and characteristics drawn from the mythology of foreign countries, and of ages the most distant from those in which they were themselves supposed to have flourished. The practice of the Greeks is well known, which decorated Hercules with all the adventures of all the foreign gods and heroes which fell in their way. Much of the fabulous exaggeration which distinguishes our British Arthur is derived from the Arthur of the middle ages being confounded with a far more ancient mythological personage, the proprietor of the *waggon of Arcturus* and the *harp* in the constellation Lyra. With the heathen mythologists, the circumstances and dignity of Noah's flood may seem to have been applied to a local inundation which, in the days of Deucalion, ravaged Thessaly; and Prometheus, himself the son of Japheth, has been transformed into the maker of mankind. Nor can we wonder, when we consider the very defective knowledge of their ancestors which the Persians appear to have retained, that, such traditions as the Magi possessed respecting Adam and Noah should, in common with the neighbouring superstitions of Bacchus and Rama, have been applied by them to the first person whose name appeared in their history; or that, though Jemsheed might have done little more than reform the details of their calendar, they should ascribe to him the far more ancient inventions of the Neuruz, the cycle of 1440 years, and the division of his subjects into

* See Vol. i. p. 258, of Sir J. Malcolm's History, for a very curious and learned Note on this subject.—To the testimony there cited of Moullah Firoze, we can add the remarkable correspondence between the Pehlivi word Eer, *faith*, and the Slavonic Veero, which is only Eer with the digamma. To the same source we may refer the Gorman *Ehre*, and (perhaps) the Latin *Vereor*.

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tribes or professions. There is, indeed, in all rude nations, and among the vulgar of every age and country, a sort of unwillingness to confess their want of information, which induces them to ascribe pretty much at random, whatever ancient customs prevail among them, and whatever fragments of antiquity are found in their fields or cities, to those names in history with which they themselves are best acquainted. To Solomon every unclaimed act of magnificence or wisdom is ascribed by the modern Arabs; and to Jemsheed, the Solomon of the Guebres, the establishment of these ancient customs would be attributed without any very scrupulous examination into the agreement of dates and circumstances. The calculation, then, of Bailly, though it will establish the fact that the nation by whom the Neuruz was originally adopted, were, at the early period mentioned by him, in a state of considerable advancement in astronomical knowledge, will not prove either that Jemsheed was then alive, or even that it was the Persians themselves by whom this cycle was invented. And whatever may be thought of the latter supposition, the probability of the former is by far too slight to be set in opposition to the strong resemblance which has been remarked between the characters of Kaiomurs and Deïoces, and the coincidence in the number of reigns which, according to both Greeks and Persians, intervened between the foundation of the monarchy and its destruction by the king of Macedon.

Those, however, who are still discontented with the period which we assign to Persian history or tradition, may seek, if they please, some traces of those times which preceded Deïoces, in the mystical treatise of Mohsin Fani; and (whenever they shall be discovered) in the Zend and Pehlivi manuscripts from which he professes to have derived his information. For ourselves, we have already, perhaps, detained the reader too long in this region of palpable obscurity, nor should we have so severely taxed his patience, if it had not been of considerable importance to the whole system of sacred and profane chronology to bring finally to the test the comparative merits of the eastern and western historians. We shall not, we trust, in future, hear it gravely maintained, that the scholars of Europe have, in their notions of eastern history, been misled for 2000 years by Grecian egotism and Jewish ignorance,—that the great Nebuchadnezzar, and the greater Cyrus, were themselves no more than lieutenants to king Lohrasp,—that Xerxes was the petty governor of a province in Asia Minor,—that 'Sardanapalus was an hereditary nabob of Nineveh, who lost his life in maintaining his government for the family of Cyrus, against Darius, son of Hystaspes,'—and that this last sovereign, and not the Astyages of Herodotus, was the patron and protector of Daniel. Of all these dreams, it is our duty to observe, Sir John Malcolm's work

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work is blameless; but the eminent names by which some of them have been supported, are sufficient to have made it worth our while to expose the sandy foundation on which they are supported.

From the accession of Alexander to the restoration of the Persian monarchy by Artaxerxes the Second, is a perfect blank in the works of Ferdusi and his followers; and of the Parthians, who continued during that long interval to be the ruling tribe of Iran, a few scattered names are all which appear to be remembered. That warlike race has been, by Ferguson and others, very rashly maintained to have been a horde of Tartar invaders, who, in the reign of Antiochus Theos, emerged from their deserts on the eastern frontiers of the empire. This fancy—which merely rested on some obscure expressions of Justin and Dion Cassius, two writers so miserably credulous, that their most positive testimony on such subjects is not worth considering—is very properly discarded by Sir John Malcolm. He is himself, however, mistaken in supposing that the Parthians originated in Curdistan.—(p. 245.) —A more accurate attention to what Strabo says in his fifteenth book will shew that he only gives the name of Parthians to the Carduchi in the same manner in which the Scotch and Welch are by foreigners often called English, after the ruling nation; and that he places Parthia and the Parthians properly so called, in the same situation in which Herodotus placed them many hundred years before—between Hyrcania, Aria, and Bactria, in the eastern part of Khorassan.

Nor is that opinion much better founded which Sir J. Malcolm has adopted from Silvestre de Sacy, that the religious opinions of this people were different from those of the provinces which they subdued. Their reverence for the planets was by no means inconsistent with the worship of fire as a symbol of the Supreme Being; and the custom of representing these heavenly bodies by figures corresponding with those of the Grecian mythology, was an abuse with which even the Kaianian dynasty had been seriously infected since the time of Artaxerxes Mnemon. It was, then, neither foreign extraction nor heretical principles which robbed the Arsacidæ of fame among their own countrymen;—nor can we better account for their faring worse than their predecessors, than by supposing with Sir J. Malcolm on the authority of native tradition, that the 500 years which intervene between Alexander and Artaxerxes Babigan were a time of anarchy and misfortunes; that the nation was very slowly recovering from the ruin in which the Macedonian conquest had left her, and consequently little disposed or enabled to hand down the achievements of her kings to posterity;—and that the Parthian empire, though occasionally formidable and united against its foreign enemies, was, at home, and in the general spirit

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spirit of its government, sufficiently divided and miserable. It is evident, however, that so long a continuance of anarchy was little more favourable to the transmission of ancient than the collection of contemporary history; and it is to this long sleep of Persian literature at least as much as to the subsequent violence of the Mahommedans, that we are inclined to ascribe the defective state of the early annals of the country.

The accession of Artaxerxes Babigan was a period of general restoration, and of a professed and ostentatious return to ancient principles; and in the brilliant reigns which succeeded, the empire received the utmost degree of civilization and improvement of which it has ever been, apparently, susceptible. Accordingly, there is no part of Persian history with which we are better acquainted than the reigns of the Sassanian dynasty, and, with the exception of some poetical ornaments of small importance, the Shahpoor, Hoormuz, Baharam and Khoosrou of the native writers, differ very little in their characters or exploits from the Sapor, Hormisdas, Varanes and Cosrhoës of the Greeks.—In one respect, indeed, the Persian accounts of this period are extremely valuable, inasmuch as they alone supply the picture of that rapid decline, which, beginning with the voluptuous and oppressive, though splendid reign of the last-named monarch, prepared the way in Persia, as in Spain, for the success of the Arabian scimitar; and which sufficiently accounts, without a miracle, for the fall of Jezdejird, the Roderick of the East, and the extension of the Koran and the authority of the Caliphs to the banks of the Oxus and Jaxartes. The empire, however, thus formed, was not likely to be of long duration. When the first fervour of religious zeal had subsided which adorned the Vicars of God with a dignity little less than divine, their governors, and the colonies which they sent out to Seistan, Khorassan, and Herat, paid little attention to the mandates of a sovereign resident in Syria or in Egypt; and the conquered nation itself, though with the laws it had assumed the faith of the conquerors, began to feel itself too strong to respect its masters any longer. It is from this time, apparently, that we are to trace the commencement of that miserable series of revolutions in Persia, whereby the crown becomes the prize of any adventurer who can gain it, and which, by operating as a perpetual premium for violence and bloodshed, has done more than even Mahommedanism itself to keep back the spirit of improvement to which the natural genius of the Persians, more than most other nations, inclines them.

Yacoub-ben-Leis, the son of a pewterer in Seistan, a robber first, and afterwards a captain of condottieri, was the first of these children of fortune whom we meet with. Entrusted by Dirhem-

ebu-

ebn-Nasser, governor of Seistan, with the command of his forces, his first use of this power was to dethrone the chief who had bestowed it on him, whom he sent in chains to Bagdad; desiring, as his recompense for displacing a rebellious ruler, the investiture of his native province, as servant and lieutenant to the Lord of the Faithful. To Seistan he succeeded in annexing other provinces, and died at length the independent sovereign of by far the greatest part of Iran. He is described as a man of winning manners and great simplicity of demeanour. His tent was of no better materials or size than that of the meanest soldier in his army, and he boasted, in answer to the threats of the Caliph Mutu-amed-ul-Ullah, that a sovereign who, like himself, was contented with bread and onions, had nothing to fear from fortune. His family sate on the throne of Persia for three generations. The empire was, after their downfall, divided between the Samanee, and the Dilemee, who are chiefly remarkable as patrons of learning and poetry. We cannot very highly praise the concetto which Sir J. Malcolm has given us, as a specimen of the favoured bard Rudiki; but, whatever may have been the taste of King Nazr the son of Ahmed, his liberality at least is undoubted, whose poet laureate made his *pilgrimages* to his master's fields of battle, attended by 200 slaves, and with a travelling equipage of 400 camels. But the glory of these kings was completely eclipsed by the success and splendour of Mahmood of Ghisni, who, having first distinguished himself during the life-time of his father the sovereign of Herat, by his savage zeal in the invasion of India, became, on his accession to the crown, the avowed champion of the Caliphate and the rights of the Church, and easily obtained from those oriental popes the investiture of all the territories which he might conquer in a cause so holy. The fruit of his exertions was a kingdom only bounded by the Tigris, the Ganges, the Jaxartes, and the Indian ocean. This is the king who is well known in Europe by that popular tale which represents his vizier as 'pretending to a knowledge of the language of birds, and explaining the liberality of an owl, who, after wishing Mahmood a long life, offered a hundred ruined villages as a dowry to her daughter.' The hideous carnage which distinguished his successive conquests of India but too well evinces the justice of this sarcasm: but this destroyer was not without his virtues. He is known in Eastern history as the patron of the arts; and the beautiful story of the manner in which he punished the unknown violator of a peasant's wife, may serve to prove that, however he might transgress the rules of justice in his own conduct, he was not disposed to tolerate the injustice of those most dear to him. The popularity, indeed, which such rulers as Mahmood enjoy in, in the East, as Sir J. Malcolm sensibly observes,

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the most singular was that of the Sheik-al-Jubbul, (Lord of the Mountainous Country,) well known to Europeans as that terrible 'Old Man of the Mountains,' whose followers in Syria murdered the Marquis Conrade, and endangered the life of our own king Edward Longshank.

Of this sect and its sovereigns, who, from the centre of Persia, exercised a secret but effectual authority over the distant fraternities of Mount Lebanon,* Sir J. Malcolm gives an interesting account. Hussun Subah, their founder, from whom they derived the name of *Hussunee*, corrupted by the Crusaders into *Assassin*, was originally a petty officer of the Seljuckian king Alp Arselan. Compelled by the enmity of the grand vizier to fly the court, he found an asylum with an obscure race of sectaries who dissented from the usual creed of Mahommedans in a question as to the pedigree of the seventh Imaum. Their tenets he embraced with considerable ardour, but, not contented with them, he added several others to that creed which he taught, approaching to those of the Sooffees, or philosophical theists of the East; and, in some respects, to those of the Mystics and Quietists of Europe. The inspiration of the Koran he admitted, but maintained, that it was not the outward letter but a certain internal sense which was to be profitably received and obeyed by the faithful. On the same principle he rejected all the usual modes of worship, as carnal forms which might disturb, though they could never aid that secret and fervent adoration which the soul alone could acceptably offer to its Creator. But the principal tenet which he inculcated, was that, all outward actions being themselves indifferent to the pure and uncontaminated soul, the only proper judge of their merits or demerits was such an inspired teacher as himself, whose commands or prohibitions infallibly pro-

* We learn this from Jacobus de Vitriaco. Histor. Hieros. §. xiv. Primus autem et summus infaustæ religionis eorum Abbas, et locus unde principium habuerunt, et à quo Syriam venerunt in partibus est orientalibus valde remotis versus civitatem Baldacensem et partes Persidis provinciæ.—R.

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ceeded from the fountain of truth and goodness. It was this doctrine which made his sect the pest and terror of society, since, for the interest of the 'Batteneeah,' or 'Hidden Brotherhood,' all crimes became meritorious; and since the persecution which they experienced from the Mahommedan sovereigns, by stimulating the Prophet to self-defence and vengeance, effectually called into action what might else have continued, as in the case of the Sooffees, a mere speculative absurdity.—The first who fell a sacrifice to this horrible faith was Nizam-ul-Mulk, the grand vizier who had formerly offended Hussun in the time of his obscurity. In the next instance a display of his power was sufficient to accomplish his purpose, and the life of Sultan Sanjar who marched against this new religion was spared,—though a dagger thrust into the earth close to his bedside, by an unknown hand, admonished him to withdraw his army from the impious warfare. By degrees these sanguinary methods of resistance or conquest became more frequent and atrocious. Two caliphs were murdered at Bagdad; and it is probable that the sect of Hussun were the cause of still more mischiefs than they actually perpetrated, and that innumerable acts of private revenge would be ventured on, while all who thus perished were placed to the account of the 'Batteneeah.' Like the Jesuits of a later age, the missionaries of this brotherhood are asserted by Jacobus de Vitriaco to have traversed, in his time, all the countries of the world, assuming with so much art the manners of different nations, and the characters of different professions, as merchants, monks, priests, 'et infinitis aliis modis sese occultantes, quod vix aliquis in universo mundo adeo cautus est qui sibi possit ab eorum insidiis cavere.' The story has been often told, how Hussun, in the presence of a Persian envoy, commanded two of his guards to commit suicide, and was immediately obeyed; and it is likely, that they who did not spare their own lives in his service, would not be lenient to others. Yet, of the means whereby this strange man acquired such an ascendancy, we are little able to judge. The tale of his fictitious paradise is rejected by Sir J. Malcolm as fabulous; and, in fact, is contrary to the practice of himself and his followers, who were singularly abstinent in every thing but the blood of their fellow creatures. Like the other Sooffees, they were not originally intolerant; and the brotherhood of Mount Lebanon had actually offered to embrace the faith of the Crusaders, when the murder of their envoy by a Templar, Walter de Maisnil,—whom William of Tyre (L. xx. §. 32.) describes as 'a wicked and one-eyed man, whose breath was in his nostrils,'—rendered them for ever the fiercest enemies of the Christian name. The prophetic and sovereign authority of Hussun Subah continued to his descendants of the third generation. A descendant of Ishmael, whom the Hussunees con-

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sidered as the lawful Imaun, was then elevated to the throne; of whom the fifth in descent, Kaher Shah, fell, after a weak and ineffectual struggle, under the power of Hoolakoo Khan, the grandson of Chengiz; who, while his brothers led on their Moguls into Europe and China, overran, in a single campaign, at the head of 150,000 cavalry, all Persia, Mesopotamia, and Syria.

The Moguls ruled Persia something more than a century. During this time they were for the most part in so close an alliance with the Christians against their common enemy, the Soldans of Egypt and Syria, that many of them were suspected of having privately received baptism, and to this source many of the wild tales of Prester John may be with great probability referred. One of these monarchs, Key Katou, is also remarkable in history as the first who introduced a paper currency into his dominions,—a measure which had been already tried by the Mogul monarchs of China, but was hitherto as little known in Persia as in Europe. It completely failed in both instances.

The last of the descendants of Chengiz Khan gave way to the younger fortunes of Timour, or Tamerlane. The history of this warlike barbarian, who, after founding an empire more extensive than the life of any other man has sufficed to traverse, was arrested, like a tyrant of later days, in his schemes of universal sovereignty by the rigours of a premature winter, which prevented his march to China,* is sufficiently known to most of our readers. But

* The description of this event in Jbn Arabshah, which Sir J. Malcolm has given, almost naturally slides into poetry.

Emirs and Khans in long array
To Timur's council bent their way:
The lordly Tartar vaunting high,
The Persian with dejected eye,
The vassal Russ, and, lured from far,
The German's mercenary war,—
But one there came, uncall'd and last,
The Spirit of the wintry blast!—
He heard, as wrapt in mist he stood,
The purpos'd track of spoil and blood;
He mark'd, unmov'd by mortal woe,
That old man's eye of swarthy glow,
That tameless soul, whose single pride
Was cause enough that millions died:—
He heard, he saw, till envy woke,
And thus the voice of thunder spoke.
"And hop'st thou thus, in pride unfurl'd,
To bear thy banners through the world?
Can time nor space thy wrath defy?—
Oh king, thy fellow-demon I!
Servants of Death, alike we sweep
The wasted earth, or shrinking deep;
And on the land and o'er the wave
We reap the harvest of the grave.—

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But it is not so generally known that the extraordinary perseverance which was the feature most remarkably displayed in his character, during a fifty years' continued series of battles, was excited first by an incident almost similar to that which in a better cause encouraged Robert Bruce to similar exertions.

'" I once," said Timour, " was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my observation on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top of the wall. This sight," said Timur, " gave me courage at the moment; and I have never forgotten the lesson it conveyed." '

After the death of Timour his empire was torn in pieces by the quarrels of his children and grand-children;—and Persia, though fortunate in the wise and benevolent reign of Shah Rokh, was ravaged by the internal feuds of the Turkomans ' of the White and Black Sheep,' so called from bearing the figure of this animal on their standards. The talents of Uzun Hussun, the most successful of these chieftains, were unable to leave an undivided power in the hands of any one of his descendants; and their dissensions not only accelerated their own ruin, but prepared the way for a dynasty of a very different character from any which had yet governed Persia.

There had resided for many years at Ardebil a family who, though in a private station, had enjoyed very considerable influence by their descent from Moossâh, the seventh imaum, and by an hereditary reputation of sanctity. It was one of these, Suffee-u-deen, who, when Timour paid him a visit and desired to know what favour he could confer on him, obtained immortal honour by the disinterested and humane request that the conqueror would set at liberty his wretched Turkish captives.

' The conqueror complied; and the grateful tribes, when they regained their liberty, declared themselves the devoted disciples of him to whom they owed it. Their children preserved sacred the obligation of their father, and the descendants of the captives of Timour became the sup-

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And thickest then that harvest lies,
And richest carnage taints the skies,
And few the mourners that remain,
When Winter leagues with Tamerlane!
But on, to work our Chief's decree,
Then, tyrant, turn and cope with me;
And learn, though far thy trophies shine,
How deadlier are my blasts than thine;
Nor cities burnt, nor blood of men,
Nor thine own pride shall warm thee then."

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porters of the family of Suffee.—History does not furnish us with a better motive for obedience, or a nobler origin of power.'

The increasing fame of Juneyd, (the great grandson of this benevolent imaum,) and the crowd of disciples by which he was always attended, provoked the jealousy of the Turkomans of the Black Sheep, and Juneyd was banished from his native province. His son, Hyder, who first assumed the title of Sultan, had recourse to arms to avenge his father; and after many reverses, during which Hyder obtained what was, in the estimation of his followers, the crown of martyrdom, Sultan Ismail, his third son, was acknowledged king of Persia. His success was mainly attributable to the seven Turkish tribes whose ancestors Suffee-u-deen had redeemed from slavery; and who, as the most attached and trusty followers of the king, were distinguished by the privilege of wearing a red cap, and by the name of Kuzel-Bash, or 'Golden Heads,' which has descended to their posterity.

Though defeated in a pitched battle by the cannon of the Turkish Sultan Selim, the reign of Ismail, on the whole, was prosperous. His descendants sat on the throne for more than two hundred years; and their family name of Suffee, corrupted by European writers into *Sophy*, was long identified in the west with the idea of Persian royalty and magnificence. The change, however, which he introduced was not confined to the erection of a new family of kings. The pious ancestors of Ismail had always cherished a remarkable veneration for Aly, the nephew and son-in-law of Mahomet, in preference to Abubehen, Omar, and Osman, by whom he was excluded from the Caliphate;—and it is from the increase of the Suffavean power that the establishment is to be dated of that great schism which has divided the greater part of Persia from the faith of the orthodox or Sunnite Mahommedans. The stimulus of these new opinions, and the religious zeal with which they were adopted, appear to have been beneficial to the national character: and there is no period in modern times during which the kingdom of Persia has been more distinguished, than under the authority of these fortunate saints.

In the reign of Tahmasp, the son of Ismail, the first English embassy was sent to Persia, by our Queen Elizabeth, and this king was more favourably distinguished as the protector of Hoomayoon, emperor of Hindostan, whom he received, in his exile, with magnificent hospitality, and to whom he furnished the most prompt and efficacious succours in enabling him to regain his throne. Ismail and Mahomed, two debauched and wicked princes, not a little tarnished the sanctity of their race; but all was retrieved by the magnificence, good fortune, and superior holiness of Abbas the Great, the friend of the two brothers Anthony and Robert

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Robert Shirley,—the chastizer of the Turks and Uzbegs,—and the last of all her rulers under whose authority Persia enjoyed unmixed prosperity. The foreign exploits and domestic magnificence of this prince are familiar to Europeans. His liberality to foreigners even of a different religion—his public works and vigorous administration—were undoubtedly of the greatest service to his country; and it is certainly possible that many of those severities which in the estimation of western historians have branded his memory with the name of tyrant, may have been rendered necessary by the misrule in which Persia was thrown at his accession, and have been rendered more apparent to the foreign visitants of his court by that invariable custom of the East, which makes the sovereign the personal administrator of justice, and the court of his palace the usual place of execution. Like Peter the Great, under similar circumstances, Abbas found it necessary to begin his reform with the ruin of those bodies of armed men on whom his ancestors had chiefly depended, but who now, like the janizaries of Turkey, and the Muscovite streletzi, were become the enemies to all reform and improvement, and the most arrogant controulers of their sovereign. In the formation of a standing army, to supply the place of this factious soldiery, he appears to have derived very considerable advantage from the European tactics of Shirley; but one of the expedients to which he resorted is singularly characteristic of the country in which he lived.

'He formed a tribe of his own, in opposition to those of the Kuzelbash; which he styled *Shah Sevund*, or "the king's friends;" and he invited men of all tribes to enrol themselves in a clan, which he considered as devoted to his family, and therefore distinguished by his peculiar favour and protection. Volunteers could not be wanting at such a call; and we have one instance of ten thousand men being registered by the name of Shah Sevund in one day. This tribe, which became remarkable for its attachment to the Suffavean dynasty, still exists in Persia, though with diminished numbers. It could once boast of more than a hundred thousand families.'

But it was only in his public and official character that Abbas can be praised.—Constantine, Philip II. the Czar Peter, Amurath, Herod himself, all who have been most infamous for unnatural cruelty to their offspring, must give place in that hideous eminence to this saintly monarch! who, while he affected to preserve his hereditary character of devotee, murdered his heir, and confined his two remaining sons in dungeons, having first deprived them of sight. One of these, Khoda-bunda, took a horrible vengeance on his oppressor.

'Shut out from the light of day, the Prince became gloomy and desperate. He had two children, of whom the eldest, Fatimah, a lovely

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girl, was a great favourite of her grandfather, over whose mind she had acquired the most astonishing influence. Abbas appeared miserable when little Fatimah was not near him, and her voice alone could soothe him when ruffled by those violent passions to which he every day became more subject. The prince learned, with savage delight, how essential his daughter had become to the happiness of his father, and seizing her, as she one day came to fondle upon his bosom, with all the fury of a maniac, he in an instant deprived her of life.—The rage and despair into which Abbas was thrown gave a momentary joy to his son, who, glutted with his terrible vengeance, concluded the scene by swallowing a dose of poison.'—vol. i. p. 564.

This was not the only punishment which visited the declining years of Abbas. His son was no sooner lost than he became the object of the incessant regret and tears of his unnatural father, who vainly sought for comfort in putting to death, one after the other, all those sycophants who had poisoned his mind against a prince who bid fair to have been an ornament to the throne. For Behbood Khan, the immediate instrument of his guilt, he reserved a more inhuman punishment:—

'He commanded that obsequious lord to bring him the head of his own son. The devoted slave obeyed. As he presented the head of the youth, Abbas demanded, with a smile of bitter scorn, how he felt?—"I am miserable," was the reply. "You should be happy, Beh-bood," said Abbas; "for you are ambitious, and in your feelings you are at this moment the equal of your sovereign."'

The descendants of Abbas had his vices without his talents; they were addicted to drunkenness to a degree astonishing in Mahommedans, and continually wavering between a childish fondness for different worthless favourites and freaks of cruelty only paralleled in Europe by the worst Roman emperors. They were tolerant, however, to Christians; and though the Persian character, under such masters, rapidly lost what little of inherent value and dignity it had previously possessed, the country, on the whole, continued prosperous, and free from internal dissensions, till the Affghans, who, being of the Sunnite persuasion, had been severely oppressed by the bigotry of their Sheah masters, revolted from Sultan Hussein, the last of the Suffavean dynasty who enjoyed any real power; and, after a long and bloody war, distinguished by more than an usual share of the horrors incident to rebellion, succeeded in placing their leader, Mahmood, on the throne of Ispahan. But this revolution was only the beginning of sorrows. The internal dissensions of Persia were a signal to her neighbours to invade her territory. Peter the Great of Russia besieged and took Derbund and Baku; the Turks invaded Curdistan; the citizens of Casveen rose in despair against the savage avarice of their new sovereigns; and the Affghan

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Affghan chief, shut up at length with a small army in Ispahan—suspicious of all around him, and conscious that, if his power were destroyed, he neither deserved, nor could hope for mercy,—as his difficulties increased, completely lost his reason, and displayed in his conduct the desperate cruelty and almost judicial blindness of a Massaniello, or a Lope Aguirre. He first invited the Persian nobles to a splendid feast. About three hundred accepted the invitation; and the same day their bodies were exposed in the square before the palace, that the inhabitants might see and tremble. One massacre always produces a necessity for more. The Affghan had never heard the axiom of classical tyranny—

Νηπιος ὁς παλεραι κλαιναν παιδας καταλειπει.

but he had the same fears lest the children of the dead should avenge their parents, and the schools were ransacked for two hundred innocents of the first families in Persia, who were butchered the next day in a field adjoining the city. His Persian guards, who had for his service deserted that of their legitimate king, next fell under suspicion. A dinner was prepared for them in one of the courts of the palace, and, when they were seated, the Affghans rushed in armed. Three thousand thus fell in one hour; a general slaughter of the peaceable citizens followed; and, after fifteen days, for so long the scene of blood continued, Ispahan was left without inhabitants.—This could not endure long.—Mahmood became the object of fear and hatred to his own Affghans. As his reason gradually gave way, he vainly sought to appease heaven by penance and prayer. He retired for fifteen days into a dark vault, receiving scarcely any sustenance, and passing his time, according to a superstition not uncommon with his countrymen, in the unceasing repetition of Allah! Allah! But he came out from his den still worse than he went in:—a false report that Suffee Murza, the eldest son of Shah Hussein, had escaped from Ispahan, carried his terror to its utmost height, and with his own hands, assisted by a few of his confidential servants, he murdered thirty nine children and youths of the Suffavean family who were still in his power. Yet then, when two of the youngest princes fled to the arms of their unfortunate father, the captive Sultan Hussein, who received on his own arm a stab intended for his son, we are told that the Affghan tyrant relented on seeing the blood of that king whom he had sworn to treat as a father, and that the life of these only was spared. But this was the last act of tyranny or mercy in his power: his disorder increased,—he tore his own flesh and ate it,—Ashráff, his cousin and one of his generals, was named to succeed him, and Mahmood either died of his disorder, or, according to other accounts, his wretched life was shortened by order

of the new sultan, or, more horribly still, by his own mother, now grown weary of attending on him.

Ashrâff, who succeeded, was, for an Affghan, not inhuman, and in policy he was far superior to this wretched maniac. With singular address he persuaded the Turkish invading army, who had already suffered considerable loss before the walls of Tabreez, that it was impious to make war against an orthodox prince, who, like themselves, was of the Sunnite persuasion, and whom it was their duty rather to support against the wicked heretics of Persia. Many deserted to his side; and the remainder being defeated in a general engagement, a peace was concluded on terms very favourable to the Court of Constantinople, but better than Ashrâff had, at first, any reason to anticipate. Peter the Great was now dead; the exertions of the Russians, on the shores of the Caspian, languished under the influence of an unwholesome climate and a timid government; and the Affghan dynasty might have succeeded in Persia, as well as any of those which preceded it, but for their own intestine feuds, and the talents and courage of Nadir Kooli Khan, a Persian, who had already raised himself from low beginnings into fame and power, and who now supported Prince Tâmâsp, the son of the unfortunate Sultan Hussein, and consequently the rightful heir to the crown of Iran. This young man had hitherto found a precarious refuge from his enemies in Mazenderan, and had received very little more than promises from his Turkish and Russian patrons. Under the protection of Nadir Kooli his affairs assumed a more favourable aspect; the Persian spirit revived; the Affghans, in their turn, lost courage; Ashrâff was at length defeated in a decisive engagement under the walls of Ispahan; and, after disgracing himself by the murder of his prisoner, the old and defenceless Shah Hussein, fled towards Shiraz with all the spoil and treasure which he had time to remove. Tâmâsp, at the side of Nadir, re-entered the solitary palace of his ancestors, and, under the habit of a slave, discovered his own mother, who had thus escaped, during so many years, the violence of the Affghan conquerors, and now enjoyed the delight of seeing her son King of Persia. The triumph of the new sovereign appeared complete when he received the head of the unfortunate Ashrâff, who, abandoned by his followers, was found wandering in the desert of Baloochistan, and killed by one of the petty chiefs of that wild country. But these flattering prospects soon disappeared; and Shah Tâmâsp found that Kooli Khan had driven out the usurpers from the palace of his sovereign with no other intention than to place himself in their room. Of this man, indeed, whose services were too necessary and too great to make him a safe servant to an unsettled government, the new king had long entertained a jealousy; and the first demand which

which Nadir made on their triumphal entry into Ispahan,—the power of levying and coining money in Khorassan,—(of which province he had been declared governor,) was little less than a claim to independent sovereignty. Nadir, too, began to dream dreams, or to pretend that he dreamt them, pretty clearly indicative of his own future greatness, and admirably qualified to give confidence to his superstitious adherents. Tâmâsp had only one course to pursue, which he appears to have chosen with sufficient prudence. He took advantage of his general's absence in the province of Herât, raised an army of his own, and marched in person against the Turks in Erivan. Had he obtained any considerable success, he would at least have divided the admiration of Persia with his subject, and ensured to himself the support of all those by whom Nadir was opposed or dreaded. But the experiment completely failed; he was defeated with great loss, and, worst of all, he concluded a peace by which he abandoned the whole country beyond the Araxes to the Turks, and ceded five districts of Kermanshah to the Pâchâ of Bagdad. The disgrace of this treaty was aggravated by its containing no stipulation for the release of the Persians who had been made prisoners during the war.

Nothing could be more propitious than all this to the views of Nadir. Had the king, after his defeat, continued to keep the field; had he supported his misfortunes with dignity, and, as Nadir himself did on a similar occasion, encouraged his troops by praise and the hope of better fortune, his case would, even then, have been far from desperate. Men can bear reverses patiently, because they hope that their next trial may yet be successful; but when their leaders throw up the game, and calmly acquiesce in their losses, this hope is lost, and the degradation and calamity are felt without alleviation. An unsuccessful war may change for the better; but an inglorious peace is, to those who submit to it, certain ruin. A 'dutiful remonstrance' was immediately published and circulated through the country by Kooli Khan, in which he said every thing which could fan the general discontent into a flame, and make the Persians despise their sovereign. The king had lost his army and was not likely to raise another. Submission now was his only resource; and, after a little previous manœuvring on the part of the vassal, which shews that there still existed in the country a strong veneration for the Suffavean blood, Tâmâsp was compelled to exchange his throne for a captivity, which the policy or compassion of Nadir made not more severe than was necessary. His son, an infant only eight months old, was proclaimed the nominal king, and the general became regent during his minority.

His first steps were not propitious. He sustained a severe defeat from the Turks commanded by their able and amiable vizier Topal Osman;

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Osman; but he soon was able to retrieve the fortune of the campaign, and with it all the ancient possessions of the Persian crown in the neighbourhood of the Tigris and Euphrates. The veil which he had hitherto worn was now no longer necessary: news arrived of the death of Abbas the Third, the poor child who had been elevated to a nominal sovereignty; and who was now so proper to assume the vacant throne as a valiant warrior of native Persian blood, and by whom the Persian name had been restored to its ancient lustre? The officers of his army were unanimous in their entreaties that he would not abandon the country which he had saved, and Nadir, though, of course, reluctant to receive so great a burden, was compelled to yield to the wishes of his friends. He only, however, accepted the crown on condition that his subjects should renounce the heresy of the Sheahs, and return with him to the orthodox Sunnite persuasion. This was a measure of very doubtful policy, and one for which it is not easy to assign an adequate motive. Nadir cannot be suspected of having been influenced by any religious zeal, and he had till now professed himself a zealous defender of that faith which the majority of his subjects followed. It is possible that, as the Sheah religion was associated in the minds of the Persians with their saintly Suffavean dynasty, he was anxious to get rid of whatever might perpetuate such dangerous recollections; but the hazard of the experiment was far greater than its probable advantage, and it is a strong proof of Nadir's wonderful popularity at this moment that, though his subjects did not imitate his apostasy, they do not appear to have seriously resented it. The new Shah, indeed, was too wise to employ any offensive zeal in the execution of his own edict, and, though the Ullema murmured, the laity were content to follow their own form of worship without caring for the opinions of their sovereign. The remaining acts of Nadir, his reduction of the Affghans, his invasion of India, the encouragement which he afforded to commerce, and the hideous cruelties which stained his declining age, and compelled at length his own servants to secure themselves by his murder, are pretty generally known to European readers.

'His character,' says Sir J. Malcolm, 'is, perhaps, exhibited in its truest colours in those impressions which the memory of his actions has left on the minds of his countrymen. They speak of him as a deliverer and a destroyer; but, while they expatiate with pride upon his deeds of glory, they dwell with more pity than horror on the cruel enormities which disgraced the latter years of his reign; and neither his crimes, nor the attempt he made to abolish their religion, have subdued their gratitude and veneration for the hero who revived in the breasts of his degraded countrymen a sense of their former fame, and restored Persia to her independence as a nation.'

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Immediately on the death of Nadir Shah, the Affghans in his service left the army under the command of Ahmed Khan, and proceeding, by rapid marches, to Candahar, laid there, by the help of a corps of Usbegs, and of a large convoy of treasure which they intercepted, the foundation of that separate kingdom of which the singular manners and extensive power have lately become well known to Europeans through the work of Mr. Elphinstone. Aly, the nephew of Nadir, was declared King of Persia, but his reign was short and inglorious. He was dethroned and blinded by his brother Ibrahim Khan, who in turn received his merited death by the hands of his own officers. After his overthrow, no obstacle seemed to remain to the succession of Shah Rokh, the grandson of Nadir and son of the unfortunate Reeza Kooli whom that tyrant had deprived of sight. But the hostility which Nadir had shewn to the prevailing religion of his country, though his own abilities and popularity had, during his life, suppressed the storm, was severely visited on his guiltless descendant. A strong party among the priests, headed by a person named Meerza Syud Mahomed, denounced the young king as the associate of christian merchants, and as inheriting all his grandfather's malignant heresy. Shah Rokh was assaulted before he could assemble his troops, and immediately deprived of sight by his cruel enemy, who ascended the throne under the name of Solimân. But, by another of those revolutions which, though they are of usual occurrence in the east, would perplex in Europe the most adroit sceneshifter of a pantomime, Solimân himself was taken prisoner and put to death by Yusoof Aly; and the blind Shah Rokh, after a very short captivity, was again placed on the throne, which he again changed for a dungeon on the defeat of his protector by Meer Aclum an Arabian chieftain, and the Affghan general Ahmed Khan Abdâllee. This last, however, who had sufficient wisdom and moderation to prefer the consolidation of his power in his native country to the vain ambition of a wide but distracted empire, abandoned Persia once more to the contests of her provincial governors, stipulating only, with equal prudence and generosity, for the erection of a petty principality in Khorassan in favour of the unfortunate grandson of Nadir. For the western half of Persia, now for ever dismembered from its eastern provinces, a bloody but uninteresting scramble succeeded, which was terminated at length in favour of Kurreem Khan, the most deserving of the competitors, and one of the best and ablest sovereigns which any nation has enjoyed. This excellent man was originally a private soldier in the camp of Nadir Shah, and, in this situation, as he often used to relate, a circumstance occurred to him, to which he ascribed, with amiable enthusiasm, no small part of his subsequent honours.

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'"My necessity," he was wont to say, "led me to steal, from a saddler, a gold-embossed saddle which had been sent by an Affghan chief to be repaired. I soon afterwards learned that the man from whose shop it was taken was in prison and sentenced to be hanged. My conscience smote me and I replaced the saddle exactly on the place from whence I took it. I watched till it was discovered by the saddler's wife, who, on seeing it, gave a scream of joy, fell down on her knees, and prayed aloud that the person who had brought it back might live to have a hundred gold-embossed saddles. I am quite certain," Kurreem used to add, smiling, that "the honest prayer of the good old woman has aided my fortune in the attainment of that splendour which she desired I should enjoy." '

The happy disposition, the regular but not austere temperance, the placid and tolerant piety of Kurreem Khan, prolonged his life to the age of eighty years, twenty-six of which appear to have been passed in a constant and active attention to the best interests of Persia. We know, indeed, no stronger instance than this reign affords of the wonderful power of native talent and goodness of heart. With the education of a peasant, for he could not even write, he was a patron of living learning, and built tombs over the remains of Sadi and Hafiz; brought up in camps, himself a tried, a valiant and successful soldier, he was not fond of war, and his contests, though numerous, were mostly, on his side, defensive. With the example of eastern splendour before his eyes, and in a country where, of all others, a degree of royal magnificence should seem, from national prejudice, necessary, his dress and establishment were plain and frugal, and yet no one taxed him with avarice. He knew so well to blend severity with mildness, that while he crushed completely the factions which, till his time, had desolated Persia, there are repeated instances in which he not only pardoned, but made trusted and faithful friends of those who had been his avowed and mortal enemies. His government was always firm, and sometimes what in Europe would be accounted harsh; but in no instance was his justice impeached, and to the meanest of his subjects he was kind, accessible, and familiar. To crown the whole, he was able to transplant all these good qualities into a soil so unkindly as a despotic throne without losing the respect of his subjects, or endangering his own authority.

'He lived,' says Sir J. Malcolm, 'happily; his death was that of a father amid a family whom he had cherished, and by whom he was beloved. The inhabitants of Persia to this day venerate his name, and those who have risen to greatness on the destruction of the dynasty which he founded do not withhold their tribute of applause from his goodness. These, indeed, when meaning to detract from his fame, often give him the highest possible eulogiums. "Kurreem Khan," they say, "was not a great king. His court was not splendid; and he made

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made few conquests; but, it must be confessed," they add, "that he was a wonderful magistrate."'

It is the curse of an absolute government that even such rulers as he whose character we have drawn can be of no permanent use to their country. On the death of Kurreem all was as bad as ever; his brother Zuckee, a thorough eastern despot,* soon lost his life in a fit of popular indignation; and his four surviving sons fell victims to the ambition and cruelty of the chiefs who rose on the ruins of their family. The youngest, and the best of these, Looft Aly Khan, maintained a gallant contest against Aga Mahomed Khujur, who, though he abused his success over him with hideous and disgusting cruelty, did justice to the virtues of his poor eyeless and mutilated prisoner by wishing publicly that his own successors might resemble Looft Aly Khan!

Aga Mahomed Khan Khujur, the founder of the present dynasty, was the son of a petty chieftain who had been expelled from his states by Shah Nadir, and he himself, when a child, had been deprived of virility by Adil. From the time of that prince's ruin to the final success of Kurreem, Aga Mahomed had been allowed to attend the wandering fortunes of his father. The latter was, however, defeated and put to death by Kurreem, who retained the son about his court, and latterly treated him with a kindness which had no power to soften the unrelenting hatred which he bore to all the enemies of his family. When seated in the council chamber—for, young as he was, the sagacity of Kurreem detected his superior understanding—Mahomed found a comfort, as he himself related in his more prosperous days, in cutting holes in the valuable carpets, and defacing the property of the sovereign whom he had no more effectual means of injuring. On the death of Kurreem he fled to Mazenderan, and there, by the assistance of his father's tribe, erected the standard of rebellion which conducted him, after eighteen years of various success, to the eminence on which he now was seated. An eminence it was, indeed, very little desirable, since the whole of Western Persia was in a state of utter anarchy, and all respect for the name of king had been lost by the rapacious and insolent chieftains by whose swords the country was lacerated. To compose these feuds, or to crush them, Aga Mahomed was a character well adapted. In the better parts of his nature, no less than his crimes, he appears to have resembled our Henry VII.: but it was what Henry VII. would have been had he been a Persian and an eunuch; with his ambition exaggerated, his temper soured, and his

* This prince was ingenious in his cruelty. He is celebrated by the Persians as being the first who fastened men alive to branches of trees, and then planted them in avenues with their heads buried and their limbs in the air, which he wittily called 'a garden of enemies.'

avarice

avarice and cruelty less restrained by respect for the opinions of those around him. The spirit of their new governor was first exhibited to the Persians by his unmanly insult on the bones of the virtuous Kurreem Khan, which he tore from the grave, and laid them together, with those of Nadir Shah, in the entrance of his palace at Teheraun, that he might daily have the wretched triumph of trampling on the remains of the ancient enemies of his house. The policy of fixing the regal residence in Teheraun was of a better and more reasonable character, inasmuch as it was the part of Persia where his natural strength lay, and its vicinity to the northern frontiers brought him nearer to the spot where foreign danger was to be apprehended. But he could not think himself safe while he had a brother living whose virtues were far superior, and whose courage and talents were by many men thought at least equal to his own. Jaaffer Kooli had been one of the principal means of his ascent to the throne, and his services rendered him dangerous. Aga Mahomed first insulted him by refusing him the government of Ispahan, then feigning penitence, inveigled him to his court, and had him murdered at the gate of the palace. Then, weeping bitterly, or pretending to weep, over the body, he called him 'the best of brothers,' and sending for his nephew and successor, the present King of Persia, assured him that, for his sake, and to secure the crown on his head, he had 'acted with shameful ingratitude and sinned deeply against God and man.' Yet this wretch the historians of Persia are not ashamed to praise for his inflexible justice!

His next memorable exploit was the invasion of Georgia, whose Prince, Heraclius, had placed his country under the protection of Russia. The wonderful rapidity of his advance, in which, no less than his courage, he also resembled our Henry, completely surprized the Georgians before their new allies could join them. Teflis was sacked and ravaged; and, in the following year, the conqueror, who till then had not assumed the title of King, though he still rejected the crown which Nadir Shah had worn, consented to gird on the royal sabre which had been consecrated at the tomb of Sudder-u-deen, and which was supposed to pledge its wearer to the defence of the Sheah religion. He shortly after marched against Khorassan. That province was divided among many petty rulers, of whom the most remarkable was Isaak Khan, chief of Turbet-e-Hyderee, a man of low birth, who, by the peaceable pursuits of commerce, had been able, like the Medici family in Italy, to obtain a territory 200 miles in length, and to raise himself from the overseer of a caravansary to the rank of an independent sovereign. His revenue was reckoned at 200,000*l.*, of which 80,000*l.* proceeded from his purchased landed property, 80,000*l.* from his subjects, and 40,000*l.* from the profits of his merchandize. He had 6,000 troops

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in his pay, but chiefly trusted to his policy for the maintenance of his power; nor did ever prince more securely reign in the hearts of his subjects and of the merchants whom he had attracted to his new emporium. To these, as well as to pilgrims and beggars of every country and religion, his hall was always open; and it was his principal relaxation from the fatigues of government and traffic to dine in company with this motley multitude, conversing on equal terms with all, acquiring an accurate knowledge of every thing which concerned the welfare of his people, and surprizing his guests with his affability and (as we are also told) his deep and various learning. This extraordinary potentate had enemies at the court of Aga Mahomed; and his wealth was doubtless a very considerable temptation to regard or treat him as a rebel. But his high reputation for hospitality (the virtue of all others most valued in the east) was a restraint on the monarch's cupidity; and it is possible that even Aga Mahomed himself respected his inoffensive character, and the obvious utility of his pursuits. He received him kindly; and Isaak alone, of all the Khorassanian chiefs, was not obliged to give hostages of his fidelity.

Aga Mahomed next projected the invasion of Bokharah, then governed by a character as singular as Isaak of Turbet-e-Hyderee. It had long been a fashion with the Uzbeg Tatars to be governed by saints; and the father of the then nominal prince had been originally called 'Chakbootee,' or 'Old Clothes,' from the custom which the pious man daily practised of picking up all the rags he could find, to be mended for his own wear, or that of the poor. Abdool Ghazee Khan, however, being less of a saint than his father, had lost his reputation and his power, and was now a mere pageant in the hands of Beggee Jân, a very holy person indeed, who, having utterly renounced all worldly authority, was conceived to be the fittest man in the world to have it pressed on his acceptance. Nor is it the least singular part of the story, that a person thus elevated did not, in fact, abuse the confidence of his country; nor (though his long prayers, the ostentatious beggary of his attire, and his daily use of whips to drive all lazy Mussulmans into the mosques, may be regarded as a continuance of the same arts whereby he was first distinguished) can we refuse our praise to the wisdom and lenity with which he, in person, assisted by forty moullahs, administered justice to all comers; nor to the wisdom which enabled him in a few years to unite or subdue the whole country between the Oxus and Jaxartes. At the head of his army, as well as in his palace, he preserved the manners and appearance of a devotee. Amid the mailed coats and chivalrous pomp of his nobles and courtiers, (for, like Sir Dennis Brand, he had no objection to splendour in those whose magnificence was reflected on himself,) he rode on a little

pony

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pony in the dress of a needy priest; and was pleased to see the envoys of the different eastern potentates dining with him under a ragged tent, on putrid meat, prepared by a cook whom his humble sovereign allowed to sit with the company at table.* 'God knows,' says the ambassador of Chinnaran, in a written description of this strange court, 'God knows in what year of the Hegira the barley bread had been baked which was now set before us!' All this abstinence and outward humility secured to Beggee Jân the most absolute authority and unbounded respect. His followers were persuaded that 'a leader who condemned the worldly pleasures which they prized, and who preferred the patched mantle and crooked staff of a mendicant priest to a royal robe and sceptre, must act under the immediate direction of the Divine Being.' After all, we are not sure that the good Tartars were altogether mistaken in inferring an extraordinary mind from a conduct so stubbornly consistent; or in believing that he who, from whatever motive, could so well command himself, was, cæteris paribus, not the person worst adapted to command others. Had Beggee Jân and Aga Mahomed come to blows, the event of the contest, Sir John Malcolm thinks, would have been extremely doubtful. As it was, they were content with mutual scolding. 'The king affected to consider the saint as a nameless usurper, who had sold 'true believers like cattle at the market-place of Bokharah.' The saint wrote thus in a circular letter to the princes of Khorassan, 'I have heard that *my Lord Eunuch* is come among you. Seize him if you can; if not, inform me, and I shall proceed to your quarter and punish him.'

In the mean time, the frontiers of Persia were passed by a still more formidable enemy. The Empress Catherine, eager to revenge the sufferings of her new subjects in Georgia, made great exertions to send an army thither. Between 40 and 50,000 men, under Valerian Zuboff, over-ran, in a few months, the whole southern coast of the Caspian, and, crossing the Araxes, fixed their winter quarters on the plains of Mogaïn. The whole of Aderbijan lay open to their incursions; and the possession of that province was likely to be followed by an attack on the capital. The reputation of Catherine, whom the Persians called 'Khoorsheed Kullah,' or 'The Crowned Sun,' and whom they the more admired from the (to them inexplicable) wonder of a woman ruling such a mighty empire, gave still greater power to her arms; and the discipline and forbearance of the Cossacks themselves were astonishing to peasants and towns people accustomed to the tender mercies of their own soldiers. She died, however, as Peter the Great died, in the midst of her schemes of ambition; and the first act of her successor was

* He gave his cook the name or title of Helâl-Puz, or 'the dresser of what is lawful.'

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to recall his armies from Persia.—Aga Mahomed is said to have been fully aware of his danger, and of the best means of averting it. In public, he talked in a lofty manner of his impatience to bring the Russians to an engagement, and of cutting them in pieces with the conquering sabres of the faithful. In private, he expressed to his minister a very different intention. 'Can a man of your wisdom,' he said, 'believe I will ever run my head against their walls of steel, or expose my irregular army to be destroyed by their cannon, and disciplined troops? I know better. Their shot shall never reach me, but they shall possess no country beyond its range. They shall not know sleep; and let them march where they choose I will surround them with a desert!'

But the Russians were now withdrawn, and all the vials of Persian wrath were about to be poured on Georgia, a second time abandoned; when, having, for some trifling fault, threatened two of his servants with death on the following day, this strange king had the temerity to retain them, meanwhile, in their usual attendance on his person. They were well aware, however, that a threat of this sort never fell from him in vain, and took good care that the morrow, which was to end their lives, never dawned on Aga Mahomed.

The history of this prince, of which we have been only able to give the most prominent circumstances, is, perhaps, the most entertaining and instructive part of the present work. The friendship of Hajee Ibrahim, during many years his confidential minister, has enabled Sir J. Malcolm to illustrate with the most authentic information the various and discordant features of meanness and courage, cruelty and talent, by which this singular eunuch was distinguished; and the whole picture is such as bears with it its own certificate of resemblance, inasmuch as a portrait so spirited can only have been painted from the life.—We ascribe it to the prejudices of the Persian vizier that Sir J. Malcolm speaks with so much toleration of the hateful cruelties which Aga Mahomed committed; but it is doubtless strange that the tyrant himself does not appear to have been blind to the enormity of his own actions, at the same time that he so far deceived himself as to fancy that he was prompted by no selfish motive. 'I have shed all this blood,' he often observed, 'that the boy Baba Khan, may reign in peace:'—and his natural affection, which the misfortunes of his early life, which severed him from his kind, had dried up towards every one else, seems to have concentrated itself in an ardent ambition to aggrandize his darling nephew.

The precautions of Aga Mahomed Khan in killing or blinding all whom he judged likely to aspire hereafter to the crown were not however sufficient to ensure the tranquil succession of his

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favourite, the present king of Persia. Three successive rebellions burst forth against his authority, but they were suppressed with little bloodshed. The king has been able, by the assistance of Isaak Khan, to extend his authority over the greater part of Khorassan; and though Georgia and the shore of the Caspian are again lost, probably for ever, yet the situation of western Persia has, during his reign, been, generally speaking, prosperous. His court, as is well known, has been besieged by European envoys, and European officers have been employed in what Sir J. Malcolm considers as a measure of doubtful policy, to introduce the discipline and tactics of Europe into the disorderly armies of Persia. It is here, however, that Sir J. Malcolm closes his history. The rest of the second volume is occupied with a description of Persia itself, its people, customs, and religious opinions, which only wants a more lucid arrangement to make it very generally interesting, as well as instructive. This fault we shall, for our readers' sakes, attempt to repair; and we shall also take this opportunity of considering some topics which we would not notice before, lest we should interrupt the chain of the narrative.

The great extent of Persia, intersected by mountains, during a considerable part of the year covered with snows, and by deserts waterless and sandy, may be reasonably expected to contain many various climates. On the whole, however, its temperature is singularly happy, and the neighbourhood of Ispahan, in particular, is said to enjoy such a delightful moderation of heat and cold, a sky so clear and an air so pure and salubrious, as almost to justify the hyperbolical expression of the Persians, which satirizes the levity of the citizens of their ancient capital, as being 'drunk with the fragrance of their air.'—The soil, particularly the pasture ground, is in many districts wonderfully fertile; the orchards produce all the fruits of the temperate zone, and its wilds abound with flowers which can only be reared by care and cultivation in the gardens of Europe. Persia, however, with all the excellence of its climate, and fertility of its soil, is subject to two great inconveniences in the want of water and of trees. There is no navigable river in the whole range of country between the Tigris and Indus; and in many parts even a well is a rare and valuable possession.—In the more prosperous days of Persia, astonishing efforts were made by the inhabitants to overcome this natural defect; but the frequent revolutions to which the empire has been exposed, have, from time to time, undone in a single day the labours of a century; and the water-courses, of which there were no less than 15,000 in one small district of Khorassan, are, at present, in a state of comparative neglect and decay. Sir J. Malcolm does not notice the Affghan usage of successive wells connected by a subterranean conduit; nor do we

we recollect that Chardin, or any other traveller, has mentioned their occurrence for the purposes of irrigation. This is the more extraordinary, since we know from Polybius* that this singular contrivance was formerly common in Media. If it have since fallen into disuse, few stronger proofs can be required of the fallen state of the Persian agriculturists, who have lost so useful an invention, and the comparative superiority of the Affghan peasantry, who still retain it. When, however, a country is only rendered arable in despite of nature, and by a process so expensive and laborious, the principal resource of its inhabitants must ever be, as in the case of Persia it always has been, the pasturage of flocks and herds; of which the former require very little water, and the latter may be driven to a considerable distance to procure it. Yet neither of these are in this country of a good quality. The camel, in spite of the better pasturage, is inferior to that of Arabia; and their horses and dogs alone, the first valuable in war, the second in the field sports of the nobility, are of superior size and beauty. The wild animals are such as may be expected in a country so dry and open; the lion is common, but the tiger, who delights in the cool reeds and dark jungles of India, is here never found. The same cause has banished the elephant; and Sir John Malcolm is mistaken in supposing that this animal was ever of frequent occurrence in the armies of the ancient Persian kings. The only instance in which they were employed was the fatal battle of Arbela—and then fifteen was the whole number belonging to Darius. The excellent cavalry for which the Persians were always famous, and perhaps the jealousy of the Indian princes, were the reasons why they made so little use of *an arm* (to use the modern military phrase) on which their neighbours had so much reliance.

The habits as well as the climate of Persia are favourable to beauty and manly strength; and in these respects the modern natives of this country have been supposed, by Sir J. Chardin, to excel their ancestors. But the Guebres of Surat and Bombay, who are unquestionably of the purest race, have both these qualities in perfection: and the ancient Greeks acknowledged that the Medes, however undisciplined and inferior to them in gymnastic exercises, were of advantageous form and stature, and by no means deficient in courage.—The notion of Asiatic effeminacy, which must be utterly absurd as applied to the general population of any country

*. Polyb. L. x. c. xxviii. Ἐπιστολὰς μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἐστὶ φαινόμενον ὕδωρ ἐν τοῖς πρειμημένοις τόποις· ΥΠΟΝΟΜΟΙ δὲ πλεῖοι εἰσὶ, καὶ διάτρητοι ἔρμαι φρεατίας ἔχοντες —— Καθ' ὃς χρόνους Πέρσαι τὰς Ἀσίας ἐπηκράτουν, ἐθέλουσι τοῖς ἐπὶ τινας τόπους τῶν μὴ πρόπαν πρόσυμπαν ἐπιεσαγομένοις ὕδωρ πηγαῖον, ἐπὶ πᾶντα γωνίας καρπίζουσι τὴν χέρσον· οὗτοι, ἔχοντες πᾶν Ταύρου πέλλας καὶ μεγάλας ἐπιρρύσεις, πᾶσαν ἐπεδέχοντο δύναντο καὶ κακοπαθοῦσαν, ἐκ μακρᾶ κατασκευάζοντες τὰς ὑπονόμους· ὅστε κατὰ τὰς τῶν καιρῶν μάλιστ' τῆς χρείαν τοῖς ὕδασι χρῆσθαι τὰς ἀρχὰς τῶν ὑπονόμων, πόθεν ἔχουσι τὰς ἐπιρρύσεις.

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whatever, had its origin, as is well known, from the sophists of a later age, and has been preserved by those who were glad, for the sake of the moral, to ascribe to this cause those misfortunes of the Persian armies which might have been far more easily accounted for by their want of military science, and by the remarkable ability of those European generals by whom they were opposed.—The population of this kingdom has been by former travellers obviously exaggerated, and so many provinces of Persia have been alienated since the days of Chardin, that it is absurd to apply his computation to the mutilated territory which remains; but Sir J. Malcolm probably rates it too low when, following the computation of Pinkerton, he only allows six millions for all the countries which obey the present sovereign. Of these, the Armenians, Nestorians, and Jews, do not exceed a few thousand, of whom all but the last are treated with respect and kindness by the government. The persecuted Guebres are now only found in the city of Yezd, and over estimated when computed at 4000 families.—The remaining population is chiefly composed of Mahommedans of the Sheah sect, who differ, as is well known, from their Turkish and Arabian brethren in maintaining Ali, the nephew of Mahommed, to have been his rightful successor as prince and prophet, and in rejecting with contempt and abhorrence all the numerous traditions which rest on the authority of Omar and the more recent caliphs. There is a very considerable party, however, which, though found in most countries of Asia, should seem to be more abundant here than in any other region, and which, though reprobated by the orthodox Mahommedans, whether of the Sunnite or Sheah sect, has a tendency in some degree to reconcile them to each other, or, to speak perhaps more properly, to induce a general indifference for the distinctive articles of either confession. This sect is that of the *Sooffees*, a name variously derived from the Arabic terms for *Soap*, as an emblem of purity, or *Wool*, as descriptive of the coarse mantles affected by their teachers; but which Sir J. Malcolm, induced by the respect which these singular enthusiasts pay to the ancient European philosophers, is inclined to derive from the σοφια and σοφος of the Greeks. He will be, perhaps, surprized to learn, that this last word itself is, with good reason, supposed to have originally entered Greece from the east; and that a more plausible origin than either *soap* or *wool* may be afforded by the Hebrew 'Tsopheh,' '*Explorator.*' The opinions, indeed, which the Sooffees profess, though in Persia of comparatively recent introduction, are of the most remote antiquity among the various tribes of Semitic, or Arabic race; and, from the facility with which they adapt themselves to almost any religion, whether true or false, no less than the bewitching nature of some of their speculations,

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lations, are likely always to preserve a certain hold in whatever country they once obtain a footing.

We must not, however, confound the doctrines of Sooffeeism with that system which, in the later academy, and with the majority of Greek writers from the time of Plutarch downwards, obtained, almost exclusively, the name of oriental philosophy; which accounted for the creation of the world, and its natural and moral phenomena, by the hypothesis of two opposing principles; and of which the history is well known from its origin in Persia itself, to its progress over no inconsiderable part of the western world. The system now in question is not of Persian but Chaldean birth: it professed, in ancient times, to be derived from a far elder Zoroaster than the Prophet of Fire; and is said by Diogenes Laertius to have been first taught in Greece by the Assyrian Pherecydes, whose opinions were, with still greater success, disseminated by Pythagoras in the western countries of Europe. The doctrines, indeed, ascribed to this latter mystic, the habits of his life, and the several adventures related in his legend, are such as might pass, Sir J. Malcolm assures us, in Persia, for those of a Sooffee saint; and though Plutarch undoubtedly gives an account of his opinions, (De Plac. Philos. L. 1. § 7.) which more inclines to the Magian than the Babylonian school, yet is his authority, in this respect, so much at variance with the general voice of antiquity,* that we cannot consistently deny the philosopher of Crotona a seat among his Chaldean brethren. Among the Jews, in later times, these notions were preserved at full length in the mysterious volumes of the Cabbalists;† and among the Judaizing professors of Christianity, we find evident traces of the same superstition in the recognitions of Clement, and the account which Epiphanius gives us of the Ebionites.‡ All these, no less than the modern Sooffees, in direct opposition to the Magian theory of two principles, and to Plato himself, (with whom, in most other respects, they remarkably accord, and for whom, at the present day, they profess an extraordinary veneration,) maintain the existence of one pure and perfect substance only, absolutely denying the entity of matter as distinct from or opposed to spirit, and believing that whatever exists is of the same essence with God, has emanated from him, and must at length be united with him again. With them the act of creation is defined to be a developement and modifi-

* Diog. Laert. L. viii. c. 25. Cicero. Nat. Deor. L. i. § 11. Epiphan. L. i. H. 7.

† For the similarity between the Chaldean and Cabbalistic opinions, compare Stanley. Philos. Chald. and Clericus, Ind. Philol. in Orac. Zoroastr. with the Liber Druschim. Tract. 1. cc. 1 and 2. apud Cabbala Denudat. T. 2.

‡ Recognit. L. iii. No. 16. Homil. Clement. xvi. No. 16. Epiphan. L. i. H. 30. §§ 3. 17.

cation of God's nature; destruction is no more than the removal of the forms thus communicated, and the reabsorption of the portion of Deity which inhabited them; and the pious Sooffee, while he beholds around him the wonders of the visible world, professes, in the literal sense of the words, to discover God in every thing, and under his innumerable different disguises.

These opinions are so like Spinozism, that we cannot wonder that Bayle (Dict. Art. Spinoza, note A.) has regarded them as the same precise system. There are some material distinctions, however, which exempt the Cabbalists from the practical atheism of the Jewish sophist, and by which they attempt to parry those objections which, from the time of Cicero to the present day, have been urged against their philosophy. Spinoza and the Cabbalists are both agreed in regarding the visible world as constituted of the same simple substance with the Deity; but Spinoza supposed the world and the Deity to be in every respect identical. The consequence of the latter notion is, not only that Balaam, and the ass on which he rides, and the staff with which he strikes the ass, and the angel by whom the ass is startled, are all so many different modifications of the same pervading Godhead; but that none of these, nor any thing else in existence, can be more really God than its fellows; nor can there be any other God than the aggregate of those several modifications which make up our notion of the visible universe. But the Cabbalist, though he maintains that all things are from God, and of the same nature with him, does not suppose that they are co-extensive with God, nor that they are absolutely identical with Him. This is implied in the word 'emanation' itself, since that which issues forth from any thing must necessarily leave something behind; and since nothing can be said to emanate or issue unless it be in certain respects distinguished from that which gives it birth. Accordingly, on the Cabbalistic notion, there must be something which is God, besides and superior to the universe which has proceeded from Him; and, 2dly, that universe must be, for the time, 'extra Deum,' distinct from, and, if we may use the expression, *out of* God, and therefore a proper subject for God's speculation and government. This is clearly intimated in the Liber Druschim, where it is said that the Supreme Being 'receded' from a certain portion of infinite space, that he might have room to emit from his essence the four worlds with their inhabitants. And there is a perfect coincidence between the universe thus formed, surrounded by, and of like substance with, yet distinct from, the 'Or Haensoph,' or divine circumambient light; and the Persian simile, which compares our present state of existence to a portion of sea-water inclosed in a bottle, and suspended in the midst of the ocean.

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It is plain, however, that though the atheism of Spinoza is thus got rid of, it is only got rid of at the expense of their own leading principle; since whatever that *bottle* is which presents the emanation from union with its parent, whether it be an eternal and hostile material principle, as the Platonists and Manicheans suppose, or empty space, as the ancient Cabbalists apprehended, or a medium of false impressions, as the modern Persian or Boodhist would define it; still it is something by which the Divine Nature is severed from a portion of itself, and therefore something which is not God. Nor can it be dissembled, that by attempting to elevate matter into a spiritual substance, they are compelled to impute to their Divine Spirit many of the degrading accidents of matter; inasmuch as even their 'Or Haensoph' is capable of expansion and compression. And it is also evident that, on their own principles, those expressions, of which they are very fond, which denote the identity of God and Nature, are to be taken in a popular not a philosophically accurate acceptation; and that the water in the bottle, though of like substance with the sea, is not the sea itself, since that may be predicated of the one which cannot of the other, and that the emanation, though Divine, is not the Deity, any more than the severed limb of a man is the man from which it is severed. When, however, that which causes this separation is removed, the emanation and its parent essence must necessarily again coalesce, as the waters unite when the bottle is broken: and it is to this re-absorption and identification with the Deity, that the pious Soofee is now instructed to aspire, as it has in every age been the ultimate object and hope of his Cabbalistic and Chaldean predecessors. And all these have sought the same object by the same means, the performance, namely, of those duties which are imposed by the Almighty on his emanations as conditions of re-union, and, what is regarded as still more efficacious, by abstracting the attention of our Divine Nature as much as possible from the space, or scoriæ, or cortices, or delusion, (for all these terms are employed to signify what the Platonists understand by matter,) which surround us and divide us from the Deity.

It is thus that the Cabbala, when followed its full length, conducts us to Quietism; and here a question arises, which is, it must be owned, most admirably adapted for the discussion of the university of Bedlam. He, however, who has 'proceeded' in Quietism, is not very far from a graduate in that body; and the Cabbalist, accordingly, goes gravely on to examine how far this abstraction may be carried in the present life; and whether it be not possible to pervade the bottle even before it is broken, and to re-unite ourselves with God: while that which previously separated us still seems, to the apprehensions of mankind, and possibly to our own apprehensions,

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to subsist in perfect vigour. This was answered in the negative by the soundest reasoners among the ancient Cabbalists, on the ground that the state of things of which death is the dissolution, if it be not a separation from the Deity, is, on their principles, nothing at all. But, that it is something, is evident from the fact of its being dissolved; therefore it is till death an effectual separation of our essence from the ocean of the Godhead.—How the Sooffees evade this difficulty does not, from Sir J. Malcolm's account, appear; probably by some of those ingenious subtleties which are in use in that eminent school of abstract reasoning, which we have already noticed. Evade it, however, they do, since, as Sir J. Malcolm assures us, it is an acknowledged doctrine of their creed that the saint or the sage may, even in this life, become identified with the source of all being; and that Hajee Hussun may, while he continues Hajee Hussun, be nevertheless united with God. This possibility they attempt to justify or illustrate, by comparing it with the faith of the Christians, as to the nature of their Divine Master. 'The Nazarenes,' they say, 'are not infidels because they deem Jesus a God, but because they deem him alone a God.' But the fallacy of this comparison is evident; first, because Christians do not believe the second person of the Trinity to be God merely because he is an *emanation* from the Father, but because he proceeds eternally from his essence, is inherent in and consubstantial with Him;—secondly, because we believe the human nature to be of a different *substance* from the Deity, and that it may be united with him in some respects, while it remains distinct in others. God therefore and man may have coalesced in the person of Christ, without imputing to the first the accidents of mortality, or to the second omnipresence and omniscience. But it is the leading principle of the Sooffee, and that on which his whole system depends, that man is of the same divine and simple substance with that Being from which he emanates; and that he must, therefore, if re-united with the Deity, lose all personal distinction whatever!—But enough has been said to shew the distance between truth and error; nor should we have touched at all on a subject too awful for a disquisition like the present, if we had not been anxious to avoid those misrepresentations which might arise from confounding two systems essentially different from each other. The writings of the Cabbalists contain, indeed, many remarkable traces of ancient opinions resembling those peculiar to Christianity;* but the theory of one simple substance is, in itself, decidedly adverse to orthodoxy, nor can any of the inconsistencies to which the first is liable, be, with any degree of justice, im-

* Among the early Christians, they were, as has already been observed, the *Ebionites* who retained a reverence for the Cabbala.

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puted to the latter. After all, however, we confess ourselves not fully satisfied whether the strange instances which Sir J. Malcolm gives of Sooffee teachers, who have styled themselves the Truth, the Deity, and the Creator, have not been individual cases of madness or daring imposture, and whether the more rational members of the sects do not agree with the elder Cabbalists in abhorring these blasphemies of the 'Hulooleeah,' or those who pretend, in this life, to be united with God. The existence of some crazy individuals proves little against a numerous body. Those who have read Lesley's 'Snake in the Grass' will recollect that expressions perfectly similar to those ascribed to the Sooffees were employed, about the time of our revolution, by some Camisar Quakers in London; yet the general principles of Quakerism can, by no means, be said to conduct to expressions so horrible. And the better class of Sooffees, as represented in one of their own works, of which an extract is given by our historian, appear to confine the highest privileges of their saints, during this life, to the contemplation of God's essence, and a perfect knowledge of his will:—a privilege sufficiently great to establish (as we have seen in the case of the prophet of the Assassins) a despotism more dreadful and dangerous than any other which the world has witnessed. No power can be so tremendous as that which is exercised over men who believe that 'as all things emanate from God there can be no such thing as evil;' that there is no measure of human actions but the revealed will of the Almighty; and that of this will their peculiar teacher is the sole depositary. If the passions of the Sooffees should be stimulated by persecution, they have a stock of principles to support them in every enormity. It is fortunate, however, for human nature, that as the best and most hallowed doctrines are not able to make us act up to their level, so the very worst cannot sink us down to the depravity to which they would naturally seem to lead. The Sooffees in general appear to be a harmless and charitable race of enthusiasts; their devotional exercises, however actuated by erroneous views, have at least had the favourable effect of detaching them from worldly interest and ambition, and, as an exterior of virtue and self-denial is required from their teachers, so we may believe that many among them are really little less humble and disinterested than they profess to be.

The morals of the Persians in general Sir J. Malcolm describes in very unfavourable colours. The influence of Mahommedanism has not been sufficient to subdue that intemperance in the use of wine, which, from the earliest ages, has distinguished their nation; and the love of truth, which was once, together with horsemanship and archery, the study of their youth, is now altogether departed. There are few nations besides them in the world, whatever may be

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their repute among their neighbours, who do not themselves boast of their national honour and integrity. But the baseness of their general character in these respects is acknowledged by the people themselves, and it is, among them, no uncommon form of asseveration, 'Though I am a Persian you may believe me.' Much of this falseness is the natural fruit of that worst species of anarchical despotism which has long oppressed their country, and still more, perhaps, of those external misfortunes which have lowered their reputation not only in the eyes of their neighbours but their own. The warlike subjects of a powerful tyranny, however wretched themselves, have something to be proud of in the political elevation of their community, and great as are the evils which flow from such a feeling, falsehood is certainly not among the number. But where no part of the picture remains on which the heart can repose with pleasure, vanity, the counterfeit of pride, succeeds to real self-estimation, and, of the various meannesses which follow in her train, a disregard for truth is always most conspicuous.

The government of Persia, it is well known, is, in theory at least, a monarchy of the most absolute description, and the caprices of the sovereign are, apparently, rendered more dangerous by the strange prejudice which is, we believe, peculiar to Persia, and which has prevailed in Persia from the earliest times; that a royal edict can admit of no after repentance, and that the word of the king, however hastily uttered, and however contrary to common sense, or justice, or humanity, is irrevocable even by the king himself. The history of Darius and his favourite Daniel is well known; and how consistent such an history is with the habits of the nation, Sir J. Malcolm's information shews, no less than the species of equivocations by which, in modern times at least, the spirit of this custom has been evaded.

'The late king, Aga Mahomed Khan, when encamped near Shiraz, said he would not move till the snow was off the mountain in the vicinity of his camp. The season proved severe, and the snow remained longer than was expected: the army began to suffer distress and sickness: but the king had said, while the snow remained on the mountain, he would not move; and his word was as law, and could not be broken. A multitude of labourers were collected and sent to remove the snow: their efforts, and a few fine days, cleared the mountain, and Aga Mahomed Khan marched. This anecdote was repeated to me by one of his principal chiefs who was present, and who told it me with a desire of impressing my mind with a high opinion of Aga Mahomed Khan, who knew, he observed, the sacred nature of a word spoken by the King of Persia.'—vol. i. p. 268, note.

A power in itself so likely to be abused, and of which the abuses are corrected with so much difficulty, is rendered more dangerous by

by the daily habits of bloodshed to which the sovereigns of Persia are, from their earliest childhood, trained.

'There is, perhaps, nothing more difficult than for a Monarch of Persia to continue humane, even if that should be his natural disposition. The constant habit of directing and witnessing executions must, in the course of time, harden his nature: and those entrusted with the education of the princes of this country, as if apprehensive that an indulgence in tender feeling should interfere with the performance of their future duties, take them, when almost infants, to witness scenes at which men would shudder. Those early lessons appear to have been almost always successful; for we have hardly one instance, in the history of Persia, of a king of that country evincing any uncommon degree of humanity: while there are many to prove that the shedding of blood often becomes a passion; by a brutal indulgence in which, human beings appear to lose that rank and character which belong to their species.'—vol. ii. p. 626.

Nor is it only in the regular administration of justice that these sovereigns are violent and sanguinary,—secret assassinations, and open massacres, have always been of frequent occurrence in their history; and so habituated are the lower and middling classes to these vigorous measures, on the part of their rulers, that a certain degree of ostentatious oppression and cruelty is regarded by the populace, as a necessary feature in the crown and dignity of a king; and to be lenient and beloved, would be often the surest way to become contemptible.

'A man of one of these tribes, who was sent to accompany two English gentlemen through a part of Persia, contended with his companions, that a prince of the blood royal whom he served, had better claims to the crown than one of his royal brothers, whom they had extolled for his humanity, virtue and intelligence. "You see," he observed to them, as they were riding along, "that small village before us—if the prince you praise were where we are, the inhabitants would be at this moment running to meet him, and be eager to pitch his tents; whereas, if my master were here, so great is the terror of his name, that they would already have fled to the summit of the neighbouring hills. Now, I ask you," he added exultingly, "which is the most proper of these two to govern such a kingdom as Persia?"'

But, though the natural consequence of such powers and such opinions is a general system of oppression and injury, which descends from the king through the long list of his subordinate governors, yet are there some checks, by no means inefficient, on the more wanton or unusual abuse of authority. In every city of consequence, the different classes of merchants, mechanics and labourers, have their respective wardens or representatives, elected by themselves out of their own number, who are the legal organs of their petitions and complaints, with the governor of the town or the

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the sovereign, and the persons to whom, in the first instance, the orders of the government are communicated. These hold their office for life, or, at least, are seldom removed from their situation except on the complaint of their constituents; and their representations have often possessed very considerable weight with the most powerful of the Persian kings. It is the custom too, to consult the wishes of the people in the appointment of the inferior magistrates, the bailiffs and aldermen of the cities, and though these are constitutionally only the submissive agents of the beglerbegs, or royal governors, yet so much of the execution of the laws devolves on them, that they have it in their power materially to temper the harshness of an unjust, or the inconvenience of a foolish edict. Even the king himself—besides the 'sacred right of insurrection,' which in few countries is better understood, or more frequently resorted to —depends so greatly on public opinion for the continuance of his power, that an act of gratuitous violence has not often been ventured on even by the worst of these monarchs; and the lower ranks in this, as in every other country, may sleep in very tolerable security from those storms of caprice, jealousy and avarice, which are continually bursting on the heads of the wealthy and the powerful.

Nor are the kings of Persia without a check of a more moderate nature, that of the leading ministers of religion. These persons, who are called 'Moostaheds,' or 'givers of evidence,' are simply those of the Mahommedan clergy who enjoy the highest reputation for holiness and learning; who, though they fill no office, receive no appointment, and have no specific duties different from other religious teachers, are looked up to, both by prince and people, as their guides in faith, and their most learned counsellors in the sacred jurisprudence of the Koran. Their numbers are, of course, unlimited; but from the various talents, and great appearance of sanctity, which are necessary to raise them to this pitch of general confidence, there are seldom above three or four in the whole kingdom, who receive from popular respect this highest title of ecclesiastical dignity. These are followed by numerous disciples, actuated not only by the desire of religious improvement, but by that of a knowledge of those laws which are the civil as well as the spiritual code of their country: their authority is recurred to in all cases of law and conscience, and to act against the 'opinion' regularly given by a Moostahed, would, in Persia, be equivalent to a renunciation of the Faith.* The sort of rank, indeed, which they

* We read in the History of Abbas the Great, that a person complained to Moollah Ahmed, the Moostahed of Ardebil, that the king had taken his sister by force into his haram. The holy man immediately gave him a note to the following effect: "Brother Abbas, restore to the bearer his sister." The king commanded the woman to be instantly given

they hold in the country, and the influence which they exercise, may be best compared to those of the ancient Jewish prophets; and though the justice, as well as charity, of a Mahommedan saint is too often confined to persons of his own persuasion; yet, in cases where Musulmen only are concerned, Sir John Malcolm gives us a very favourable opinion of the general integrity of their decisions, and the courage with which they have occasionally borne testimony against the oppressions of the wealthy and powerful. As, indeed, the whole of that respect and influence which a Moostaheed receives and possesses, depends on public estimation; and as the degree of both thus conferred on him is such, that its loss could not be counterbalanced by any thing which even his sovereign could bestow; it is plain, that, generally speaking, no motive can be adequate to induce him to risk the loss of a popularity so flattering, and which would be necessarily endangered if he were suspected of interested motives, or of subserviency to the wishes of the court.

A safeguard of a different kind is afforded by the Sherrah, or written law of Mahommed, which, though very faulty as a civil or criminal code, is, at least, better than the unrestrained caprice of a despot. The judges in these courts are also ecclesiastics, whom, though they are appointed by the king, and, as being less independant, are therefore less respected than the Moostaheds, Sir J. Malcolm praises, nevertheless, for a gravity and decorum of demeanour becoming their station, and, in many instances, for integrity and a sincere though bigoted devotion, the more remarkable, because, for every kind of impudence and vulgar cunning, the lower orders of Syuds, Cauzies, Moollahs, or Hagees, are in no better repute with those of their own religion, than the mendicant friars of the west are with protestants. The jurisdiction of the Sherrah is, however, daily encroached on by the 'Urf,' or common law, which is administered by the king himself and his officers, and which, though (from the promptness of decision common to all military rule, and from the superior impartiality, where Christians are concerned, which may be expected from a lay-tribunal) it has received the praises of Chardin, depends so entirely on the conscience or caprice of the magistrate as to afford all possible scope for avarice, violence, and cruelty.

In Persia, as in every other country where the law of retaliation prevails, the custom of sanctuary has become necessary. The houses of the most celebrated Moostaheds are often resorted to for this purpose; but, of all sanctuaries, the most sacred is the royal stable, or that of a powerful nobleman. 'A horse,' say the

given up, and shewing the note which he had received to his courtiers, said aloud, 'Let this be put into my shroud; for, on the day of judgment, to have been called brother by Moolah Ahmed will avail me more than all the actions of my life.'

Persians,

an hereditary or representative senate; yet the wandering tribes (who have, in every age, since the days of Herodotus and Strabo, made up a very numerous and formidable part of the population of this extensive empire) continue, without exception, to enjoy a species of patriarchal government, in no respect differing from that system which Mr. Elphinstone has recently described, in his account of Caubul; and the close resemblance of which, to that which, in the last century, prevailed among the Scottish Highlanders, was noticed in our review of the Culloden Papers. These tribes, who yield in fact no more obedience to the Persian government than they please, or than accords with the interest of their immediate chieftain, are each governed by that chieftain, assisted and controuled by a council of hereditary elders, and have all the vices and virtues appropriate to barbarous manners, and to a fierce and disorderly freedom. Singularly indifferent to the faith of Mahommed, and divested, in a great measure, of all religious principle; the men, nevertheless, are hospitable and brave; and the women, who possess all the liberty which even European habits allow, are as chaste as they are beautiful. As they are descended from many different stocks, their customs and laws are various. In some tribes the council of elders have the privilege of cashiering their chieftain, in case of misbehaviour, or incapacity; in others, the point of honour consists in an indefeasible loyalty to the head of the clan, however incompetent or oppressive. But it is a principle with them all, that no foreign jurisdiction can interfere with the chief and his council in the management of their own tribe; and, whatever may be the offence of an individual of these tribes, and wherever perpetrated, the whole family would be implacably incensed, if he were entrusted to any other than themselves for trial or punishment. With their kindred and their guests, murders but rarely happen; and whenever they occur, they are compounded for by the elders, whose interest it is to prevent their degenerating into a deadly feud; in which last case, the law of retaliation would authorize and exact a series of alternate deaths, ad infinitum, or, at least, to the extermination of one or other of the families implicated.

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cated. To plundering, however, at least so far as their lowland neighbours are concerned, no limit is fixed, and no dishonour attaches. 'What a glorious place to pillage!' said a chieftain who accompanied Sir J. Malcolm to see the wealth and wonders of Calcutta. 'How,' said another who had heard in astonishment the rigour of the English laws against those practices which his countrymen esteemed so innocent,—'How, if there is no plundering, do you support your numerous and warlike population?'

We are not, however, to suppose that plundering is the only or principal vocation of these numerous clans. Like the Highland Scots, they are graziers, and to a certain extent, agriculturists; but they have the advantage of changing their residence with the season,—and, between the high breezy mountains which constitute their summer retreat, and the warmth of the adjacent vallies, they enjoy, throughout the year, a climate and sky under which a tent is in every respect a comfortable and luxurious habitation. Their encampment is usually in the form of a square, and the abode of the principal elder is only to be distinguished from that of the lowest man in his tribe by its size. All are made of the same coarse materials, and in the same shape. The horses, mules, and sheep, graze round the encampment. The young men, if not employed in hunting, are generally seen sitting in circles smoking, or sleeping, in the full enjoyment of that indolence which has most charms for an uncultivated mind. The women are busied in their domestic duties, and the care of the flocks is committed to the boys and aged men. But of late years, it is only occasionally that these interesting scenes are visited by those chieftains to whom their tribes look up with filial reverence. Like the leading proprietors in the north of Scotland, the Persian thanes are often weak enough to prefer the amusements and political intrigues of the capital to the service and duty of their dependants; and it is the object of the court to draw them by every possible enticement from these dangerous connections, to lavish, in the splendid slavery of Teheraun or Shiraz, the revenues hardly earned for them by their wild and affectionate kindred.

The clans of whom we have been speaking are either of ancient Persian descent, (among whom the Curds must be reckoned, though these last are a distinct nation, and their sovereign, the Waly of Ardebil, is acknowledged as such by the court of Teheraun,) or those who have originally emigrated from Tartary. Of one of these last the present sovereign of Persia is the head; and it should seem that the hereditary tinge of mountain habits which his family still retain, has co-operated with the turbulence of the times to preserve the Khujur dynasty from the indolence and weakness which ruined the Suffavean kings. The south-western tribes

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tribes are of Arab descent, and have always closely adhered to the language and customs of their parent stock; while from all these,—though wanderers like them,—the Gipsies, who in Persia exactly resemble those of Europe, are distinguished by their mendicant way of life, their skill in palmistry, and peculiar countenance.

Of the lowland Persians, the manners have been often described; and, though it be a mistake to suppose that the fashions of the East are of a much less changeable character than those of Europe,—yet, in the more essential points of their domestic habits and the state of knowledge which exists among them, little alteration appears to have taken place since the time of Chardin. Education is, to a certain extent, at least as generally diffused among them as among the inhabitants of the most civilized countries of Europe; and there is no country in the world where so strong a passion exists for poetry. An instance is mentioned in which an adventurer, by the help of a popular song, and a few musicians and singers, assembled an army, and was for some weeks a candidate for royalty; and the lowest mechanics are as familiar with the works of Hafiz and Ferdusi as our less polished artizans with 'Death and the Lady,'—or, 'I loves Sue.' And as poetry is a popular commodity, so the swarms of poets and poetical mendicants are beyond belief or parallel. One of these, who came fifty miles from Shiraz to welcome Sir J. Malcolm on his first mission to Persia in the year 1800, was told, to evade his request, that the ambassador could hardly comprehend his lines, and had no taste for verses. To this he replied by the following story.

'When the Affghans had possession of Persia, a rude chief of that nation was governor of Shiraz. A poet composed a panegyric on his wisdom, his valour, and his virtues. As he was taking it to the palace, he was met by a friend at the outer gate, who inquired where he was going. He informed him of his purpose. His friend asked him if he were insane, to offer an ode to a barbarian who hardly understood a word of the Persian language. "All that you say may be true," said he, "but I am starving, and have no means of livelihood but making verses. I must, therefore, proceed." He went and stood before the governor with his ode in his hand. "Who is that fellow," exclaimed the Affghan lord, "and what is that paper which he holds?" "I am a poet," exclaimed the man, "and the paper contains some poetry." "What is the use of poetry?" said the chief. "To render great men like you immortal," he replied, making at the same time a very profound bow. "Let us hear some of it." The poet, on this mandate, began reading his composition aloud; but he had not finished the second stanza, when he was interrupted. "Enough!" exclaimed the governor, "I understand it all. Give the poor man some money;—that is what he wants." As the poet retired he met his friend, who again commented on the folly of carrying odes to a man who did not understand

understand one word of them. "Not understand!" he replied—"You are quite mistaken! He has, beyond all men I ever met, the quickest apprehension of a poet's meaning!"—vol. ii. p. 501.

The extent of the chemical knowledge of the Persians may be inferred from the eagerness with which they follow the vain pursuit of alchymy. In medicine it has been supposed that they were acquainted with the use of cold effusions in cases of fever; but, though Chardin was thus treated, it does not appear to be the general practice. Their philosophy is that of Aristotle and Ptolemy; but an abstract of the Copernican system, and of some parts of Newton's Principia, has been translated into Persian, and studied by some of their learned men with as much eagerness as could be expected. No prejudices, in fact, exist, unfavourable to the introduction of fresh light into the country; but the unsettled state of political affairs and the tumults consequent on it have, from time to time, repressed all the improvement which might otherwise have been reasonably expected in a race so curious and ardent. The form of government is still more unfavourable to the mechanic arts, as well as to architecture and painting. Whoever excelled in these last, or in any of the finer manufactures, would be liable to have his talents made subservient, on the most disadvantageous terms, to the avarice or ambition of the king or his provincial deputies; and the bad taste, or impatience, or versatility of such patrons, is singularly inimical to any great or lasting improvement: accordingly, the arts are stationary in Persia,—or, to speak more accurately, they are alternately progressive and retrograde. The most splendid of their ruins, with the single and doubtful exception of Istakhar, belong to the period of the Sassanian kings. They are also the most ancient,—for the very form and materials of the Tombs of Mordecai and Daniel, no less than their inscriptions, in the modern Hebrew character, sufficiently prove them to be of comparatively recent erection; and we are a little surprized that Sir J. Malcolm has thought them worthy so much attention as he has bestowed on them. In painting, the Persians have not been deterred from the imitation of the human figure by the absurd prejudices of the Sunnite Mahommedans; and, though those latest improvements of the art have not reached them which Europe owes to the Italian school, there are works of oriental artists in drawing, at least as good as the best of Albert Durer, and not inferior in colouring to those relics of ancient genius which are met with in Herculaneum.

Of the political strength and military resources of a country like Persia it is not easy to form an estimate. Both must chiefly depend on the personal character of the sovereign, and must therefore vary with each different reign. The ordinary revenues arise from

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the crown lands, which, during the late disturbances, have been greatly increased by confiscations; from the church lands of which Nadir Shah resumed the property, paying very moderate stipends to the ministers of religion; and from a land-tax of 5, or 15, or even 20 per cent. on the crops raised on private property; the amount of which is, in each instance, regulated by the facilities of irrigation, or the season at which they are reaped. The wandering tribes pay a tax of so much per head for their cattle and flocks; and fruit-trees and vines are subject to an impost varying according to the age of the tree and the quality of the fruit. There are duties on baths, water-mills, aqueducts, imported merchandize, and domestic manufactures; and all shops are charged with the fifth-part of their supposed annual profits. But presents, extra duties, and forced loans are continually resorted to by the wants or avarice of the government; and the arbitrary mode in which these last are levied, renders them oppressive to the people beyond all proportion to the sums which the crown receives. The whole fixed revenue of the state is something more than three millions; and Sir J. Malcolm observes, that this was exactly the amount of the taxes imposed by Darius Hystaspes, as related by Herodotus. He forgets, however, that the empire from which Darius exacted the same revenue was at least five times as extensive as that which the kings of Persia now retain; and that Robertson, whom he blames for incredulity, might well wonder at so small a sum being raised in an empire which reached from the Strymon to the Hydaspes, and from Syene to Samarcand. The difficulty, however, by which Robertson was perplexed, is solved by the fact which Sir J. Malcolm mentions, that the irregular taxes and extortions are equal to the whole fixed public income. The disbursements are considerably less than the receipts, inasmuch as, where public credit is unknown, a full treasury is deemed essential to the public safety: and the same principle, joined with their portable nature, has made the possession of valuable jewels a favourite object, even with those kings who cared least for finery.

The regular troops of Persia, who have been armed and disciplined in the European manner by the reigning sovereign and his heir apparent, Prince Abbas Meerza, do not exceed in number 23,000 effective men; and the household troops, who are all irregular cavalry, may amount to 3000 more. There is a registered militia of 80,000 horse, and 150,000 infantry; but almost every man in Persia is accustomed to the use of arms, and the military tribes whom we have described form a standing army of a very irregular kind indeed, but of numbers very considerable, and by no means ill calculated to defend a country like Persia against foreign invasion. The nature of the territory, indeed, and the character of

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of no small portion of its inhabitants, who must (as Sir J. Malcolm well observes) be civilized before they are subdued, are those circumstances which constitute the peculiar strength of this empire against an European enemy; and as these obstacles are not likely to be diminished by the internal disturbances and divided condition of the country, so they are of a nature which would place the conqueror in a state of more difficulty and embarrassment on the day that his project was apparently completed, than on that when he first commenced it. Alexander was able to establish his sovereignty over Persia because she had then been long subject to a single family, and when Darius fell, the natives knew not whom to obey. But, at present, if the first combined effort of the nation would be less than that which the Macedonian encountered, yet the war of detail which must follow would be infinitely more perplexing; and for one head which the hydra lost, many others would arise, each as formidable as that which had been destroyed. There are, however, two modes of attack to which Persia, as it appears to us, is not invulnerable. The first is that which (whether seriously or not, we cannot say) was proposed, in their blind hostility against England, by Buonaparte and Paul the First:—the passage, namely, of a considerable army through her territory and that of the numerous and warlike states which intervene between her eastern frontier and the Ganges, to attack our settlements in that region. That the passage itself is possible, no one who recollects the many similar transits which are recorded in Sir J. Malcolm's history can safely venture to deny. But in what condition an European army would arrive at Delhi, after fighting its way from the fords of the Araxes; what would be the health of the troops after passing so many different climates;—how many cannon would have been abandoned in the sands of Durrah and Beloochistan; how many horsemen would 'tighten their reins in despair' when the ridges of the Indian Caucasus rose before them, and with what remaining strength and spirit the invader would be enabled to cope with forces as well disciplined as his own in the best of times,—are subjects, we apprehend, to be quite as seriously considered by those who meditate such an attack, as by those who are called upon to resist it.

The other danger, though slower, is more certain; it is only so far doubtful, indeed, as the time which it requires is more than enough to give birth to events by which the wisest conjectures may be baffled. The Russian frontier now extends to the Araxes; and it may be reasonably anticipated, that, if Russia retains her present power, and if the state of society and government in Persia remains unaltered, this latter must finally be devoured. This is a necessity which results from the different constitutions of their governments. However averse to foreign conquest the Czar, for

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the time, may be,—however desirous the Shah to preserve a good understanding with his neighbour,—yet will grounds of quarrel be surely furnished by the inferior agents of the irregular monarchy, and readily improved by those of the civilized neighbour; and the encroachments of the latter will be no less certain,—and, when gradually and progressively carried on, no less inevitable than the imperceptible advance of the tide. It is probable, however, that whatever was thus gained would be held on a very uncertain tenure; that the first check which the Russian monarchy might receive in the west would be followed by a simultaneous rising in all her eastern provinces; and that she might lose in a month that footing which it had cost her many years to obtain. At any rate, some centuries are likely to elapse, before the Muscovite Terminus can have advanced in this manner to the Indian ocean. And they whose rest is disturbed by dreams of a 'chain of capitals,' and of the exploits of those new Alexanders who are to shake the foundations of our eastern commerce, may do well to recollect the time when the roaring of the lion at our very doors was not enough, in their opinion, to justify a single measure of effective resistance.

Of the merits of Sir J. Malcolm's work, our opinion may be gathered from the length to which its discussion has carried us. We have fairly stated the points in which he is, as we conceive, mistaken; but we should not do him justice, if we concluded without again acknowledging the amusement and information which he has afforded us.

*** We have received a letter from Sir N. Douglas, Lieut. Colonel of the 79th Regiment, charging us with 'a most cruel and unfounded calumny against his fame and character, and those of the regiment,' in having stated that, in the battle of Les Quatre Bras, it was taken by surprize by a body of cuirassiers who were concealed by the high corn, and that it would have been destroyed if the 42d had not come up. This account appeared in the London newspapers at the time, in one of the many letters from the scene of action. We now learn that it was erroneous, and that the 79th, though often threatened by the enemy's cavalry, did not lose a single man by them on the 16th. Sir N. Douglas desires that we will contradict the statement in the fullest manner,—the information which he has given us enables us thus do it upon his authority:—and he cannot for a moment suppose that we had any intention of calumniating his fame or that of the regiment.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1816.

ART. I. *Travels of Ali Bey in Morocco, Tripoli, Cyprus, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Turkey, between the Years* 1803 *and* 1807. Written by himself. 2 Vols. 4to. London. 1816.

THIS book appears before the world under the double disadvantage of lofty pretensions and a questionable shape; and the editor of the French edition has excited a natural prejudice against it by most injudiciously exaggerating its pretensions, and attempting to deceive the public with respect to the real character of the author. According to him, Ali Bey the Abbassi is the son of Othman Bey, a prince of the family of the Abbassides,—and this fiction is supported throughout the preface as well as the work. The English publishers have acted more discreetly: they acknowledge that the traveller has assumed a fictitious character; but that he actually has travelled in that character they prove by the most undoubted testimony. In reality, whatever his motives for continuing this disguise may be, his real history is so well known that any attempt to conceal it becomes ridiculous. The person who calls himself Ali Bey is a Spaniard, who, with the knowledge and under the sanction of his government, was qualified to travel as a Mahommedan, by submitting to the initiatory rite of that religion. It would indeed be curious if this Spaniard was one of Moorish race, whose family, amid the idolatrous superstition to which they had been compelled to conform, had retained in their hearts an attachment to the creed of Islamism and the Arabian false Prophet; and perhaps, if the traveller were to trust himself within reach of the Inquisition now that its claws are grown again, he might be exposed to some unpleasant interrogations upon the subject. But Ali Bey, however he affects to support the part of a Mussulman, has attended with no more sincerity at mosque than at mass. Ali Bey, says his French editor and friend, *s'est vu forcé de se laisser quelquefois entrainer par le torrent des préjugés; un musulman doit toujours écrire comme musulman. Mais, malgré ce léger désavantage, l'on apperçoit souvent au milieu des circonstances les plus délicates, des traits et des coups de pinceau qui laissent entrevoir la véritable phisionomie du musulman philosophe.* The reader need not be told what the word *philosophe* implies in

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modern French. Let not this be understood as insinuating an uncharitable and intolerant condemnation of the individual: it is one fatal effect of the Romish superstition wherever it is dominant, that no alternative is left between gross credulity and utter unbelief; and the man is to be pitied rather than blamed who, turning with indignation from the worship of the Wafer, of St. Dominic, and the whole rabble of saints-errant, loses sight of the great and awful truths with which so many audacious falsehoods have been incorporated.

Our Spanish adventurer, well provided with credentials and money, sailed from Tarifa in June, 1803, and landed at Tangiers, where he was received with all the respect due to his assumed rank. Ali Bey had learnt the Turkish ritual and was equipped in the Turkish fashion,—it was necessary to change both;—his head was shaved, as he tells us, with an unmerciful hand, and only a small tuft of hair, in the Morocco cut, left at the crown: his stockings and light Turkish slippers were laid aside—he went bare legged in huge heavy slippers, and wrapt himself in the Moorish Hhaïk. No suspicion was entertained of his story, the point of his circumcision having been ascertained by frequent inquiry from his servants and himself;—without this mark he conceives it impossible that any Christian can travel safely as a Mahommedan in Mahommedan countries. A house was assigned him which was whitewashed for his reception, and all the floors covered with a bed of plaster two or three inches thick; he took possession of it before the plaster was dry, thanked them for the pains they had thus taken in embellishing it, and says he could not help admiring the rare simplicity of manners of a people who content themselves with such humble dwellings. The houses seldom exceed eight feet in height; a man of ordinary stature may reach the top as he stands in the street; the roofs are all flat and covered with plaster;—some of the houses have a few windows not above a foot square, others have loop-holes an inch or two wide and a foot high,—others receive their light and air from the door of a gallery. Seen from the sea-side the city presents an imposing appearance, but as soon as we approach the inside the illusion ceases, and we find ourselves surrounded with every thing that characterizes the most disgusting wretchedness. Thus the traveller expresses himself; a Spaniard in Barbary feeling like an Englishman in Spain.

Neither a Portugueze nor an Englishman can look back with complacency upon the history of Tangiers. It was the second city which the Portugueze attacked in Africa;—while they lay before the walls they were themselves besieged in their camp by a far superior force, and the army only obtained leave to embark by engaging

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gaging to deliver up Ceuta, their former conquest, and leaving the Infante Dom Fernando, the King's brother, as an hostage for the performance of these disgraceful terms. The terms were not fulfilled, and Fernando died at Fez after six years of miserable captivity. His body was hung by the heels over the walls for a spectacle to the Moors, and afterwards suspended in a coffin in the same place. This disastrous expedition was in 1437. In 1464, a second Fernando, brother in like manner to the reigning monarch, attempted to take the city by surprize in a night-attack, and many of the bravest fidalgos perished in this rash enterprize. There was a proud spirit, like that of the old Romans, in the Portugueze of that age;—that which might have dismayed another nation, or cooled, at least, the ardour of conquest, served only to exasperate them. Affonso V. prepared a greater effort,—he crossed the sea again, took Arzilla by storm, and concluded a truce for twenty years with a sheik by name Muley who commanded in those provinces. This truce secured the Portugueze in their former conquests, and left them at liberty to attack Tangiers, which was not within Muley's government. The Tangerines, deprived of his support, felt their own weakness, and they dreaded the vengeance of a people who were not less vindictive than themselves. They abandoned the city, and Affonso entered it without opposition on the 28th August, 1471. His vengeance had been disappointed by the timely flight of the inhabitants, but the honour and the piety of the nation were satisfied by obtaining the bones of Fernando in exchange for some royal prisoners taken at Arzilla. The remains thus rescued from captivity and sanctified by popular feeling were deposited with those of his brethren in the church of Batalha;—one of these brethren was that prince Henry, so generally known as the great promoter of maritime discovery,—another was the Infante Dom Pedro, to whom equal merit at least is due upon the same account, and far greater upon every other;—the third is less known in the history of his age, but stands deservedly conspicuous in the annals of his country. The tombs of these four brethren were, both in design and execution, worthy of the beautiful church in which they were placed.—What they were may be seen in Mr. Murphy's views of that magnificent structure; and they were in perfect preservation, fresh as when the chissel had left them, till the French under Massena destroyed them, took out the bodies, and strewed the bones about the floor!

Affonso assumed or admitted the name of Africano for these victories;—he resembled Scipio in nothing else:—but there was a time when the conquests of the Portugueze in North Africa seemed to justify the appellation, and to afford a fair hope that European civilization would be extended to these barbarous coun-

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tries. The greater part of the present empire of Morocco paid tribute to Emanuel,—and that city itself sometimes trembled when it was announced that the Portugueze horsemen were in sight. A considerable revenue was derived from these conquests; but in the succeeding reign it became apparent that the projects of this enterprizing people were beyond their strength, and that their population could not at the same time support a dominion in India and in Africa; Joam III. naturally preferred his oriental to his Barbary possessions, but the preference was unfortunate. No European power would have contested that country with him,—it was at his own doors, serving at once as a school of war, and a wide field where the Portugueze might have gone on for generations conquering and to conquer. India, on the other hand, was already contested; Castille was intruding; France perpetually threatening to intrude, and pirating against the homeward bound fleets: it might also have been foreseen, that the strongest maritime power in Europe must eventually command the coasts of India, and that Portugal could not continue to be that power. Tangiers was among the few places which were retained; and, unlike Ceuta, Tangiers followed the revolution which restored the Braganza family to their rights. The Conde da Ericeyra, Don Fernando de Menezes, had been governor for some years, and had well supported the honour of his country and of his race in his wars against Gailan, when by a secret arrangement between the courts of Lisbon and London, it was determined that this city should be ceded to England as a part of the Infanta Catherina's dowry on her marriage with Charles II. When the Count received secret orders to deliver up the city in conformity to the agreement, he wrote to the Queen Regent entreating her to spare him the grief which he must feel at seeing a nation which, though in alliance with Portugal, was nevertheless of a different religion, take possession of a city in which the Catholic faith had flourished for two centuries, and of which the Menezes of his family had been the first conquerors and the constant defenders. The Queen offered him a marquisate if he would perform the service which she required, and intimated her displeasure if he persisted in his wish to resign the government;—but, with a feeling to which every Englishman will do justice, Menezes re-solicited and obtained his recal. He beguiled the hours of his leisure,—perhaps of his disgrace,—in writing a history of the city. The Spaniards of Ceuta, he says, persuaded the Portugueze not to abandon to heretics a place which they had so long and so bravely defended as a bulwark of the faith; the English, they said, would not be able to maintain it, and would sell it to the Moors if they could make a good bargain; the Spanish governor even offered to take possession of it in the Pope's name,

name, and to pledge himself that the King of Spain would undertake to defend it for his Holiness. These representations were of course disregarded. The inhabitants, with as little regard to private feeling and individual interests as had been shewn to national honour in this transaction, were compelled to evacuate the city and retire to Portugal; and the English took possession of Tangiers, believing, as the Earl of Sandwich used to say, that if it could be walled and fortified with brass, it would repay the charge. The ill consequences ensued which might be expected from such a beginning; the new settlers, to make room for whom the old inhabitants had been turned out of house and home, were a rabble of needy and greedy adventurers; and governors, soldiers, and settlers were entirely ignorant of the manners, language, and mode of warfare of the people with whom they were to deal. Gailan obtained victories which, says Menezes, he would never have won over the industry and valour of Portugueze generals;—our own writers, indeed, acknowledge that the Portugueze seldom encountered the Moors but they defeated them, and that our men were 'sadly massacred through the unadvisedness of the commanders and the disorder of the troops.' After a great waste of blood and of treasure, it was determined, in 1685, that Tangiers should be abandoned: the Portugueze ambassador was instructed to request that it might be restored to his Crown, promising, that in that case the port should always be open to the English, and pointing out the evil consequences of suffering it to be occupied by the piratical powers. Charles would have assented to this reasonable request; but his brother the Duke of York objected, saying, it was not for the honour of England to give up to Portugal a place which she herself did not think it convenient longer to defend; it was for her honour to dismantle it, and Portugal or Spain might then occupy it as they pleased. The fortifications therefore, and the mole, on which such great sums had been expended, were blown up,—but the Moors instantly occupied the ruins,—and their first act was to dig up the bones of the Portugueze knights who had so long been the terror and scourge of their nation. In a well written discourse concerning Tangiers, printed a few years before the place was thus abandoned, it is observed, that with wise measures this possession might not only maintain itself, but yield a considerable revenue to the crown of England; that the pirates might be effectually curbed from thence, and that it might be rendered a dreadful city to the Moors, Spaniards, Turks, and French. The advantages which might have been derived from retaining it, are given us by Gibraltar; but the possibility of that important acquisition could not at that time have been contemplated, and the British statesmen who occupied so commanding a position as Tan-

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giers, were of more capacious minds and comprehensive views than their successors by whom it was abandoned.

Ali, the Spaniard, tells us, that though the bay is somewhat exposed to easterly winds, a valuable port might be made there with little expense. The river, however, is so choaked with sand that, as we learn from Lempriere, it is many years since the Emperor's large ships could winter there, as they were used to do: and in this manner most of the rivers in Morocco, which were formerly navigable, have become no longer capable of navigation. The maritime force of Morocco has thus been destroyed by causes which would be remediable under an enlightened government. The armies are irregular and barbarous, as incapable of resisting a European force in the field, as a European force would be of maintaining its ground against their desultory and incessant warfare. They are excellent but cruel horsemen; and their horses, having been trained to travel all day and feed only at night, and accustomed to endure the heat and the rain without shelter, are much better fitted for military service than animals used to the full feed and hot stables of Europe. Contrary to the received opinion, Ali Bey observes, that the white or ash-coloured horses are the strongest; as these are the most numerous also it is perhaps the original colour of the species.

Justice is administered at Tangiers with humorous impartiality to both parties, for they are beaten out of the hall by the soldiers as soon as sentence is pronounced. The governor is the judge, and decides according to his own sense of right and wrong, with nothing to direct him but the precepts of the Koran. It is better perhaps that there should be too little law than too much: and we might find something to imitate as well as admire in the summary proceedings of a Mahommedan judge. Cases sometimes occur in England wherein a longer imprisonment precedes the trial than would be adjudged as a punishment for the offence:—a *pie-poudre* court for minor delinquencies might remedy this injustice, and prevent many of those petty crimes which it is now too expensive or too troublesome to bring before a judge, but which lead the perpetrator on from step to step to the last stages of guilt.

The *couscousson*, which is the principal food of the Moors, and which they believe was invented by Mahommed when he lay awake one night with an empty stomach, is only a different form of *maccaroni*: Ali Bey regards it as the best possible food for the people. Fingers are used instead of knife and fork, because the Prophet used no other knife and fork than his fingers. Tea, having been introduced at Court as presents from the English, has made its way rapidly into general use. In Lempriere's time it was very expensive and scarce, and consequently only the rich and luxurious

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luxurious afforded it. At present, the lowest ranks of society indulge in it; and the Spanish traveller tells us, that more tea is drunk, in proportion, in Morocco than even in England. They put sugar into the tea-pot, and take it very strong, seldom using milk: the manner of preparing it in Lempriere's time was with tansey and mint, both herbs of so powerful a taste that the tea must have been added for its supposed medicinal effects, not for any flavour which could possibly have survived through such an admixture. In Tibet it is taken rather as a gruel than an infusion, the leaves being boiled with water, flour, butter and salt, and the whole mixed together. Morocco is supplied with this important article of increasing consumption from England, by way of Gibraltar. Their sugar also is derived from the same market.

The Jews at Tangiers are not confined to a particular part of the town, but live intermingled with the other inhabitants—a privilege which they enjoy in no other part of the Mahommedan world. This privilege, however, such as it is, tends to increase the misery and danger of their situation; for where they live separately, they are not exposed to any incidental insults and injuries, as long as they remain within their own district,—a Jewry being almost as safe from the intrusion of a good Mussulman as a pigsty; but where they are liable to meet and jostle in the street, quarrels are perpetually arising, and the judge never decides in favour of the Jew. This shocking partiality begins from the cradle. Ali Bey says, that a Mussulman child will insult and strike a Jew, who, whatever be his age and infirmities, dares not defend himself, and is not allowed to complain: he has seen the Mahommedan children amuse themselves with beating the little sons of the Synagogue. An odd use is made of the Jews in this country: after a long drought, when the Mussulmen have prayed for a change of weather without effect, they turn them out of the town, and order them not to return without rain; believing that God will grant their petition to be rid of their foul breath and unsavoury odour. Lancelot Addison notices another odd opinion which the Barbary Moors, in his time, entertained—that the Jews were an anomalous issue, and not, like other men, descended from Adam, but that the end for which they were created was to serve the Mussulmen. They are obliged to wear a particular dress, every part of which, except the shirt, is black. In some towns they must walk bare-foot, and every where take off their shoes when passing before a mosque, or the house of any Mussulman of distinction. When they meet a Moor of high rank, they must hastily turn away to a certain distance on the left of the road, leave their sandals on the ground several paces off, bend the body forward, and

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in that humiliating posture remain till he has passed far onward. The casts of India have grown out of conquest and priestcraft; here a degradation hardly less shocking is effected by pride and superstition. They revenge themselves by cheating their oppressors; but in the end, either the government or some powerful individual seizes their accumulated gains. The Jewesses are much handsomer than the Moorish women, who are generally of a white marbly complexion, partly from their sedentary life, partly because when they stir abroad the winds of heaven are never allowed to visit their cheeks. The Jewesses, on the contrary, have a brilliant red and white, and frequently become the mistresses of the Moors—connections which sometimes contribute to diminish the hostile feeling toward this persecuted race.

Speaking of the measures in Morocco, Ali Bey talks of the *elbow* instead of the cubit. The English translator has removed another singularity which occurs in the French edition, where the days of the week as they occur in the journal are designated by the planetary signs. Spanish coins are current, and more than all others the *peso duro*, a coin so universally diffused, that we have heard it said a man may now sail round the world, buy pork wherever the ship touches, and pay for it in dollars. While Ali Bey remained at Tangiers, he attracted much attention by his assumed rank, his wealth, his liberality and his philosophical instruments, and more especially by predicting an eclipse of the sun, and tracing the figure as it would be seen in its greatest darkness. When he had resided there more than three months, the Emperor, or rather the Sultan, Muley Soliman, arrived, to whom he made his presents and was introduced. His reception was in a high degree gracious; the Sultan praised God for having caused him to leave the country of the infidels, regretted that such a man should so long have deferred his visit to Morocco, and expressed his satisfaction that he should have preferred his empire to Algiers, Tunis, or Tripoli. The Sultan made tea for him, admired his astronomical instruments, went into his camera obscura, made him electrify his attendants and partook the shock himself, and taught him in what pattern to cut his whiskers. Ali Bey even supposes that he had an intention of cutting them with his own imperial hands. In the evening, one of the Sultan's servants brought a present to this distinguished stranger, kneeling as he laid it before him: the present was covered with a cloth of silver and gold. He uncovered it with eager curiosity, and found two black loaves—a sight which disconcerted him, till the bye-standers wished him joy as being now the brother of the Sultan. It was settled that he should follow the Court to Mequinez. His friends the Kadi and Fakihs said prayers with

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with him; they traced mysterious characters on the wall with the thumb of his right hand, thus to obtain for him a pleasant journey and a safe return, and the principal saints testified their respect to this accomplished Mahommedan by a formal visit. Thus fortified with benedictions he departed at the head of a caravan, consisting of seventeen men, thirty beasts and an escort of four soldiers. Crossing a branch of the Tetuan mountains, he 'perceived at a great distance two fleets of men of war, consisting of forty ships at least.' It was on the 26th October, 1803: the French editor informs us, in a note, that 'this was the fleet engaged in the battle of Trafalgar,' and the English editor has not recollected that the battle of Trafalgar was in the year 1805. He remained at Mequinez only a few days, and proceeded to pass the winter at Fez.

The population of Fez was computed at 100,000, the last plague being supposed to have carried off half the inhabitants. There is something very striking in the mixture of splendour and ruin which this celebrated city presents. The streets are so narrow that two horsemen can with difficulty ride abreast; and they are darkened by the great height of the houses, by projections from the first floors, by a sort of galleries which connect the upper parts of the houses, and by high walls, raised as if to support the houses, at certain distances, from one side of the street to the other, and having arched passages which are shut at night. No filth is suffered to remain in the streets, but they are not paved, and in rainy weather they are knee-deep in mud. The houses are in a state of decay: the lime is bad and the mortar ill-worked; the walls therefore give way under the heavy load of stamped earth with which the flat roofs are covered, to the thickness of a foot. Under this pressure they bulge or crack, or are forced out of the perpendicular. Many are propped up, almost all without windows, and what few windows there are, are not larger than a common sheet of paper, placed very high, and generally either shut or covered with blinds. Such is the appearance of the Holy City, so called because Mahommed is erroneously affirmed to have sanctified it by residing there. Behind these ruinous walls the houses are built each round a court-yard, which is surrounded above and below with a colonnade or gallery—something in the manner of a large inn in London. In the better houses, the cielings, doors and arcades are decorated with arabesques in relief, painted with various colours, and sometimes covered with gold and silver; the floors are of Dutch tiles, or of different coloured marbles, so arranged as to form designs. Leo Africanus affirms, that the mosques and other religious edifices were nearly 700 in number, of which 500 were magnificent buildings. At present they do not exceed 200, and the Caroubin, or Carrauven, which is the most celebrated,

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celebrated, appeared mean to Ali Bey after the Cathedral at Cordoba. This traveller says nothing of the nine hundred lamps which were wont to burn every night in the temple, nor of the great lustre containing an hundred and fifty, made from the bells which the kings of Fez had conquered from Christian churches. He inquired for the complete manuscript of Livy, which has been said to exist in the library of this mosque, but his researches were vain, and he was afraid to discover much earnestness upon the subject, lest he should render himself suspected. The state in which he found the books was such, that if any such manuscript existed it has probably mouldered away, or been devoured by the rats. The Caroubin is remarkable for having a place where women may attend the public prayers, being the only place of worship in the Mahommedan world where a station is allowed them.

As the inhabitants of the surrounding country are a wandering race, who have neither shops nor work-places of their own, they repair to Fez for every thing, and the city resembles a continual fair, so numerous are its shops and so great the multitudes who resort to it. Its markets may be compared to those in Europe for abundance. But Fez is celebrated also as the Benares or Oxford of the African Mahommedans. To form an idea of their manner of instruction, Ali Bey tells us, we must imagine a man sitting cross-legged on the ground and singing in a lanfentable tone, or uttering frightful cries, while fifteen or twenty youths sit in a circle round him, with their books or writing tables in their hands, and in complete discordance repeat his cries and songs. All their studies are confined to the Koran and its commentators, and so much grammar and logic as are necessary to understand what is intelligible in them. They have Euclid, in great folio volumes, which are neither read nor copied, except about a dozen pages. Their cosmography is taken from Ptolemy; they study no geography, and their astronomy is confined to calculating the time by the sun with clumsy astrolabes. A few miserable adepts sometimes deceive themselves and others by pursuing alchemy. Anatomy is proscribed by their religious notions: medicine, as a science, is unknown, it is an empirical art mixed with superstition and cruelty. Their laws prohibit pictures and graven images, and music is left entirely to women and to the lowest class of the people. The language is in a state of extreme degradation, notwithstanding the advantages which the Koran has given it: they have no printing office; and Ali Bey says, the great imperfection of their writing arises from this cause, that they frequently confound the letters with the dots and accents, so that it happens very often that the inhabitants do not understand each other. It is difficult, however, to conceive in what manner bad writing can corrupt the oral language.

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guage. This imperfection in the language and in writing forces, he says, the inhabitants to read it as if singing; 'it makes them confound the meaning of the phrases, which, besides, are not distinguished by any orthographical punctuation, but only by quiverings and cadences, which give the reader the time necessary for him to comprehend the meaning of the writing, which he would not be able to do if it were read to him rapidly.' This passage seems not to be more incorrect in expression than in its purport. Where little is read except the Koran, and where the Koran is the book in which children are taught to read, it may reasonably be supposed that other books will be read in the same manner as the Koran; and the chaunting of our cathedral service, or, more appositely still, the mode in which the Pentateuch is read in the Synagogue, may shew that the intonations and quiverings and cadences of the Moors are not clumsy inventions for giving them time to comprehend what they read. The number of scholars at this 'Athens of Africa' is generally about two thousand.

Ali Bey seems not to have accommodated himself easily to the habits of the Moors, thought it cost him so little to adopt their religion. He could never accustom himself to drink sour milk, and he never ventured to try the effect of a narcotic plant called *kiff*, the properties of which a philosophical traveller should certainly have endeavoured to investigate. Some persons smoke the leaves instead of tobacco; but the usual mode of preparing it is to boil it during twelve hours in an earthen pot with a good deal of butter, and afterwards strain the butter, which they either mix with sweetmeats, or use it to season their food, or swallow it in pills. In either form its effect is said to be certain; and its merit is, that it does not intoxicate, but raises the spirits and fills the imagination with agreeable fancies. Such a drug might possibly possess the beneficial, without the deleterious, properties of opium,—and certainly Ali Bey, by the qualification to which he submitted, had authorized the public to expect that he would be indefatigable in his researches, and bolder in adventure than all his predecessors. If it was not required that he should drink up Esil or eat a crocodile, it was at least to be hoped that he would penetrate to Tombuctoo, and bring home the secret of the Psylli; much more, that the philosophizing Mussulman should accurately investigate every thing within his reach, the knowledge of which might possibly be in any way beneficial to mankind.

In this part of his narrative, Ali Bey thinks it 'proper and even necessary to give a history of the great man Mouhhammed.' Prideaux has written the life of Mahommed, with a virulent and indiscriminating spirit. Gagnier has collected with commendable fidelity the facts and fables of the Mahommedan writers upon the

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the same subject; and Boulainvilliers, with the impudence which characterises ignorant infidelity, produced an eulogy upon the Arabian impostor. The sketch which Ali Bey gives, has no other merit than its brevity—and seems to have no other purport than that of insinuating his own scepticism concerning the inspiration of a man whom he nevertheless calls a prophet. 'Was the Kour'ann,' he says, 'brought him by the angel of the Lord? Mussulmen say, Yes: others answer, No. Was it the conception of his own genius merely? The faithful believers deny this supposition; his enemies affirm it. But it is not in this work that such a question should be discussed.' Certainly not, and therefore the account of Mahommed was neither 'proper nor necessary.' The account which he has given of the Mahommedan religion is in like manner short and imperfect; nor is it by any means correct. He says, that 'it has no intermediate persons between God and man, known by the name of priests or ministers.' What then are the scheiks, the khatibs, and the imams? and what were the caliphs? The Ulemahs also are a religious body, for the civil and religious professions are united in Mahommedan countries, and the very title of the Mufti, or *Sheikh Islam*, as he is also called, implies his religious character. But Ali Bey has the *hierophobia* upon him, or philosopher's disease; and because he saw too many priests in his own country, would fain discover none in the saving religion of the Moors. A Spaniard may be forgiven for this,—better is any faith than the faith of St. Dominic and Philip the Second. But had he seen and reported things as they are, he would have acknowledged that Islam has been not less corrupted with monkery, and a monstrous apparatus of mythological fable, than the Christianity of Spain.

While he was at Fez he witnessed an impressive ceremony. A place out of the town called El Emsalla is assigned for the Paschal prayer, where all the people meet in the morning of the first day of Easter before sun rise.

'When the Sultan was at Fez at last Easter, the feast was very sumptuous, and the Pashas, the Kaids, the great Sheiks, at the head of numerous corps of cavalry, flocked from all provinces of the empire, in order to congratulate the sovereign; most of them encamped out of the town.

'On the spot of the Emsalla an inclosure was made, which had a square form; three of its sides were surrounded with a cloth, five or six feet high, and about sixty feet long on each side: within there was a pulpit for the preacher. We were about six hundred men within this enclosure; all the populace of Fez and the people from the provinces kept on the outside, and the whole assembly consisted of at least two hundred and fifty thousand souls. At the arrival of the sultan the prayers began. Every time that the Imaum and the Muedden accompanied the movements of the rikats with the exclamation, *Allahouakibar!* God

God most great! it was repeated by a great number of Muedden, who were dispersed among the crowd; and upon this cry, two hundred and fifty thousand people, with their sovereign at their head, were seen prostrating themselves before the Deity, having all nature for their temple. This ceremony is really imposing; it is impossible to witness it without being moved.

'The simplicity of this feast, the creed pronounced by an immense crowd, the steadiness and fervour with which it was uttered, the extent of the temple, and the immensity of the space which formed the super-ambient canopy, being the atmosphere with the animating planet of the world for its illuminating centre, formed the most imposing picture of the homage which men united into society can offer to the Almighty.'—vol. i. p. 101, 102.

The fast of Ramadan, which precedes this ceremony, is observed with such severity, that a great number of the lower classes lose their senses in consequence. Some are thus affected by the repeated prayers, and the continual reading of the Koran; the mind being stimulated while the bodily powers are weakened by inanition. The cryers from the minaret make 'a horrible and dismal noise' with trumpets, at various hours of the day and night; and before dawn men from the mosques run through the streets striking furiously at the doors of the houses with heavy clubs, that the inhabitants may rise and take some refreshment before the day break shall render it unlawful. Ali Bey assures us that the importance of discovering the new moon with which these months begin, has in a remarkable degree quickened the sight of the Mahommedans, and that they very often shewed him the spot where they saw it, when he could distinguish nothing, till by looking through his telescope he discovered that they were not mistaken. There is a rich hospital at Fez, where great part of the funds have been bequeathed for the purpose of assisting and nursing sick cranes and storks, and of burying them when dead. This may arise from their belief that the storks are human beings in that form; for they hold that storks are men from some distant islands, who at certain seasons of the year assume the shape of these birds that they may visit Barbary, and return at a certain time to their own country, where they resume their human form. Upon this fable the German Musæus has framed one of his tales,—borrowing it perhaps from one of the stories in Mr. Scott's Supplement to the Arabian Nights. Where such a notion prevails, it would of course be considered criminal to kill one of these birds, and an act of piety to relieve them and bury their remains. But it is not impossible that the practice may originally have been derived from Egypt.

Ali Bey was in high favour at Fez. Morocco being a country where the heat of the sun is excessive, shade is considered as too great a luxury for a subject, and the emperor suffers none but his sons

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sons and brothers to use an umbrella; but Ali Bey had the high honour of being permitted to use one. A design was entertained of making him hold daily conference with the doctors, regulate the clocks, and give the hours for the canonical prayers; he resented this as an injury, and found, as Bruce, a more adventurous traveller, had done in a more barbarous country, that in such countries strangers are estimated according to their pretensions, and that the way to obtain respect is to demand it. Prince Muley Abdsulem was one of his friends,—he calls him illustrious and respectable,—but the justice of these epithets will not be acknowledged by those who remember how vilely this prince behaved to Lempriere. His conduct may possibly have brought with it its due punishment, for Muley Abdsulem has had no second European surgeon to attend him, and the disease, in the cure of which Lempriere had made such progress, has since terminated in total blindness. With all advantages of court favour, and the best society of 'the Athens of Africa,' Ali Bey sometimes found the hours hang heavily in their course. During three days which he spent on a party of pleasure with Hadj Edris (a descendant from the founder of Fez) at one of his country seats, they knew not how to get rid of their time. Drinking was forbidden by the law; music and dancing by the gravity of their characters; the guests were utterly incapable of conversing with the Spaniard upon scientific subjects; and in the want of correspondence, couriers, and newspapers, there was no news to relieve them.

'We were reduced to the necessity of eating five or six times a day like Heliogabali, and to fill up the remainder of our time with drinking tea, saying prayers, playing like children, electing amongst us pashas, khaliphes and kaids charged with the command of every dinner, tea, collation, or walk.

'The only game which offered some interest consisted of placing on a large dish about a dozen of cups upside down. The company then divides into two bands, and after one of them had put a ring or a piece of coin under one of the cups, the other band is to discover it in the first or last of the cups which they may lift up. If the ring should happen to be in one of the intermediate cups, he that has lifted up the wrong cup is punished with receiving from every member of the opposite band, some blows on his hand with a knotted handkerchief. But if the ring be found in the first or last cup lifted up, the party takes the same revenge. This game is, for want of a better, amusing enough, as it gives rise to many curious scenes in the disputes about lifting up the cups, and the struggle between the weak and the strong produces some droll exhibitions.

'Such are the amusements that occupied us for three days and two nights, which we spent in the garden.'—vol. i. p. 111.

Absorbed by the enjoyments of the mind, Ali Bey tells us, he had

had forgotten those of the body;—a happy mind it must have been that could have been absorbed in its own enjoyments at Fez! A Mussulman is thought ill of if he has no wives,—his friends remonstrated with him upon his state of 'single blessedness,'—he had resolved not to marry till he should return from his intended pilgrimage to Mecca;—but this was no reason why he should not have concubines,—it was indecorous in a Mahommedan country to live without them,—he was obliged to give way, and his obliging friends presented him with a young negress, who, having been bathed, cleansed, and perfumed for some days, was attired like a bride, and conducted to his house. Unlike Bruce, Ali Bey has told us, that his sable Vanessa met with no success; he could not overcome his repugnance to thick lips, a flat nose, and the tincture of her skin. Towards the end of February he left Fez for Morocco, with his vestal concubine and his caravan. The want of timber in this country has been remarked by all former travellers: the elder Addison observes, that what wood there is, is fitter to warm the house than to build it; but even these stunted trees are not found for some days journey beyond Fez; and Ali Bey notices as a consequence, that there were no birds but those which flew by in great flocks in their migrations. The country improved as he approached the coast, and bore such marks of productive powers as to satisfy him that part of Europe might be supplied from thence with provisions, if pernicious institutions and an oppressive government did not combine to render the people wretched, and counteract the bounty of nature.

At Rabat, which Chenier supposes to have been the metropolis of the Carthaginians, and where the existing town according to the present traveller was intended for the capital of Jacob Almanzor, he found gardens which delighted him more than any that he had seen in Europe. There are families here who boast of their Spanish descent, and retain their Spanish names. Soon after he arrived at Morocco, the sultan sent him milk from his table as a mark of affection, and shortly afterwards conferred upon him a more substantial grant of some considerable estates, which, independently of his own funds, enabled him to support the expenses of his rank;—a fac simile is given of the title deed, and no European lawyer will question its validity; whatever opinion may be entertained of its worth. Of his rank, indeed, Ali Bey talks somewhat largely. Being invited to a party of pleasure at Mogador, he says that he left *all his carriages* at Morocco. We had not heard of them before,—neither did we know that there is a carriage road from Tangiers to that city. But we are more inclined to apprehend a mistranslation than to suspect the author of any mis-statement. On the way to Mogador, he saw great numbers of a tree called

Argan

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Argan (the *Rhamnus Siculus*, or *Sideroxilus spinosus* of Linnæus, the *Rhamnus Pentaphylus* of Dryander, and as the present writer thinks, more properly, the *Elaiodendron Argan* of Ratz and Wildenow.) It multiplies by itself, and requires no culture; the fruit affords a resinous glutin in great quantity, and oil which is proper for all uses; and after the oil has been expressed, there remains a pulp which is good food for cattle. The acquisition of this tree, he thinks, would be worth more in the southern parts of Europe, than the addition of a province. The forest of these trees which he passed extends ten or twelve days' journey; as its skirts are within a mile of Mogador, the seeds, or the young plants might easily be procured. The amusements which he had been invited or ordered to partake consisted of horse races or sham fights,—in which he found as little gratification as the reader will derive from his graphic representation of them. After ten dull days consumed in these wearisome pastimes, he returned to the capital. His name and reputation were now preceding him; the umbrella which he carried made known his high privileges, and the inhabitants of all the neighbouring *douars* along the road waited to receive him in ceremony; the armed men on horseback bowed and saluted him with a cry of 'God bless the days of our lord!'—the old men and children repeated the same salutation, and offered him sour milk, which it would have been discourteous not to have tasted; and the women who were hidden behind the tents or rocks made them echo with their shrill shouts of applause. He in return lifted up his hands and prayed for them, and they concluded by firing off guns to the praise and glory of Ali Bey the Abbassi.

Morocco, where he now took up his abode, is much more depopulated than Fez. It is not likely that it should ever have contained 700,000 souls, as Ali Bey affirms. Leo, indeed, calls it *amplissimum atque inauditæ magnitudinis oppidum*, and says that it is usually enumerated *inter maximas totius mundi urbes*; but Leo speaks only from the report of what it had been; and if we recollect when it was founded, and the history of Morocco from the time of its foundation, it will appear utterly incredible that the city should ever have contained half that number of inhabitants There is proof that it has not, deducible from Ali Bey's statement, that the ancient walls which 'have survived the ravages of time and of man,' include a circumference of about seven miles. We have towns in England of this circumference: they contain fewer open spaces than a Mahommedan city, and in no instance does the population amount to one hundred thousand. It its present state, Morocco hardly contains 30,000. It is characteristic of the deplorable insecurity in which they exist, that the houses of the principal persons are built so as to afford facilities for defending them; the entrance

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entrance being by a lane so narrow and crowded, that a horse can with difficulty pass; and four or five men can repel a multitude. The houses also are like forts, in case this precaution should be unavailing.

Superstition, which in this traveller's native country allies itself with despotism, mitigates in Morocco the evils of a tyrannical government, and affords the only protection against it. The mosque of the patron saint, Sidi Belabbess, serves as an asylum for those who are threatened by the ruling despot;—there they may negociate for a pardon, and wait safely till they obtain it, for although the asylum is not established by any positive law, it is sanctioned by public opinion, and any attempt to violate it would occasion a revolution. Thus an institution which in Spain and Italy tends to multiply crimes by holding out immunity to the perpetrators, becomes useful in a country where the most enormous crimes are committed, not against the laws, but by those from whom the laws proceed. The living saints form a kind of estate in the empire of Morocco: two of these personages, by name Sidi Ali Benhamet, and Sidi Alarbi Benmaté, are believed to attract the blessings of heaven on the country; and Ali Bey says that they almost decide upon its fate. This circumcised philosopher tells us that, 'as the productive power is the gift of heaven, these saints enjoy it in a most distinguished manner;' one of them keeping eighteen negro girls, besides his lawful wives and his common concubines. He tells us too, that he had the honour of an interview with Sidi Ali, and that the saint 'quieted some scruples in his too delicate conscience.' It is not difficult to imagine that Ali Bey, as a subject of the Inquisition who has escaped from its territories, may delight in wearing his Moorish costume,—but it would be better if he wore it with a graver face; his irony suits ill with his beard. These saints were sole rulers in the departments which they inhabited;—no governor resided there, the people paid no kind of tribute, and when they visited other provinces, the governors took their advice and their orders. They preach submission to the sultan, domestic peace, and the practice of virtue. Hitherto this sort of hagiocracy, or vice-royalty of the saints, which they have established, has produced good to the people, and the sultan seems to acquiesce quietly in the loss of his revenues;—but saintship is hereditary in Morocco,—and in Mahommedan countries dynasties have as frequently been founded by saints as by robbers. There is an evident apprehension on their part lest the sultan should remember this: the money which they raise under the denomination of alms, they appropriate to the purchase of guns and other weapons; and they are continually attended by a number of armed followers.

Finding it more advisable to reside upon his estate at Semelalia

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than in the city, Ali Bey took up his abode there, and followed, as far as a Mahommedan character would permit, his physical pursuits. That character, however, brought with it many impediments; it was not lawful for him to touch any unclean animal,—under which head all *coleopteras* are included,—and though the law allowed him to impale butterflies, and other clean insects, it did not permit him to heat the pin. A snake of an unknown kind was killed in his garden, and he could neither venture to examine nor make a drawing of it. These restrictions led him to seek for more innocent recreations; he tamed storks and antelopes, and making his dominions an asylum for all harmless animals they soon made it a paradise for him, the birds came into his chamber to feed, and the rabbits almost ran over his feet. He attempted also to tame a jackal, but this untractable beast escaped by undermining the wall 'with as much skill or reason (I don't know which, says Ali Bey) as any sensible being could have exercised.' A real earthly Eden he thought his Semelalia; but the sultan concluding that Eden itself would have been no paradise without an Eve, sent him two wives as a present from his own harem. The kindness of the intention was undoubted, and there could not be a greater honour; but he had determined 'not to give way' till his return from Mecca, and only allowed them to enter his house, because, having been once dismissed from the imperial harem, they could not enter it again. One was a white woman, the other a negress. He never saw or spoke to them till the time of his departure was come, and then gave them their choice to remain in Morocco, or to follow him, which latter alternative they somewhat unaccountably preferred.

He took an affectionate leave of the sultan, who presented him with bags for water, and a magnificent tent over which twelve fakihs said prayers in order to procure a happy journey. His estates were left under an administrator, and under these favourable circumstances he departed for Algiers. There were, however, persons at Morocco whom he calls his enemies, which may probably mean that they suspected him not to be the personage whom he represented himself: he staid at Fez long enough to give them occasion and leisure for rendering him suspected by the sultan also. A revolution in Algiers rendered it unsafe to pursue his journey in that direction, and the sultan sent two officers to escort him to Tangiers, where he might embark for the east. This journey had nearly proved fatal. In entering upon a desert where some life guards delivered him over to an escort of Arabs, the party, owing to a dispute, forgot to replenish their water-skins at the last place where it might have been done. The country upon which they entered was entirely destitute of water; there is neither tree nor plant there, nor animal of any kind, neither beast, bird, reptile, nor insect,—not even a rock

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a rock which can shelter or shade the traveller. A transparent atmosphere—an intense sun darting its beams upon the traveller's head—a ground almost white, and commonly of a concave form, like a burning glass—slight breezes scorching like a flame—and utter silence, like the silence of death,—such, according to Ali Bey, is the faithful picture of this district. The sufferings of himself and his companions, their imminent danger and their providential deliverance, may best be related in his own words.

'We had now neither eaten nor drank since the preceding day; our horses and other beasts were as destitute; though ever since nine in the evening we had been travelling rapidly. Shortly after noon we had not a drop of water remaining, and the men as well as the poor animals were worn out with fatigue. The mules, stumbling every moment with their burthen, required assistance to lift them up again, and to support their burthen till they rose. This terrible exertion exhausted the little strength we had left.

'At two in the afternoon a man dropped down stiff as if he were dead from his great fatigue and thirst. I stopt with three or four of my people to assist him. The little wet which was left in one of the leather budgets was squeezed out of it, and some drops of water poured into the poor man's mouth, but without any effect. I began to feel that my own strength was beginning to forsake me; and becoming very weak, I determined to mount on horseback, leaving the poor fellow behind.

'From this moment others of my caravan began to drop successively, and there was no possibility of giving them any assistance; they were abandoned to their unhappy destiny, as every one thought only of saving himself. Several mules with their burdens were left behind, and I found on my way two of my trunks on the ground, without knowing what was become of the mules which had been carrying them, the drivers had forsaken them as well as the care of my effects and of my instruments.

'I looked upon this loss with the greatest indifference as if they had not belonged to me, and pushed on. But my horse began now to tremble under me, and yet he was the strongest of the whole caravan. We proceeded in silent despair. When I endeavoured to encourage any of them to increase his pace, he answered me by looking steadily at me, and by putting his forefinger to his mouth to indicate the great thirst by which he was affected. As I was reproaching our conducting officers for their inattention which had occasioned this want of water, they excused themselves from the mutiny of the oudaïas; and besides, added they, "Do we not suffer like the rest?" Our fate was the more shocking, as every one of us was sensible of the impossibility of supporting the fatigue to the place where we were to meet with water again. At last, at about four in the evening I had my turn, and fell down with thirst and fatigue.

'Extended without consciousness on the ground in the middle of the desert; left only with four or five men, one of whom had dropped at the same moment with myself, and all without any means of assisting

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me, because they knew not where to find water, and if they had known it, had not strength to fetch it. I should have perished with them on the spot, if Providence, by a kind of miracle, had not preserved us.

'Half an hour had already elapsed since I had fallen senseless to the ground, (as I have since been told,) when at some distance a considerable caravan, of more than two thousand souls, was seen to be advancing. It was under the direction of a marebout or saint called Sidi Alarbi, who was sent by the sultan to Ttemsen or Tremecen. Seeing us in this distressed situation, he ordered some skins of water to be thrown over us. After I had received several of them over my face and hands, I recovered my senses, opened my eyes, and looked around me, without being able to discern any body. At last, however, I distinguished seven or eight sherifs and fakihs who gave me their assistance, and shewed me much kindness. I endeavoured to speak to them, but an invincible knot in my throat seemed to hinder me; I could only make myself understood by signs, and by pointing to my mouth with my finger.

'They continued pouring water over my face, arms, and hands, and at last I was able to swallow small mouthfuls of water. This enabled me to ask, "*Who are you?*" When they heard me speak, they expressed their joy, and answered me, "*Fear nothing; far from being robbers, we are your friends,*" and every one mentioned his name. I began by degrees to recollect their faces, but was not able to remember their names. They poured again over me a still greater quantity of water, gave me some to drink, filled some of my leather bags, and left me in haste, as every minute spent in this place was precious to them, and could not be repaired.

'This attack of thirst is perceived all of a sudden by an extreme aridity of the skin; the eyes appear to be bloody, the tongue and mouth, both inside and outside, are covered with a crust of the thickness of a crown piece; this crust is of a dark yellow colour, of an insipid taste, and of a consistence like the soft wax from a beehive. A faintness or languor takes away the power to move; a kind of knot in the throat and diaphragm, attended with great pain, interrupts respiration. Some wandering tears escape from the eyes, and at last the sufferer drops down to the earth, and in a few moments loses all consciousness. These are the symptoms which I remarked in my unfortunate fellow travellers, and which I experienced myself.

'I got with difficulty on my horse again, and we proceeded on our journey. My Beduins and my faithful Salem were gone in different directions to find out some water, and two hours afterwards they returned one after another, carrying along with them some good or bad water, as they had been able to find it; every one presented to me part of what he had brought; I was obliged to taste it, and I drank twenty times, but as soon as I swallowed it my mouth became as dry as before; at last I was not able either to spit or to speak.

'At seven in the evening we halted near a douar and a brook, after having made a forced march of two-and-twenty hours, without a moment's intermission.

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'All my people and baggage at last arrived one after another, during the night, and I found I had sustained no loss. The caravan of Sidi Alarbi had met them successively, and saved the men as well as the beasts.

'If this caravan had not happened to have arrived so fortunately, we should all have perished, as the water which was afterwards brought by the Beduins and by Salem would have come too late; our breath and vital functions had ceased, and I do not think that we could have remained two hours longer alive.

'When I consider that so considerable a caravan had, upon the false report that two or three thousand were going to attack it, (who in fact were only the 400 Arabians that watched me,) quitted the road, and that this mistake was the cause of our preservation, I cannot sufficiently admire the gracious direction of Providence to save us.'—vol. i. pp. 190—193.

The whole desert is covered with loose stones about the size of a man's fist, smooth, round, whitish, almost all of the same dimensions, and carious upon the surface like pieces of old mortar,—the author considers them a true volcanic production. The difficulty of travelling is much increased by this uniform bed of stones, but the inconvenience and danger are less than would be occasioned by a looser surface. When at length they came to a river, men and beasts threw themselves into it with ungovernable eagerness. As they drew nearer the coast, Ali Bey was surprized by an intimation that he must proceed to Larache instead of Tangiers; in itself this was a matter of indifference, but as connected with some mysterious conduct in his escort, it displeased him. The best house in the town was assigned him for his quarters, he was treated with every imaginable honour, a corvette was fitted out at the sultan's cost for a voyage to Tripoli, the cabin was given him, and all his equipage was embarked: when the boat arrived to take him on board he was surrounded with guards, separated from his people, including his two wives, and compelled to embark alone. He talks of his rage and despair at this sudden blow, of his broken heart at thus being separated from his people, whose fate and welfare interested him as much as his own; and he says that one day, perhaps, he may have occasion to express the reflections which this treatment excited. To us it appears that the sultan's conduct is a remarkable instance of the strictness with which the Mahommedans observe the rights of hospitality. However inoffensive, or even meritorious his object, Ali Bey was appearing in a false character; in Europe he is a *philosophe*, a man of science and of letters, an enterprizing and successful traveller; in Morocco he was nevertheless an impostor, and had the reigning sultan been like his ancestor Muley Ishmael, the profession and the mask of Mahommedanism might only have served to aggravate his offence and enhance his punishment. Renegade

gade he might be in reality as well as in appearance, but he was the son of a Christian, and dared to claim affinity with the Prophet! When a Moor abuses his ass the first word of vituperation is cuckold; son of a Jew, is the second; and the last expression of abusive hatred is, son of a Christian. The Spanish adventurer ought to admire and acknowledge the generosity of the reigning sultan. What became of his wives is not stated: it is somewhat remarkable that he should have made no mention of these poor women when he describes the scene of suffering in the desert, for they were in his company.

In this part of his narrative Ali Bey inserts a speculative chapter upon the ancient Atlantis, and upon the existence of a mediterranean sea in the center of Africa. He supposes that a chain of Mount Atlas was the famous island of Plato, which has been transformed into a continent, the sea having retired and left bare the sandy deserts which surround it on the east and the south. The first of these suppositions must be mere supposition, and it were a waste of time to argue upon what is incapable of proof,—and, touching the second, we are more inclined to look with hope for the result of the present expeditions to the Niger and the Congo, than to enter again upon the field of conjecture and hypothesis. The information given him by his Morocco merchant strengthens the testimony in favour of the existence of an inland sea.

On the voyage to Tripoli he observed a singular phenomenon; and here it may be observed, that where this word ought to be employed, the author, or his translator, frequently chuses to employ the word meteor in its stead. 'The sea rose at once, and instead of rolling in the usual way, the waves darted up vertically in pyramids, or transparent cones, with very pointed tops, keeping in this form for a long while, and without inclining to either side, till at last they sunk down in a perpendicular direction.' The appearance is ascribed, with much probability, to the electricity of some thick clouds then hovering above them, and producing this violent attraction to be in an equilibrium with the electricity of the sea. The ship was in great danger for about ten days, and had the phenomenon continued longer it is probable that Ali Bey would not have survived to relate it. At Tripoli he was well received, though several people of Morocco had been writing against him, and drawn him, as he says, in the blackest colours; but he thought it adviseable to seclude himself, in some degree, for the sake of doing away the recollection of the Morocco affair, and had acquired the pasha's good opinion before he embarked for Alexandria.

Owing to the incapacity and misconduct of the captain the voyage proved highly perilous; at length the ship, almost a perfect wreck, put into the harbour of Limasol in Cyprus. His researches during this

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this part of his travels are only valuable as they may serve to direct the inquiries of men better qualified to investigate Grecian antiquities. The ' result of his observations' is a conjecture that Venus was actually a Queen of Cyprus,—beautiful, we may suppose, and little disposed to coyness—and this he infers from the existence of some ruins in Cyprus, which are called the Queen's Palace! but having subsequently found other ruins at Paphos, he supposes that there have been two Queen Venuses, of whom the first reigned at Paphos, at Ieroschipos, and at Cuclia, and the second inhabited the palace upon the mountains of Nicosia, and gave laws to Idalia and Cythera, both having existed antecedent to the age of history. The poets he thinks confounded them, and formed of them one goddess. These ' results' he submits to the opinion of his reader, expecting that the gentle reader, if he should not be disposed to think the hypothesis true, will admit it to be *ben trovato*, and protesting that he loves truth, and is always disposed to sacrifice to it every system which is not founded upon geometrical demonstration or incontestible facts. The Venus of the poets sprung from froth; and the Venus of Ali Bey agrees with her in this point at least, that she also is a frothy creation.

At length he reached ' the fine daughter of the great Alexander,' that is to say, the city of Alexandria; our traveller sometimes forgets the gravity which belongs to his national as well as his assumed character, and writes with the vicious sentimentalism of a modern Frenchman. There is, indeed, an evident partiality toward the French in his mind little honourable to a Spaniard, who must have composed his travels at a time when the French were engaged in the most unjust and atrocious of all wars against his native country; this is particularly noticeable in his invidious enumeration of the 90,700 men, by whose united efforts a handful of Frenchmen were expelled from Egypt! From the great events which had recently taken place in Egypt he observed one good effect; that the inhabitants were sensible of the superiority of the Europeans in all things, and had learnt to respect them; but those events have left this wretched country more wretched than before. The voyage up the Nile inspires him with rapture, and with one of those emphatic *Ahs*, which are employed as liberally in modern French prose, as the not less emphatic *Ohs* are in modern English verse, he asks ' Why did not the Goddess of Love fix her abode at the mouth of that river?' The mouth of the Nile, and the scenery upon its banks, are well described. He mentions an island of singular formation: sand and mud have accumulated upon the wreck of one of the river vessels, till a tract of land has grown from the nucleus, which is covered with houses and gardens. The fishermen here kill their prey by

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biting them. Has this disgusting practice originated in any religious injunction?

He was received at Cairo with all the respect due to a wealthy descendant of the Prophet. The sheiks and principal persons of the city visited him, and 'unfolded the most ardent philanthropy in their conversation,' and he had the honour of setting some stitches in the black cloth which the tailors were sewing to cover the Kaaba. But notwithstanding his Mahommedan character, and the favour of the chiefs, such was the state of the country, that he could not with safety approach the pyramids. The Mikkias was totally neglected and falling fast to ruin. The trade with the interior of Africa was lost, because Upper Egypt was in possession of the Mamelukes, and the revolution in Barbary had interrupted the western caravans: the interior commerce was not more flourishing, yet there was still a great trade carried on at Cairo. Having proceeded to Suez he embarked there in a *dao* to cross to Djedda. In this perilous traverse the vessel wonderfully escaped destruction, and he himself escaped even more wonderfully, when under a belief that she must inevitably be lost, he put off from her with fourteen companions in an open boat, at midnight, in a tempest, and in total darkness! When they arrived at Araboh, which is at the northern extremity of Beled el Haram, or the *Holy Land* of the Mussulmen, the vessel ran upon the sand that the pilgrims might perform the first duty of their pilgrimage; they throw themselves into the sea, bathe, perform a general ablution with water and sand, repeat a prayer while naked, put on a sort of philabeg of unseamed cloth, which they call *ihram*, and, taking some steps in the direction of Mecca, utter an invocation, which Ali Bey has given in Roman characters, but not translated. From this time they must not shave their heads till the ceremonies at Mecca have been performed; Pitts tells us also that while the *ihram* is worn it is held unlawful for a pilgrim to cut his nails, or kill any vermin which may be biting him,—he is, however, allowed to remove the troublesome insect from one part of his body to another, where it may graze with less inconvenience. Ali Bey is not the first European who has performed and described the pilgrimage to Mecca. We have a 'faithful account,' in our own language, by Joseph Pitts of Exeter, who having been taken by the Algerines in 1678, and made a Mussulman by dint of persecution, effected his escape many years afterwards, and published an honest, plain narrative* of what he had seen and suffered.

On

* The history of another renegado was published about the same time,—Thomas Pellow of Penrhyn in Cornwall. What this man relates of himself may or may not be true;

On the following day they anchored in the harbour of Djedda, terminating 'this dreadful passage.' The governor, a negro who had been a slave to the Scherif of Mecca, having failed to obtain a saddle from the traveller as a present, insulted him in the mosque. It was Ali Bey's custom, as a manifestation of his consequence, to send his carpet before him to the mosque, and have it placed by the side of the imam; he was upon it repeating the introductory prayer when the officer arrived, placed the governor's carpet upon his in such a manner as to cover part of it, tapt him upon the shoulder, and made signs to him to remove, and took possession of his carpet for the chief. Every body looked with astonishment to see how this designed and obvious offence would be resented. 'I, Scherif, son of Othman Bey el Abbassi,' exclaims the Spaniard, 'could I support the insult of a slave!' The moment the prayers were finished he rose before any other person, and in a stern voice bade his servant take up the carpet and present it to the imam for the use of the mosque, 'for I,' he added, 'will never more make use of it for my prayers.' The imam was well pleased, the people applauded, and the black governor and his officers, we are told, *remained petrified.*

From the time of his arrival here, small pitchers, filled from the well Zemzem, were presented him daily, which he drank and paid for. When he reached Mecca, several Mogrebins, (as the Arabs of the West are called,) having been apprized of his coming, were awaiting him at the entrance of the town, with pitchers filled also from the sacred well; they offered to supply his house with it, begged him not to take it from any other person, and secretly cautioned him never to drink that which the chief of the well should offer him. The well Zemzem, the Kaaba, and the Black Stone, are the three holiest things in the Mahommedan world: Zemzem is believed by the Mahommedans to be the spring which gushed forth in the wilderness for the relief of Hagar and Ishmael: marvellous efficacy is ascribed to its waters in giving health to the sick, imparting prodigious strength of memory to those who drink it with faith, and conferring pardon for sins: it even carries off offences in a visible manner; the pilgrims, according to Pitts, drink it in such abundance as to produce pimples over the whole body, 'and this they call the purging of their spiritual corruptions.' In his time every pilgrim purchased his shroud at Mecca that he might have the advantage of having it dipped in the holy water, and wherever they travelled afterwards, whether by sea or land, they carried it carefully with them. Zemzem and Siloa are said by the prophet to have their sources in Paradise. Such being the

true; but his book is for the greater part an impudent plagiarism from Lancelot Addison, and Windhus.

history

history and virtues of the well, the reader may wonder for what reason the Mogrebins should caution Ali Bey against drinking its waters when offered them by the chief of the well. That wonder will be increased by perusing his account of 'this interesting person,' and the functions attached to his office.

'He is a young man, about twenty-two or twenty-four years of age, extremely handsome, with very fine eyes. He dresses remarkably well, and is very polished. He has an air of sweetness, which is seducing, and appears to be endowed with all the qualities which render a person amiable. As he possesses the entire confidence of the scherif, he fills the most important place. His title is, The Poisoner. Take courage, reader, lest I should make you tremble for me. This dangerous man was known to me the first time I went to the well of Zemzem, when he made his court assiduously to me. He gave me a magnificent dinner, and sent me every day two small pitchers of the water of the miraculous well. He even watched the moments when I went to the temple, and ran with the most winning grace and sweetness to present me a handsome cup filled with the same water, which I drank to the last drop, because it would have been considered a sort of crime or impiety to have refused it.

'This wretch observes the same conduct to all the pachas and important personages who come here. Upon the slightest suspicion, or the least caprice that may arise in the mind of the scherif, he orders, the other obeys, and the unhappy stranger ceases to exist. As it is reckoned impious not to accept the sacred water presented by the chief of the well, this man is arbiter of the lives of every one, and has already sacrificed many victims.

'From time immemorial the Sultan Scherifs of Mecca have had a poisoner at their court; and it is remarkable that they do not try to conceal it, since it is well known, in Egypt and Constantinople, that the divan has several times sent to Mecca, pachas, or other persons, to be sacrificed in this manner.

'This was the reason why the Mogrebins, or Arabs of the West, who are entirely devoted to me, hasted to warn me to be upon my guard upon my arrival in the city. My servants wished this traitor at the devil; but I myself treated him with the greatest marks of confidence. I accepted his water and his entertainments with an unalterable serenity and coolness. I took the precaution, however, to keep three doses of vitriolated zinc, a much more active emetic than tartar emetic, always in my pocket, to take the instant I should perceive the least indication of treason.'—vol. ii. pp. 56, 57.

The first duty which the pilgrims perform is to walk seven times round the Kaaba, called also the House of God, and the Prohibited. The building is a four sided tower; the sides and angles are unequal, but being covered with a black cloth it appears at first sight like a perfect square; the height is thirty-four feet, (French measure,) the length of the front thirty-one; none of the sides are parallel to the cardinal points. An eastern author of whose work there

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there is an abstract in the *Notices des MSS. de la Bibliothèque Nationale*, says that no house in Mecca may be made so high as the Kabaa. This law, however, if it ever existed, is not observed at present, the houses being 'three or four stories high, and even sometimes more,' and as the rooms are described as large and lofty, the elevation must necessarily be very considerable. The Kaaba is as famous as the House of Loretto, and as miraculous, though it has not had the advantage of travelling. It was built, according to the Mahommedan legend, by Abraham, who, as every prophet exercised some trade, was a mason. His labour was not very great, for one account says that the stones came of themselves from the neighbouring Mount Arafat to the spot where they were to be used. Another tradition says that every mountain in the world contributed something to the building, that it might thus represent them all. Simple as the plan of this edifice is, it is said to have been designed and laid out by no less a personage than the Archangel Gabriel, who on this account might be installed as Patron Saint of the Free Masons; and when he had marked out the ground he taught Abraham to pronounce four words, by virtue of which the Kaaba built itself. Ali Bey prefers a different tradition, and a less convenient miracle, which facilitates Abraham's work, but leaves him much to do; the stone which he used as a footstool grew under him as the building increased in height, and it may reasonably be supposed moved with him also; and the stones for the edifice came out miraculously squared from the quarry, and placed themselves in Ishmael's hands, who transmitted them to his father. When the work was completed Gabriel told him that the building was made after the model of seven others in Heaven, and that it surpassed them all in excellence, being designed for 'the station and residence of the Seal of Pardon and Remission of Sins; the seat and mansion of the most elect lineage that ever had been or should be created, who were to publish and propagate the law of God.' The Black Stone is in one of the angles: one tradition affirms that of all the materials which had assembled (for we must use the active verb) this stone was the only one which was not employed, being, it is to be presumed, slow in looking for its place; that upon this it began to speak and lament its misfortunes, whereat Abraham was moved to compassion, and to console it declared that it should one day be held in greater veneration than all the rest. It is not impossible that this tale may have been invented, with its appendant ceremony, to fit a well known text of scripture, in the same spirit that so ingeniously substituted a reading for Paraclete which should suit the Arabian impostor. The privilege which Abraham conferred upon the corner stone was that all pilgrims should kiss it; and it has been kissed, they say, so often, that from having

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having been white it is now black. Ali Bey tells a different tale. 'We believe,' he says, 'that this miraculous stone was a transparent hyacinth, brought from Heaven to Abraham by the angel Gabriel as a pledge of his divinity, and that being touched by an impure women, it became black and opaque.' A wilder fiction makes it the pledge of the belief which all orders of spiritual beings confessed to their Creator, when he demanded of them if he was not their God, at the moment of their creation. They answered 'Yes;' and the answer in some substantial form was deposited in the centre of this stone, that its testimony at the last Judgment might confound those who have apostatized from their faith. 'Verily,' says Mahommed, 'it shall be called upon at the last day; it shall see, it shall speak, and bear witness of those who shall have touched it in truth and sincerity of heart.' Our traveller measured and drew this celebrated stone, and has given a print of it: the kisses and touches of the pilgrims have worn away about twelve lines of its thickness, and indented its surface, so as to give it a sort of muscular appearance. Ali Bey kissed the stone as a pilgrim, but he observed it as a mineralogist. It is a fragment of volcanic basalt, sprinkled throughout its circumference with small pointed coloured crystals, and varied with red feldspath, upon a dark black ground like coal, except one of its protuberances, which is a little reddish. As we hear of no volcanic substances in that country, and as this was an object of idolatrous veneration which Mahommed adopted, because he could not triumph over an old and rooted superstition, is it not likely that it may have been an *aërolithe*, or sky-stone?

As acts of faith are meritorious in proportion to the difficulty of performing them, the merit of the pilgrimage round the Kaaba is infinitely enhanced if it be performed alone; but it seems animals as well as men perform it. Kotbeddin relates that a holy man watched night and day for forty years in persevering hope of this opportunity; at last he thought the happy moment was found, but on the way he met a serpent upon the same business, who assured him that he had been waiting, in like manner, a hundred years longer than himself. The Kaaba is the only place in the world where a Mussulman may worship with his face toward any point of the compass,—every where else he must turn his face toward this spot. Happy are they on whom the rain falls which runs from the sacred building—happier they who can collect and drink it!

Having seven times circumambulated the Kaaba, and kissed the heavenly stone, the pilgrims drink as much as they can swallow of the well Zemzem, the water of which is warm, heavy, and in a slight degree brackish, but very limpid. The source is so abundant, that the immense consumption which is made at the time of the pilgrimage occasions no sensible diminution of its level. All the wells

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wells in the city are of the same depth, temperature, taste, and clearness, supplied, as the traveller is persuaded from his observations, from one sheet fifty-five feet below the surface. The quantity, he says, is owing to the filtration of rain-water; the brackish taste to the saline particles mixed with the soil, 'from which it results, in the clearest manner, that as they have the same qualities, and spring from the same source as the water of Zemzem, they have the same virtue in drawing down the divine favours and blessing as the miraculous well. God be praised for it!' From the well the pilgrims proceed to make the seven walks between the two hills of Saffa and Meroua,—the number seven being in as much repute at Mecca as it was with Dr. Slop. Their heads are then shaved, the operator and the patient praying aloud during the whole operation: the shaving is now performed after the fashion of the Wahabees, who have proscribed the long tuft usually worn by Mussulmen upon the crown of the head, as an abomination.

There are but three days in the year on which the Kaaba is opened; on the first all the men may enter and say their prayers, the next day it is open for the women, whose general exclusion from places of worship arises not from any part of the law, but from the jealousy of the men, and that corruption of heart which sensuality produces. The notion that they are excluded from Paradise, though it may, perhaps, be entertained by many of the Mahommedans, is a vulgar error, in direct opposition to the Koran, which, when it promises Paradise to the believers, expressly tells them that their parents, their wives, and their children, who shall have been righteous, shall enjoy the same advantage. In Lancelot Addison's time the women in Barbary received religious instructions on their Sabbath from the wife of the alfaqui, whose house was devoted to this purpose, while he officiated to the more worthy gender at the mosque. Ali Bey writes as if they participated in no religious ceremonies at any time, except on this occasion, at Mecca. Five days after their visit to the Kaaba it is opened a third time that it may be washed and purified. This ceremony is thus described by the traveller.

'Two hours after sun-rise, the Sultan Scherif went to the temple, accompanied by about thirty persons, and twelve Negro and Arabian guards. The door of the Kaaba was already open, and surrounded with an immense number of people. The staircase was not placed. The Sultan Scherif got upon the shoulders and heads of the multitude, and entered with the principal scheiks of the tribes. Those below wished to do the same; but the guards prevented them, by beating them with their sticks. I staid at a distance from the door, to avoid the crowd, and in a short time received an order from the scherif of the well to advance to the door, where he stood, making signs to me. But how could I get through the crowd that stood between us?

'All

'All the water carriers in Mecca were advancing with their vessels full of water, which they passed from hand to hand, until they reached the guards at the door. They also passed a great number of very small brooms, made of the leaves of palm trees, in the same manner. The negroes began to throw the water upon the marble pavement of the Kaaba: they also cast rose water upon it, which, flowing out at a hole under the door, was caught with great avidity by the faithful. But as it did not run out fast enough to satisfy the wants of those at a distance, who were desirous to obtain it, they cried out for some of it to drink, and to wash themselves with: the negroes, with cups, and with their hands, threw it in quantities over them. They were civil enough to pass a small pitcher and a cup full of it to me, of which I drank as much as possible, and poured the rest over myself; for although this water is very dirty, it is a benediction of God, and is besides much perfumed with rose water.

'I at last made an effort to approach: several persons raised me up; and, after walking upon the heads of several others, I arrived at the door, where the negro guards helped me to get in.

'I was prepared for the operations; for I had on only my shirt, a caschaba, or a shirt of white wool without sleeves, my turban, and the hhaik that covered me.

'The Sultan Scherif swept the hall himself. Immediately after I entered, the guards took off my hhaik, and presented me a bundle of small brooms, some of which I took in each hand; and at the instant they threw a great deal of water upon the pavement, I began my duty by sweeping with both hands, with an ardent faith, although the floor was quite clean, and polished like glass. During this operation, the scherif, who had finished, began to pray.

'They gave me afterwards a silver cup, filled with a paste made of the saw dust of sandal wood, kneaded with the essence of roses; and I spread it upon the lower part of the wall, that was incrusted with marble, under the tapestry which covered the walls and the roof; and also a large piece of aloe wood, which I burned in a large chafing-dish, to perfume the hall.

'After I had finished all these things, the Sultan Scherif proclaimed me Hhaddem Beit Allah el Haram, or Servant of the forbidden House of God; and I received the congratulations of all the assistants.

'I recited my prayers in the three first corners, as upon my first entering; and thus entirely completed my duties, whilst I attended to this pious work. The sultan withdrew a short time after.

'A great number of women, who were in the court at some distance from the door of the Kaaba, uttered from time to time shrill cries of rejoicing.

'They gave me a small quantity of the sandal wood paste, and two of the small brooms, as interesting relics, which I kept most carefully.

'The negroes helped me down upon the people, who also assisted me to reach the ground, and addressed compliments of felicitation to me. I then went to the Makam Ibrahim to say a prayer. They returned

turned me my hhaik; and I went home completely wet.'—vol. ii. pp. 58, 59.

After another interval of five days that part of the black cloth cover, or Shirt of the Kaaba, which surrounds the door and bottom of the building, was cut off, and the officers of the Temple presented it in shreds to the pilgrims, for which they received 'sweet remuneration:' in return 'I received so much of it,' says Ali Bey, 'that—God be thanked.' The new shirt is put on every year upon Easter day, and is made at Cairo, where, as has been already said, this traveller had the honour of setting a few stitches in that upon which the tailors were then employed. The old one is then cut up and sold at four francs a cubit: the measure is very short, but as the pilgrims are cooling in their zeal as well as diminishing in number, few purchasers are found, and the market is overstocked with these rags of Mahommedan superstition. On the same day when the purification of the House of God was completed by cutting away part of the cloth, a body of Wahabees entered Mecca for the double purpose of taking possession of the holy city, and performing their pilgrimage. Some few wore a napkin which passed over the left shoulder and under the right,—a small piece of cloth round the waist was all the rest of their clothing, and all which was worn by far the greater number. Their matchlocks were upon their shoulders, and their large knives in their girdles. The people fled; but the Spanish Mussulman, apprehending no danger, chose a station from whence he could observe them nearly. A column of 5 or 6000 men defiled before him, so pressed together in the whole width of the street, that it would not have been possible to have moved a hand. They were preceded by three or four horsemen, and followed by fifteen or twenty mounted upon horses, camels, and dromedaries, all these carrying lances twelve feet long. They had no kind of music or military ensign; some uttered cries of joy, and others recited prayers aloud. They were a copper coloured race, well made, well proportioned, but short, and some of them so handsome, that the traveller compares their heads to those of the Apollo, the Antinous, or the Gladiator. The House of God, the Prohibited, had never before been visited by such turbulent devotees. Their chiefs endeavoured in vain to enforce order; in their zeal to kiss the Black Stone some of them made way to it with their sticks, and in hurrying round the Kaaba the guns upon their shoulders broke all the lamps which surrounded it. Ropes, pullies, and buckets at the well were broken to pieces in a few minutes,—the Poisoner and his people abandoned their post, and the Wahabees, giving each other their hands, are said thus to have formed a chain and descended to the bottom. Money they had none for the customary offerings, but paid for every

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every thing with a few grains of coffee, or of coarse powder, or some bits of lead. The scherif meantime hid himself; his fortresses were provisioned and prepared for defence; but no act of hostility was offered.

The presence of these embodied reformers increased the interest of the remaining ceremonies in which Ali Bey participated. A visit to Mount Arafat was the next duty. Leaving Mecca on the afternoon previous to the grand day of the pilgrimage, he pitched his camp on a plain on the eastern side of Mina, a town which, like Mecca, is supported by superstition. The road was a long and sandy valley between bare mountains of granite; at the foot of one of these mountains the sultan of the Wahabees pitched his tent, and in a short time the place was covered. Caravans from Tripoli in Barbary, from Yemen, and from Bassora; pilgrims from Soudan and the opposite part of Africa; Turks from Suez; Mogrebins who came by sea; Arabs from Egypt; believers from the east; Wahabees and people of the country, were assembled and encamped together, or rather, says Ali Bey, one upon the other in this little plain, where they are obliged to encamp because there is a tradition that the Prophet always encamped there when he went to Arafat. The prints which represent the different scenes upon this part of the pilgrimage are exceedingly striking:—the author is a wretched artist, but his hard and dry manner is singularly well adapted to these hard and sterile landscapes. At six on the following morning the whole multitude were in motion, and in three hours the Spanish pilgrim reached the foot of Mount Arafat. This mount is the principal object of the pilgrimage, and several doctors assert, that if the Kaaba should cease to exist, a pilgrimage to Arafat would be completely meritorious, and produce the same degree of satisfaction. This, Ali Bey adds, is my opinion.

According to the Mahommedan writers Adam and Eve were separated after their fall; to amuse them in their solitude Gabriel gave to the husband some parrots and some turtle doves, and to the wife some poultry and a brood of swallows. The swallows, roving over land and sea, found out Adam in the island of Ceylon,—they brought a hair from his beard to Eve, who was then at Djedda, and carried back to him one from those golden tresses which she

> '———————————— wore
> Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
> As the vine curls her tendrils.'

'So the swallows,' says Evlia Effendi, 'became the mediators of reconciliation between Adam and Eve after their exile from Paradise. He set out in search of her, and met her on Mount Arafat, so called, because upon beholding her here he exclaimed *Arafat*, I know her! And upon this spot they built the first house which was

was built upon earth.' The very curious writer* whom we have quoted concludes some of his paragraphs with 'My compliments to you!'—a genuine Turkish formula which might have accorded better with Ali Bey's assumed manner, than certain devotional expressions which are irreverently appended to his grave irony.

Mount Arafat is a small mountain, or rather hill, of granite rock, about 150 feet high, situated at the foot of a higher mountain, in a plain about three quarters of a league in diameter, surrounded by barren heights. It is inclosed by a wall, and there are steps to the summit, partly cut in the rock, partly composed of masonry. On the summit is a chapel, the very building which Adam is believed to have erected, though the tradition which asserts this has forgotten to explain in what manner it escaped destruction by the deluge. The Wahabees were in the act of pulling it to pieces in the interior when Ali Bey was there. Near the mountain are fourteen large basins or pits, which afford abundance of excellent water both for drinking and for the necessary ablutions.

'It is here that the grand spectacle of the pilgrimage of the Mussulmen must be seen—an innumerable crowd of men from all nations, and of all colours, coming from the extremities of the earth, through a thousand dangers, and encountering fatigues of every description, to adore together the same God, the God of nature. The native of Circassia presents his hand in a friendly manner to the Ethiopian, or the Negro of Guinea; the Indian and the Persian embrace the inhabitant of Barbary and Morocco; all looking upon each other as brothers, or individuals of the same family united by the bands of religion; and the greater part speaking or understanding more or less the same language, the language of Arabia. No, there is not any religion that presents to the senses a spectacle more simple, affecting, and majestic! Philosophers of the earth! permit me, Ali Bey, to defend my religion, as you defend spiritual things from those which are material, the plenum against a vacuum, and the necessary existence of the creation.

'Here, as I remarked in the narrative of my voyage to Morocco, is no intermediary between man and the Divinity; all individuals are equal before their Creator; all are intimately persuaded that their works alone reconcile them to, or separate them from the Supreme Being, without any foreign hand being able to change the order of immutable justice! When a curb to sin What an encouragement to

* Evlia Effendi was a Turk who lived in the middle of the 17th century, and in that most interesting age of the Turkish history, lived about the court, conversed with the sultan and vizirs, was conversant in the affairs of state, and travelled over the whole Ottoman empire. His travels have been translated into English by a German orientalist; they are truly Turkish, as well as highly valuable for the information which they contain, and it is very desirable that they should be published; but the sale of such a work, which is more calculated for the historian, the geographer, and the philosopher, than for general readers, would not remunerate the translator, or even defray its expenses, unless it were printed by subscription.

virtue! But what a misfortune that, with so many advantages, we should not be better than the Calvinists!'—vol. ii. 65, 6.

Voltaire would have reasoned just as superficially as this his disciple, but his wit would have had more point, and his sarcasms greater force. Much, however, may be allowed to a man who has been taught the religion of the jesuits and the inquisition instead of christianity; and something may be forgiven to him who has travelled for the purpose of setting such scenes as these before our eyes. Having repeated the afternoon prayer in their tents, the pilgrims, according to the ritual, were now to repair to the foot of the mountain and there to await the setting of the sun. The Wahabees, who were encamped at great distances, approached in obedience to the precept; and in a short time Ali Bey saw pass before him an army of five and forty thousand men, entirely naked, and almost all mounted upon camels and dromedaries. Two hundred men on horseback carried colours of different kinds fixed upon lances, and a thousand camels were loaded with water, fire-wood, tents, and dry grass. The sultan himself, a venerable old man with a long white beard, was naked like the rest; the royal standard was borne before him, it was green, and had the profession of faith—There is no other God but God, embroidered upon it in large white characters. The Wahabees soon covered the mountain and its environs; the caravans and detached pilgrims afterwards approached. The Mussulmen affirm that 70,000 pilgrims must annually meet at the sacred spot; and if the world does not supply persons enough, angels are sent to make up the requisite number. By help of the Wahabees there was this year a considerable excess. Our countryman Pitts describes the scene, when he beheld it, as a spectacle of passionate devotion. He says, 'it was a sight indeed able to pierce one's heart to behold so many thousands in their garments of humility and mortification, with their naked heads and cheeks watered with tears; and to hear their grievous sighs and sobs, begging earnestly for the remission of their sins, and promising newness of life, using a form of penitential expressions, and thus continuing for the space of four or five hours.' The century which has elapsed since Pitts performed his pilgrimage has much abated the zeal of the Mahommedans.

The *mogareb*, or prayer of the setting sun, is on this day to be said by the pilgrims at the same time as the *ascha*, or night prayer, at the last moment of twilight, which is an hour and a half after sunset, and at a place called Mosdelifa, something more than two hours from Mount Arafat, at the ordinary pace of travelling. They must not, however, start till the moment the sun disappears. That instant, says Ali Bey, what a tremendous noise! 'Imagine an assemblage of 80,000 men, 2000 women, and 1000 little children, with

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with sixty or seventy thousand camels, asses, and horses, which at the commencement of night began to move in a quick pace along a narrow valley, according to the ritual, marching one after another in a cloud of dust, and delayed by a forest of lances, guns, swords, &c. in short, forcing their passage as they could.' Is it possible that such a movement should be effected without some of the immense multitude being trampled to death? At Mosdelifa another ceremony was to be performed, every pilgrim picking up seven small stones for an extraordinary purpose. Pitts tells us they were seven times seven. They are used on the following day to throw at the house of the Devil, an ancient edifice which Satan is believed to have built for himself opposite the fountain at Mina. The stones are not larger than a small nut, so that they are intended rather to annoy the tenant, than to injure the habitation; indeed Pitts understood that they were thrown with the hope of striking Satan, for as he was about to discharge his small shot, a jesting pilgrim met him and said, 'You may save yourself the trouble, for I have beat out the devil's eyes already.' 'Stone the devil and those that please him!' was the formula which our countryman pronounced; Mussulmen, of the same rite with Ali Bey, exclaim, 'In the name of God, very great God!' It became a service of danger to make the attack upon the foul fiend, when eighty thousand persons were engaged in it, and he would not accommodate them by being in more places than one at the same time. 'As the devil,' says Ali Bey, 'has had the malice to build his house in a very narrow place, not above thirty-four feet broad, occupied also in part by rocks which it was requisite to climb to make sure of our aim when we threw the stones over the wall that surrounded it; and as the pilgrims all desired to perform this ceremony immediately upon their arrival, there was a most terrible confusion.' He seems to reckon himself fortunate in coming off with only two wounds on his leg.—Yet he praises the moderation and good order of this huge multitude, when the presence of 2000 women occasioned no disorder, and when among forty or fifty thousand muskets only one was discharged. Here the Paschal sacrifice was offered.

In the night Ali Bey was robbed of his writing desk, books, papers, and some clothes; the thieves threw away the books and papers, which were thus recovered, but they carried off his chronometer, some jewels, and a book of logarithms which he supposes they mistook for a koran. The next day they pelted two pillars at Mina, which were also erected by the devil; and on the following, which was the third day of Easter, after repeating the ceremony of the seven stones, they returned to Mecca; there the same ceremonies were performed as at the beginning of the pilgrimage, and thus the sanctification was completed. That nothing, however, might

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be wanting, the zealous Ali Bey and most of the multitude performed an appendix, which Ayesha is said to have instituted—it consisted in placing three stones one upon the other near a ruinous mosque; in throwing seven stones, with a curse, against the place where Abougebel the enemy of the Prophet resided, and for a third time performing the seven circumambulations of the House of God, and the seven journeys between the two hills.

According to a modern French fashion, which has neither beauty nor advantage of any kind to atone for its inconvenience, Ali Bey has given a section of the temple, three feet in length; a better idea is conveyed of its general appearance by the old prints in Pitts, in Sale's Koran, and in the highly interesting work of the Morisco Rabadan, the original of which is, on every account, well worthy of publication. Pitts has well likened it to the Royal Exchange. The fine appearance of the buildings in Mecca surprized the Spanish traveller, who compared them with the indifferent towns in Africa. He thinks 'they approach the Indian or Persian taste, which introduced itself during the time of the siege by the Caliph of Bagdad.' A siege is more likely to introduce new modes of destroying houses, than a new fashion of building them;—and is there not a distinct character in the Arabian architecture? The beauty of the houses testifies the ancient splendour of this famous city, whose prosperity is now fast upon the wane. The caravans formerly brought large gifts from their respective countries to the holy city; the poorest pilgrim, though he begs his way, must pay some crowns in return for the spiritual benefits which he has received; and he who is supposed to be wealthy cannot expend less than 1500 or 2000 francs. The public contributions have almost ceased, and the number of pilgrims is annually diminishing, partly on account of the Wahabees, but partly, as Ali Bey implies, from the diminished zeal of the Mahommedans, that is to say, from the growth of infidelity among them. The christian religion challenges inquiry, but the slightest inquiry proves fatal to the immoral system and impudent mythology of the Arabian impostor. Still Mecca is a most interesting point upon the globe, and the concourse of different nations is still to be contemplated with astonishment. There are assembled the 'Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, Cretes and Arabians,'—proselytes also may be added, in honour of Ali Bey the Abbassi. Every sort of money circulates at Mecca; all the productions of India and Persia are exposed there for sale; and this immense concourse of pilgrims is abundantly supplied with food in one of the most sterile spots upon the whole habitable earth. The manner

manner in which Mecca is provisioned under such disadvantages of government, soil, and climate, is, perhaps, the most striking instance that has ever existed of the manner in which the supply follows the demand.

It might have been supposed that as Mecca is the metropolis of the Mahommedan religion, whatever arts are found in Mahommedan countries would there be exercised in perfection; but Ali Bey tells us that there is no Mussulman city where the arts are so little known. There is not a man to be found who can make a lock, or forge a key, or make a screw. The only shoes which they manufacture are of wood, or of untanned leather; all others are brought from Constantinople or Egypt. What is more extraordinary, the Korans written at Mecca are written so badly, and so erroneously, that Ali Bey says they cannot be of any use. In this city, which ought to be the well of Arabic undefiled, the language is corrupted by an admixture of foreign terms, and degraded by the present ignorance of the nation; the written as well as the spoken language is thus deteriorated; it is written without vowels, and with a great number of aspirations which every one varies at his pleasure. The men of this holy city are 'the most ignorant of mortals;' and the freedom of the women in comparison with Mussulman manners is such that the Spaniard 'almost calls it effrontery, and suspects that the wives might be one branch of the speculation of their poor husbands.' There seems, however, to be little that is alluring in their appearance; their hollow cheeks painted of a greenish yellow give them the appearance of jaundice; they engrave indelible drawings upon their skin, and stain their teeth yellow, and their lips, feet, and hands, of a red tile colour; and they daub their face and hands all over with black, blue, and yellow. The men are described as walking skeletons, clothed with a parchment that covers their bones; 'large sunken eyes, slender noses, cheeks hollow to the bones, legs and arms absolutely shrivelled up; ribs, veins, and nerves in no better state; and the whole of their frame so wasted that they might be mistaken for true anatomical models.' The traveller protests that there is no exaggeration in this, that it is painful to look at them, and that it appears wonderful how these skeletons or shadows should be able to stand. They are very melancholy, very irritable, and of all Mussulmen the most tyrannical to their slaves. Such being the character of the population, there is no reason to regret its rapid diminution. Mecca has contained more than 100,000 souls, it now does not 'shelter' more than from 16 to 18,000; some quarters of the suburbs are entirely abandoned and in ruins, nearly two-thirds of the remaining houses are empty, and the greater part of those

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which are occupied are falling to decay within, the fronts alone being kept in good order to attract the pilgrims.

Mecca is the heart of the Mahommedan system,—is there any hope that the system itself is tending to dissolution? A hope to this effect has been founded upon the progress of the Wahabees, but with little reason. The utmost that could have been expected from these rude and fanatical reformers was, that they might establish one of those dynasties so common in Mahommedan annals, whose decay is almost as rapid as their rise. M. Silvestre de Sacy supposed them to be merely a revival of the Kermathians, or Issmauilians, who, in the tenth century, plundered Mecca and carried off the Black Stone;—there seems, however, no other cause for this supposition than that they have appeared upon the same scene, their tenets being widely different. Equally unfounded is the imputation that they deny Mahommed to be a prophet, and reject all revelation as impossible. On the contrary, they are fierce Mahommedans, true to the persecuting tenets which the impostor proclaimed as soon as he was strong enough to proclaim them, and zealous to restore to its primitive simplicity the religion of the Sword and the Book. So far from contributing to the overthrow of this abominable system, there was more reason to apprehend that they would stir up its embers, and quicken them into a devouring flame. But they have been confined to the Arabian peninsula; the season of their first enthusiasm is gone by; there is cause for supposing, from what Ali Bey observed, that they would divide upon the death of the then reigning Sultan; and whether they divide or remain united, a few unimportant customs and a few childish superstitions, more or less, will be all that will distinguish them from other Mussulmen. The Mahommedan religion has been established by the sword, and by the sword, most probably, will it be destroyed. The powers in Europe which border upon its empire, are continually acquiring strength, and are not wanting in ambition. Christianity will assume its supremacy in any province which may be re-annexed to Christendom; and Islam appealing, as it does, to its triumphs as a proof of its divinity, is not likely long to survive as a conquered religion. The belief which the Turks entertain that they are to be driven from Europe, will contribute to the fulfilment of the prophecy on which it depends; and a revolution which should deliver Greece, would, in its consequences, restore Asia Minor and Egypt to the civilized world.

There was a time when Mahommedanism was propagated by its commercial missionaries in countries to which its sword had never reached. How far its barbarizing tendency might have been counteracted by the commercial spirit, there was no time to discover; the Portugueze inflicted a deadly blow upon it at Ceuta; and

and subdued the eastern coast of Africa; where petty kings, like the Alcinous of Homer, were the chief merchants of the city, or islet, to which their dominions were confined. To what a miserable state that coast, which was so flourishing when they discovered it, is reduced, we may, perhaps, soon take an opportunity of describing. But if much evil has resulted from their conquests, far greater has been the good; they arrested the progress of a religion which, wherever it prevails, has carried with it vice, misery, and degradation of every kind. From that time it has ceased to extend itself in any manner, and in any direction, unless indeed it be in the interior of Africa. Meantime its 'tough commixtures' seem to be melting; the Mussulmen have no longer that fierce attachment to their faith which made them covet death in its service; Ali Bey bears witness that there is a prevailing indifference among them, and in Persia we know that the priests themselves dread the rapid progress of the Souffee doctrines, and would fain secure the established religion by persecuting the mystical sect from whom they apprehend its overthrow. These circumstances cannot but be favourable to the introduction of a better faith. Hitherto christianity has been presented to these nations only in its most corrupted form, and disguised beneath the most monstrous fables and the grossest absurdities. But whenever the Bible shall be introduced among them, the false book will no more be able to endure the comparison, than the snowy Florimel could stand beside her genuine and living prototype.

Having completed his pilgrimage, the traveller returned to Djedda, and then embarked for Jenboa. A singular circumstance in natural history was observed upon the voyage.

'The sea was very calm, when on a sudden an ebullition as it were of the water took place, in a circular space of twenty feet diameter, accompanied with much noise and froth, which lasted half a minute, when the sea became calm again. A few minutes afterwards, the same scene recommenced. Outside the great circle, I remarked during the motion of the water, a number of points which indicated partial battles. The bubbling up of the water extended to a great distance from the place of the fight.

'The ship passed the border of the circle at the moment of attack. Unhappily for me it was noon, and I was occupied in observing the sun's passage; when balancing between the two objects, I gave the preference to astronomy, and thus lost the opportunity of remarking the warlike system of the finny tribe. I learned, however, from my companions, that they saw an immense number of fish about a foot long, fight together.

'Whilst this action lasted we saw an infinity of water-fowl entirely white, fly from all parts of the horizon in great flocks, to the spot where the fight was, hovering six or eight inches above the water, with

the spoil, fortunately gave him leisure to secrete or destroy such things as might have increased his danger. The tobacco, which is no less an abomination in the nostrils of a Wahabee than it was to those of King James, was hid under some stones; he threw away the insects, plants, and fossils, which he had collected in Arabia, and swallowed a letter from Muley Abdsulem, which might have compromised him with these fanatics. After four and twenty hours of bodily fear the party were allowed to ransom themselves, and were then dismissed; Ali Bey's camel driver alone refused to pay, and set out to appeal to the Emirs; he did not return, and probably paid with his life for his temerity. The traveller consoles himself for this adventure, in which he lost the watch which served for his astronomical observations, by computing the position of Medina, from which he was about sixteen leagues distant. While he was in the hands of the reformers, the phenomenon occurred of furious peals of thunder from a serene sky in which there was not the slightest appearance of a cloud.

Returning to Jenboa from this luckless expedition, he there embarked for Suez. His voyages were never without some interesting occurrence. One morning as their fleet was sailing in line, the wind, which had been very rough, suddenly divided itself into several parallel currents. One vessel was then seen sailing before the wind, another in a perfect calm, and so alternately throughout the line, the distance between each vessel being not more than 200 toises. This continued nearly an hour. A circumstance so much of the same nature occurred afterwards when the traveller was on the way to Cairo, that it may best be related here. During more than an hour he felt 'the singular phenomenon of a continual current of wind from the west—alternately hot and cold. If it had blown in gusts,' says he, 'I should not have been surprized at the circumstance; but it was an equable and continued current, with intervals of heat and cold, so rapid and violent, that frequently in the space of a minute I experienced twice or thrice alternations of piercing cold and burning heat. How is it, he asks, that the caloric was not reduced to an equilibrium with the mass of the ambient air?' The voyage, as usual in that sea and with such seamen,

men, was to the last degree perilous. After one shipwreck, (of which a lively description is given and a worthless print,) many dangers, and many deaths among the ill-fated passengers, Ali Bey was set on shore at Gadikyahia, a fine port, six leagues from Tor, that he might perform the rest of the way by land, even the desert being less formidable than the Red Sea. Here he witnessed a whimsical but convenient regulation among a set of men, who, in all countries, stand much in need of regulation—the carriers.

'The Arab camel drivers were about to dispute concerning the dividing of the burdens of the camels, because it is generally agreed upon between them, that at the moment of disembarkation, each loads his camel with what he can lay his hand on; so long they keep silence; but being arrived at this spot, they are at liberty to dispute until they come to a group of palm trees, which is well known, and there the dispute must cease. Every thing is then settled, and each must content himself with that which chance or the result of the altercation has assigned to him.

'I had remarked from the beginning of the journey, that some of the camel drivers murmured among themselves, and had asked the cause of it. I was told in answer that they were to finish the dispute in the town of Tor.

'On arriving at this place they make every one alight, and commence the most bitter dispute among themselves. I wished to tranquillize them, and to appease the quarrel. I got for answer that such *was their constitution*. I let them therefore continue their discussion. They huddled themselves together in a circle upon the ground, then rose in dispute, and seated themselves again in the same position, until at length they called in an old man to settle their dispute. The old man arrived, and decided; some were content with his decision, but others called in another old man, and the same scene re-commenced. They unloaded some camels to load others, and the dispute continued in the same manner, and with the same cries as before. At length we all remounted and set out, but the dispute still continued: some of the drivers held the camels, and prevented them from proceeding, whilst others ran on to arrive at the places where the contest was to cease. Sometimes they stopt the whole caravan by stooping down together in a circle in the middle of the path, where they re-commenced the discussion, got angry with each other, some insisting and others refusing to exchange burdens, and seizing each other by the collar, and coming almost to blows. At length, on arriving at the group of palm trees, they exclaimed with one accord, *Hhalas, Hhalas*, "It is enough, it is enough." They then remained motionless as stocks, after which they continued their route very quietly. I could hardly forbear to laugh at seeing this grotesque mode of discussion; but they constantly answered me that it was *the constitution*.'—vol. ii. p. 180.

The journey was painful and dangerous. There were forty poor mendicant foot pilgrims in the caravan, who had exhausted all their water, and whom none of their companions could assist without exposing

exposing themselves to the same sufferings. Ali Bey gave water to a few of them, but was obliged at last to shut his eyes and stop his ears to protect his servant and himself from becoming the victims of their compassion. The pilgrims in all probability perished! As the want of water was so likely to occur, and so certainly fatal if it occurred, why did not the caravan keep near the shore, where water to support life may always be procured by digging pits* in the sand; or was the fact itself forgotten by our philosopher, for it appears that this dreadful scene took place within an hour's march of the sea side?

Ali Bey believes that the level of the Red Sea was formerly, as has been asserted, higher than that of the Mediterranean, but that it is not so now, or is perhaps not so elevated; his reasons for this supposition are reserved for the scientific part of his travels. There occurs, however, in this part of his work an interesting passage of natural history, which may direct the researches of future travellers.

'If on the one hand nature has been scanty in her vegetation upon the shores of the Red Sea which I have visited, she has been extremely prolific of fossils.

'From the great abundance of molluscæ polyssis and zoophytes is produced the matter of the calcareous concretions, and the little depth of this sea, added to the elevated temperature of the atmosphere, contributes to accelerate these operations of nature in such a manner, that the observer who wishes to study, and to know the phenomena of petrifactions, cannot, I am persuaded, find a better cabinet than the shores of the Red Sea.

'Although circumstances prevented me from making continued investigations, yet nature works here in so visible a manner, that I thought I had sometimes observed her in the act. I have picked up shells at the moment when they were going to conglutinate themselves with the stony matter that surrounded them; I have collected others half petrified. But what is more particularly interesting, is a bank of calcareous stone, which actually forms itself on the eastern part of the island of Omelmelek. It is there that I was enabled to remark all the stages of petrifaction, from the sand, or pulverulent detritus of the shells, to the rock already rendered solid; and what I found still more admirable on this scale of petrifaction was, that the powder of the shells already amalgamated, and become concrete, though still friable, and

* 'Dig a pit upon the sea-shore somewhat above the high-water mark, and sink it as deep as the low-water mark, and as the tide cometh in, it will fill with water, fresh and potable. This is commonly practised upon the coast of Barbary, where other fresh water is wanting. And Cæsar knew this well when he was besieged in Alexandria; for by digging of pits in the sea-shore, he did frustrate the laborious works of the enemies which had turned the sea-water upon the wells of Alexandria; and so saved his army, being then in desperation.'—*Bacon's Sylva Sylvarum.* We transcribe this as one of those facts by which human sufferings might sometimes be alleviated, and life itself perhaps preserved, if it were popularly as well as philosophically known.

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easy to be broken, is impregnated with a sort of volatile oil, which greased the fingers when touched with it. But this oil volatilized and disappeared in a short time. In the space even of a few feet, may be found all the gradations of petrifactions; that is to say, sand which does not cohere, sand in an incipient state of conglutination, sand resembling a sort of soft paste, paste beginning to harden, friable stone, soft stone, and hard stone. This gradation is even perceptible on the seashore. I collected specimens of all these curiosities; but how much did it cost me to tear myself away from this interesting spot, without being able to make a multitude of observations, which might have contributed to the advancement of science. I recommend the study of this bank to travellers who may visit this country.'—vol. ii. pp. 189, 190.

From Suez the traveller returned to Cairo, and from Cairo he travelled to Jerusalem. His feelings upon entering a rich and cultivated country after living so long in the desert, are too remarkable to be given in any other than his own words.

'How strange did this manner of travelling appear to me! Accustomed as I had been for so long a time to traverse the deserts with large caravans, the sensations I felt this day were inexpressible; attended only by three servants, a slave, three camels, two mules, my horse, and a single Turkish soldier who served as escort, I at length found myself in a cultivated country. I passed at intervals through villages, and inhabited hamlets; my eyes could now repose with delight upon varied plantations; and I now met at every moment human beings, on foot and on horseback; almost all of them were well dressed: I felt as if I were in Europe; but great God! what bitterness did some ideas mix with these agreeable sensations; I will own it, because I felt it. Upon entering those countries circumscribed by individual property, the heart of man is contracted and oppressed. I cannot turn my eyes, or move a step, without being stopped by a hedge, which seems to say to me, "Halt there, do not pass these bounds." Doubtless, society is a great good; doubtless the greatest blessing of man is to live under a well-organized government, which by the wise employment of the public strength ensures to each individual the peaceable enjoyment of his property; but it appears to me that *all which we gain in safety and tranquillity, we lose in energy.*'—vol. ii. pp. 208, 209.

We have frequently had a little of Voltaire in these travels, and here we have something of Jean Jacques. Wherever the Spaniard may have acquired his science, he has gone for his moral philosophy to a miserable school.

When Dr. Clarke was at Jerusalem, that active and enterprizing traveller endeavoured to obtain access to the great mosque erected by the Caliph Omar upon the site of Solomon's Temple; for this purpose he used all his interest with the Governor, by means of Djezzar Pasha's own interpreter; but the Governor entreated him not to urge the request, 'saying,' says Dr. Clarke, 'his own life would certainly be required as the price of our admission: we were therefore,'

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fore,' he continues, 'compelled to rest satisfied with the interesting view of it afforded from his windows, which regarded the area of the temple. The sight was so grand, that we did not hesitate in pronouncing it the most magnificent piece of architecture in the Turkish empire; and considered externally, superior to the mosque of Saint Sophia in Constantinople.' The Mussulman religion, according to Ali Bey, acknowledges but two temples, that of Mecca and that of Jerusalem. 'God,' says an Arabian writer, 'has regarded the sanctuary of Jerusalem with the eye of his beauty, and the sanctuary of Mecca with the eye of his majesty,—Jerusalem having the fairest and most magnificent mosque in the world, Mecca the most majestic and the most venerable:' both are named *El Harám*, an Arabic word which strictly signifies a temple or place consecrated by the peculiar presence of the Divinity. Is this, indeed, the strict signification of the word? or may a critic who pretends to no knowledge of Arabic venture to ask if it be not the same word which is commonly written *Harem*, designating a place which strangers indeed are forbidden to enter, but not implying any notion of sanctity? Other mosques are named El Djammaa,—the place of assembly,—or, in more familiar phraseology, meeting-houses; they are sacred places, but not consecrated by the especial presence of the Deity; unbelievers are prevented from entering them, merely by the popular feeling, not by any canonical precept; and access may be obtained by an order from a public authority. 'But no Mussulman governor dare permit an infidel to pass into the territory of Mecca, or into the temple of Jerusalem. A permission of this kind would be looked upon as a horrid sacrilege; it would not be respected by the people, and the infidel would become the victim of his imprudent boldness.'

Ali Bey has given a plan of the Jerusalem mosque, and sections of it, six feet in length—a general view of the building would have been more interesting and much more satisfactory;—but with all his accomplishments he is but a wretched draftsman. It is not precisely one mosque, but a group of mosques. To the Christian and the genuine philosopher, there is not assuredly a more interesting spot upon the whole earth than that where the temple of Solomon stood. The superstitions of the Mahommedans have attached to it more fables than to Mecca; it is guarded by 70,000 angels, who are relieved every day; all prophets since the creation of the world have performed their prayers there, and even now the spirits of the prophets frequent it to enjoy the same devotional exercise. Here it was that Mahommed while yet in the flesh joined them in their prayers; Elias and Khisr or Chederles (the Santiago or St. George of the Mussulmen) come annually here to keep the fast of Ramadan. El Borak, the mare of the Archangel Gabriel, which has the head

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head and neck of a beautiful woman, wings, and a crown;—and moreover, according to some grave authorities, a peacock's tail, brought the Prophet here on his way to heaven, in that wonderful journey which is the greatest miracle recorded of Mahommed—and the most impudent lie that ever an audacious blasphemer imposed upon the credulity of his disciples. Here he had sight of the Houris. The rock upon which he stood received the print of his sacred foot, and pilgrims are now permitted to touch—not to see—the sacred impression, and sanctify themselves by passing the hand which has touched it over their face and beard. A piece of fine green marble on the pavement is shewn as the Door of Paradise. Strait is the door as well as the way—being but fifteen inches square—and it is fastened down by four or five gilt nails; there were more formerly, but the devil, attempting to get in by this door, pulled them out; these he was unable to extract;—perhaps they were clenched on the other side. Here also is the invisible balance in which souls are weighed; and the invisible bridge which is sharper than the blade of the sword, which extends over the abyss of Hell, and over which lies the only road to Paradise. And here is the rock Sakhra,—a marvellous rock, under which, according to the author of the *Messiral-Ghoram*, all the waters of the earth have their source: nor is this the only thing for which the rock Sakhra is marvellous—for, according to the same author as quoted by Medjired-din, it is well known that the rock is suspended between the earth and heaven. It is true that this miracle is no longer visible, a vault having been built over the rock since a woman, who had gone under it in devotion, unluckily miscarried there for fear it should fall upon her. Before this accident pilgrims used to stand under it and see the palpable miracle; the author of the Messiral-Ghoram had himself seen it, and who shall dispute his authority, or that of the Judge Medjired-din Ebil-yemen Abdor-rahmen El-Alemi, who quotes him? The rock Sakhra is in the middle of the world, and it is upon this rock that the Angel Israfil will stand when he blows the trumpet which is to summon all men to their final judgement. If a stone were to be dropped from the New Jerusalem it would fall upon the rock Sakhra. The Kaaba on the day of judgment is to come to the rock Sakhra. Ali Bey found some columns within the forbidden ground which he supposes to be the remains of Solomon's Temple. Dr. Clarke, who had not only the perseverance and activity requisite for seeing whatever was within his reach, but had also the comfortable faculty of discovering whatever he wished to find, saw from the governor's windows some of that reticulated stucco among these buildings, 'which is commonly considered as an evidence of Roman work.' Whitaker of Manchester, whose whole historical works were formed by a series of inductions

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inductions in the potential mood, was not more hardy in inferring that things must have been, because they might have been, than is the Cambridge traveller. He brings forward these fragments of the *opus reticulatum* as an *existing evidence*, in the words of the margin, or in the words and capital typography of the text, A STANDING MEMORIAL OF JULIAN'S DISCOMFITURE; and reasoning upon the miracle which this evidence is to prove, repeats the assertion of Moyle, that he sees not *with what forehead* any man can question the truth of it.—The old scholastic education had at least one merit, that it made men logicians.

The Mussulman who visits the sacred place of the temple of Jerusalem performs an act of penance as well as devotion; for he must walk barefooted to the several stations; there is no traced path, and the court is entirely covered with thistles and thorny plants growing close together, so that this part of the pilgrimage becomes an actual punishment. This was not always the case: a legend related by Medjired-din in his description of this sanctuary describes the ground as covered with anemonies and camomile. A spring without the walls, which Christians call the Fountain of Nehemiah, is believed by the Mussulmen to come miraculously from the well of Zemzem. 'It is true,' says Ali Bey, 'that my coarse palate found a remarkable difference between these two waters; this seemed to me very cold, and I had found that at Mecca very warm; the former was sweet and good, the latter briny;—the miracle is therefore not perceptible by sense.' The Persians have in like manner persuaded themselves that the well in their great mosque at Sultanieh is supplied from Zemzem. From Jerusalem the traveller proceeded to Damascus, Aleppo, and Constantinople; a supplementary chapter by the editor conducts him to Bucharest, and abruptly concludes the work.

Whether the advantages which this enterprizing Spaniard derived from his assumed character have answered his own expectations, he himself best knows; public expectation will perhaps be disappointed, but with little reason. He has penetrated into the forbidden places, seen all that was concealed from Christian eyes, and reported faithfully and fully all that he saw. Few travellers would be disposed to pay the same price for the privilege of sweeping the Kaaba, and drinking the water which was sanctified with its dirt: but perhaps there are some who, if they had appeared in the same character, would have profited by it in a different manner. Bruce would not have contented himself with speculating at Morocco upon the interior of hidden Africa; he would have reached Tombuctoo, and traced the Niger to its termination, or have perished in the attempt. He would have profited by his favour at the sultan's court to have studied and developed the characters of those

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those who composed it, and have given us pictures which should have lived for ever. Barrow would have borne with him a sounder judgement and a more observant eye. And Dr. Clarke!—Doctor Clarke would have opened Eve's grave, bargained with the Wahabees for Mahommed's coffin—and discovered David's harp, Solomon's seal, Jeroboam's calves, and the horns of Jupiter Ammon,—if he had not been discovered himself in the emperor of Morocco's seraglio.

ART. II.—*Waterloo, and other Poems.* By J. Wedderburne Webster, Esq. Paris, printed by Didot, Sen. 1816. pp. 72.

THE subject of this article belongs rather to mechanics than literature: what Dean Swift ridiculed as a visionary scheme has been reduced, by modern ingenuity, into actual practice; and the fancy of the Laputan philosopher to make a machine for grinding the vocabulary into treatises has been, it seems, realized by our ingenious neighbours the French.

Everybody knows that M. Didot is not only a celebrated printer, but a great mechanist, and, if not the inventor, at least the introducer of that mode of printing called *Stereotype*, in which the lines and words are not made up of separate letters as heretofore, but are cast at once into permanent forms ready for use. Having words, and even lines, thus prepared, it was a natural yet ingenious thought to endeavour to apply some moving power by which they might be disposed in proper places and forms, without the delay, expense, and uncertainty of human labour.

This moving power M. Didot seems to have acquired; and in the little work before us he exhibits a complete specimen of his success. It was not, indeed, to be expected that the machine, however ingenious, could always place the words in intelligible order, or work out any thing like sense or meaning; but as to the *mechanical* part it has succeeded surprizingly, and, to the eye, the lines of this pamphlet look as like real bona fide verses, as if they had been written by the hand of man, and printed by the ordinary process of the press. It occasionally, indeed, happens, (we suppose from the accidental breaking of a pully or a spindle,) that some of the lines want a foot, and that there are little flaws in different parts of the work; but errors of this kind in so new an invention are inevitable. We know that Sir Richard Arkwright's cotton machine, improved as it has been by long experience, will sometimes make a flaw in a piece of goods; we are therefore not to be surprized if M. Didot's verse-engine should be, at its first setting off, liable to similar accidents.

But while we do full justice to M. Didot's ingenuity, we cannot

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not but lament the ill-temper and hostile feeling towards England, which has induced him to announce the fortuitous produce of his engine as an English poem, and to affix to it a name, which, if not the name of an Englishman, is at least a union of English names: very probably there may be no individual of the double name of Wedderburne-Webster; still, however, the names are so notoriously British, that all foreigners, and even some of our own countrymen, will, we doubt not, believe that there is really such an author as J. Wedderburne-Webster, Esq. to the no small disparagement of our literary, and even of our national character.

But that which shews at once the depth and source of the malice of the French printer and his associates, is, that they have selected the immortal day of Waterloo as the object of their experiment, and that the nonsense which their *machine à vapeurs* (so they call their steam-engine) has *ground*, is represented by them as a song of triumph on that great victory.

We are ready to admit, that the French nation can never look back on that day without some emotions of sorrow, and that even the existing government may feel some slight twinges on the score of national vanity; but we think that the Royalist Police would have shewn no more than a becoming gratitude to this country if it had prevented a publication which—under the colour of a new mechanical discovery—is evidently intended to throw ridicule on the battle of Waterloo and the British language and nation. What would be thought if *we* were to collect all the French exercises of a ladies' boarding-school, print them on fine paper with Bulmer's best types, and circulate them in France under the title of *Eloges de Sa Majesté Louis XVIII, par le Comte de la Grenouillière*? Doubtless the French ambassador would not be slow to complain of such an indignity; yet these French exercises would certainly be as much an *éloge* of his Majesty, as the verses of the pseudo-Wedderburne-Webster are an *éloge* on Waterloo.

But our readers will be, by this time, curious to see some *patterns* of this curious workmanship—it is our duty to give them, but we do so, not without regret that the names of Soignies, Hougoumont, Waterloo, and Wellington, should be thus degraded. That we, however, may not be in any degree 'participes criminis,' we shall give our extracts verbatim, literatim, and, if we may use the expression, punctatim.

The following, we suppose, may pass for the invocation—

> 'Oh! that the Muse, should dare essay,
> To sing in such an humble lay;
> The hottest field beneath the sun,
> Scince warring man, in strife begun:

But

But might his lowly, feeble lyre,
In others, wake th' heroic fire—
Like a bright beacon on the steep,
'Twould cheer his lonely vessel o'er the deep.'—p. 7.

Our readers will observe what pleasant confusion the machine has made here. The Muse is of the masculine gender, and has a lyre, which lyre is a bellows, which bellows is to wake a fire, which fire is to be a light-house, by which light-house his (the Muse's) lyre or bellows (now become a ship) is to be cheer'd o'er the deep! What must the French think of us when they are told that these are English verses!

Again—

'Bear witness, Soignies' darkling bowers,
And Hougoumont! thy shatter'd towers—
Tho' each, by war—not tempest rent—
Thou yet can boast—one battlement!
That long shall speak to other times,
And mock the pow'r of despot crimes;
For well thy rude unhallow'd fane,
Hath mark'd the downfal of the rebel train!'—p. 10.

This whole stanza is a curious piece of verbal Mosaic; but the most wonderful of all is that line in which a wood and a house are jointly apostrophised with a singular pronoun and a plural verb, on the subject of a talkative battlement common to both.

In fact, M. Didot himself appears so pleased with the effect of his machinery in this instance, that he grows quite wanton upon it, and in a strain of no great courtesy or grammar, adds, 'Whether this is the case, I really do not know, but if *any* person is inclined to dispute the point, I have no possible objection to THEIR going to Hougoumont to ascertain it.'—p. 75.

But we have a further complaint against our ingenious persecutor. Having apparently collected from the conduct of our countrymen who literally swarm round every penny-show-box in Paris, that John Bull is somewhat muddy-headed, he has taken an insidious advantage of the circumstance to propound a riddle to him, which would have puzzled Sphynx herself.

'——— the vulture shriek'd aloud,
And the red traveller sought his shroud.'—p. 9.

'Now riddle-my-ree, what is this?' After a hundred conjectures, we ended with determining that it was One of the Foot-guards going on the forlorn hope. No such thing. It is the rising sun! The peculiar malice of the question lies in this, that whereas the '*red* traveller' of Ossian (from whom the word is taken) is 'broad and bright and glowing,' the *red* traveller of the poem is first *black*, and then of no colour at all, for he never makes his appearance!

The battle itself could hardly be darker than the following riddles which, we presume, pretend to describe it.

> 'Impell'd with fury to the shock,
> Th' Imperial Eagles left the rock;
> And rushing in distended line,
> Sent quickly from destruction's mine,
> A shower of varied shot and steel,
> Which few were there who did not feel.—p. 10.
>
> 'Twas then, two hundred cannons roar,
> Loud heralds of the guilty shore—
> Tore up the surface of the ground,
> Whose very CENTRE TREMBLED at the sound!
> And quick, like meteor of the night,
> The bright cuirassiers join'd the fight;
> And gave their curses to the wind,
> With speed once urg'd, no arm could bind.—p. 11.
>
> "On to the charge!" he loudly cried—
> As forward to the steep he hied;
> "*Stand to your guns!—point them well*—
> "That each may some dread mission tell—
> "Spare not the foes—nor sue for life—
> "*But hunt victory*—"*even to the knife!*"'—p. 12.

In this last extract our readers will observe that the two lines distinguished by italics have been a little damaged in the weaving. The latter of them, a note informs us, is a touch at Palafox's famous cry at Saragossa, *War to the knife!* which meant a struggle so long, so close, and so deadly as to reduce the combatants to the use of their daggers; but *war* being only of *one* syllable, and the space requiring a word of *three*, the machine put in '*victory*' —Wedderburne, or Nincompoop, would have done just as well.

Another instance of the glorious cross-readings inseparable from a poem fabricated by a steam-engine, occurs in page 15—

> 'None sued for life,
> And those who were compelled to yield
> Rush'd headlong on their broken' ———

sword a human being would have said; and it would have been thought an allusion to the incident so frequent in Roman history, in which the defeated hero rushes on his own sword, but the machine immediately happened to grind up another word, and that other word happened still more unluckily to be one of the most opposite meaning which the whole box could furnish:—

> 'Rush'd headlong on their broken——SHIELD!'—p. 15.

How the boys at the French Lycées, who will probably be perfidiously taught to read this as *English*, will stare at our classical knowledge!

The

The following wonderful passage would seem to imply that, in our English creed, *souls* can never be *crushed* TILL they have *died*.

> 'Then Albin's banners tower'd on high,
> And ev'ry horror rent the sky;
> Man rush'd on man—'till death had hush'd
> Those souls, that *else* had ne'er been crush'd.'—p. 20.

And the poem goes on to say the battle was so tremendous, that when the ghosts of the dead men came back in the night to look for their bodies, they were not able to find them.

> '——————— there the spirits of the slain
> Might seek to find their earthly forms in vain.'—p. 21.

And this is the trash which M. Didot has the perfidy to palm on the French public as the exultation of an English gentleman on the battle of Waterloo!

In the poems which follow we suspect that M. Didot has not trusted even to his engine to make nonsense; for these appear to be put together with a degree of ingenious malice against us, of which we cannot conceive a mere machine, however well made, to be capable. For instance, the four following *French* lines are very correctly given:—

> 'J'abandonne l'exactitude
> Aux gens qui riment par métier;
> D'autres font des vers par étude,
> J'en fais pour me désennuyer.'—GRESSET.

Now mark the difference!—the following are subjoined as an *English* translation of these lines.

> 'Willing I yield all rhyming rules,
> To hireling bards, and pedant schools;
> May fancy guide my careless lay—
> And pleasure wing my hours away.'—p. 39.

This is evidently a burlesque on our supposed ignorance of the French language, as absurd and offensive as if we were to quote that famous passage in Shakspeare—

> 'I'd rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
> Than one of those same metre ballad-mongers.'

And then give the following as a Frenchman's translation of it:—

> 'Maudit soit l'auteur dur, dont l'âpre et rude verve
> Son cerveau tenaillant, rima malgré Minerve,
> Et de son lourd marteau, martellant le bon sens,
> A fait de méchans vers à-peu-près onze cents.'

All this is sufficiently atrocious on the part of M. Di[dot], we have kept for the last the cruellest insult of all, o[f]

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have no doubt is levelled at the supposed disposition to blunder of our Irish brethren:—this outrageous libel is called *The Wish*, and the unfortunate Wedderburne Webster, in his new character, is thus made to express himself:—

A WISH.

'When hence my spirit wings its aerial flight—
And life is fled into the realms of night!
When, as some bird *sits* lonely on the mast,
My *form* may ride upon the desert blast—
Be my sole monument the moss-clad sod,
Raised on the spot where man hath never trod—
By the lone rock, upon my native hill,
Where the grey thistle holds dominion still!'—p. 40.

Here then the *air* and the realms of night are the same thing; and when life flies, it flies to the realms of *night*; and when that comes to pass, the body *rides* just as a bird *sits*; and then there is to be a monument—not for the *soul*, for it is flying, nor over the *form*, for it is riding—but a monument to be raised, Jove knows why, where, or by whom; for it is to be built in some extraordinary desert where *man* has never trod; and yet this desert, which *man* has never trod, is the very place where Wedderburne Webster represents himself to have been born ('silice in nudâ') amid *a grove of thistles!*—a paltry device of M. Didot to make our pretended countryman '*write himself down an* ASS.'

ART. III. 1. *Brief View of the Baptist Missions, and Translations; with Specimens of various Languages in which the Scriptures are printing at the Mission Press, Serampore.* London. 1815.

2. *Clavis Sinica: Elements of Chinese Grammar, with a Preliminary Dissertation on the Characters, and the Colloquial Medium of the Chinese; and an Appendix, containing the Ta-Hyoh of Confucius, with a Translation.* By J. Marshman, D.D. Serampore. 1814.

3. *A Dictionary of the Chinese Language, in three Parts. Part I. containing Chinese and English, arranged according to the Radicals. Part II. Chinese and English, arranged alphabetically. Part III. English and Chinese.* By the Rev. Robert Morrison. Macao. 1815.

WE envy not the feelings of those who find amusement in holding up to ridicule the labours of the Baptist Missionaries; ours, we confess, have received a very different impression, which tells us that we shall not err greatly in placing the names of Marsh-

man,

man, Carey, Ward, and the rest of the Serampore missionaries, among the benefactors of the human race.

The 'Brief View of the Baptist Missions' will be considered as an interesting document. The Society was first established in 1792; but the Indian mission did not take place till seven years after this period; and they have now twenty stations in the East, the two extreme ones being 4000 miles apart. That of Serampore, their head-quarters, was established in 1799, by Thomas and Carey, and the principle on which they agreed to act was, 'that no one should engage in any private trade, but that whatever was procured by any member of the family, should be appropriated to the benefit of the mission.'—Following up this principle, Doctor Carey in the college, Doctor Marshman in the school, and Mr. Ward in the printing-office, have, each of them, for some years past contributed considerably more than 1000*l.* a year to the general fund. The sum expended by them annually in the three departments of Missionary Stations, Translations, and Schools, amounts to about 14,000*l.* sterling.—From this sum, in the year 1813, were supported fifty-three missionaries of various nations, with their families; nineteen translations of the Scriptures were carried on, six thousand volumes printed, with nearly twenty thousand copies of the Gospels, and twenty-five thousand smaller books; and above a thousand children of various nations were instructed in useful knowledge. Of these fourteen thousand pounds, seven thousand arise wholly out of the personal labour of the missionaries, two thousand from Indian charities, and the rest, namely, five thousand, have been remitted from Europe and America. At Serampore extensive premises were purchased, on which have been erected dwelling-houses for the missionaries, school-rooms, a spacious hall for public worship, a printing-office, in which ten presses are constantly employed, a type foundry, in which the types are cast for the several Eastern languages; and a mill for making paper, of a quality far superior to that of India made in the usual way, which in five or six years is generally devoured by worms and insects; whereas it is stated that the paper made by the missionaries remained untouched by worms, when placed among other paper half eaten up by them.

Their progress in the various oriental languages is really wonderful; but so are their exertions, and their contempt of bodily suffering and personal danger. No sooner is a country opened for the exercise of their zeal, than they set about learning the language. The Kassai mountains, to the N. W. of the Burman empire, recently penetrated by them, have been found to be inhabited by a simple and honest people, whose language is monosyllabic, and evidently of Chinese derivation. Young Carey has succeeded in conveying a printing press to Ava. In his passage to this place, he was

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visited with an affliction of the severest kind;—the boat upset—his beloved wife, his daughter, and his only son, perished before his eyes, and he himself had nearly shared the same fate in swimming with his son till completely exhausted. 'Should the Lord be pleased,' say the missionaries, 'to sanctify the affliction fully to him, this providence, awful as it appears, may be made the precursor of much future usefulness.'

We may form some idea of the exertions of these pious men, when it is stated that they have translated the Scriptures wholly or in part into *twenty-seven* different languages; and their 'Brief View' contains beautiful specimens of the characters employed in printing the Sanscrit, Mahratta, Bengalee, Oriza, Telinga, Pushtoo, Sikh or Punjab, Cashmere, Hindostanee, Assam, Burman, Persian, Tamul, and Cingalese languages. Many thousand copies of the Gospels have been distributed in these languages, and it is said that the distribution of the Scriptures and of religious tracts in the vernacular tongue has had the effect of exciting a lively interest in the knowledge of the Gospel; and that of late many instances have occurred of conversion, by means of these translations alone, without the intervention of any missionary; that many Brahmins and others of high cast have recently been baptized, and that a great number of native preachers have met with the greatest success in various parts of India. Doctor Carey, in a letter from Calcutta, says 'the increasing and pressing demand for the Holy Scriptures is so great, that though we have ten presses constantly at work, the demands cannot be supplied;'—'so repeated and urgent are the applications from all parts of the country, that we are forced to give away the Gospels of the New Edition, before the other parts can be printed off:'—and yet, we are sneeringly told that these missionaries make only *rice-Christians* in India. Whether this taunt be true or not, the observation comes with a bad grace from a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church; at all events, the Baptist missionaries have at least this consolation, that, by their exertions, to use their own expression, 'the greater part of the heathen world will have the word of God in their own tongue, wherein they were born.'

This, however, is not the extent of their merit. Doctor Marshman not only keeps a boarding-school for the education of young gentlemen, and Mrs. Marshman another for young ladies, out of the profits of which they contribute to the general fund, but they also conduct a charity school on the 'British System,' for the children of the poor. On this 'system' they were establishing schools at the several stations, in which there were, in 1814, upwards of one thousand children, taught by native schoolmasters to read the Scriptures. No difficulty is found in obtaining proper persons, who, for the sake of the small salary, engage themselves without hesitation;

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hesitation; and thus become the instruments of instructing heathen children in the principles of the Christian religion. The number of these native teachers, at the close of 1813, amounted to thirty-two. At Calcutta they have erected a school-house, capable of containing 800 children, divided into two departments, one for boys and the other for girls, where they are taught to read the Scriptures in the Bengalee and English languages; also writing and accounts, on what is now termed the 'British system,'—it ought to be called by its proper name—the 'Madras system.'—Five hundred were on the books of this school, which we doubt not has long since been full. The objects of this 'Benevolent Institution' are the poor children of all nations, including the children of Europeans by native women, 'a neglected and destitute class of society;' and of Portugueze catholics, 'thousands of whom wander about the streets in all manner of vice and wretchedness.'

This hasty sketch of their proceedings is quite enough to prove the active benevolence of the Serampore missionaries, and more than enough to entitle them to the gratitude of mankind. But they have also a claim to the thanks of the literary part of the world on another score. In the midst of their more serious duties of religion, and the exercise of Christian charities, they have considerably extended the progress of Oriental literature. Doctor Carey has for many years acted as Professor of Sanscrit, Bengalee, and Mahratta, in the college of Fort William, and has published no less than eight grammars of as many different languages, and a Mahratta dictionary, besides assisting Doctor Marshman in the translation of the Ramayuna. Mr. Ward has given to the world, in four quarto volumes, 'An Account of the Writings, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, including translations from their principal works:'—and Doctor Marshman has translated the *Lun-ye* of Confucius, with a preliminary dissertation on the Chinese language, both of which have passed under our review in Nos. X. and XXII.

The '*Clavis Sinica*, or Elements of Chinese Grammar, with a Preliminary Dissertation on the Characters and the Colloquial Medium of the Chinese,' is an extension of the former work, of which we now intend to give some account. We shall here just observe, that the mechanical part of this book is such as ought not to be passed over without particular notice. As a specimen of beautiful typography, it yields to nothing we have seen even from the Chinese press; and it adds one to the many remarkable and splendid instances which India has afforded, how much may be accomplished by human ingenuity, when man is thrown entirely upon the resources of his own mind. Doctor Marshman has in fact effected, what had hitherto been considered as nearly impracticable, a method of printing the Chinese characters with *moveable metal*

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types, which he says can be done at one-third of the expense it would cost in China with wooden blocks. The superior beauty of the character is indisputable, and it is said to unite, with cheapness and beauty, 'that great desideratum in Chinese printing, the facility of correcting the revision to any extent whatever, and even with greater ease than in the Roman character.' A set of these metal types, he tells us, will throw off 50,000 copies, whereas a few thousands will efface the characters cut on a wooden block; and he reckons that six thousand of these moveable metal types will supply the place of half a million immoveable ones: and that if ten thousand copies of the Scriptures, including paper and printing, should cost, by using wooden blocks, 15,000*l.*—the same number, if printed with metal types, would only cost 5000*l.* This discovery will prove of infinite importance to the Chinese, if their pride will only suffer them to adopt it; for we believe there is no nation on earth, not even our own, in which printing is carried to so great an extent as in China. It is indeed the only nation in the Eastern world (except Japan) where the art has been in use. A complete history of the Chinese press, its progress and its effects, would be a curious document; but this being hopeless, even a brief view of it may not be uninteresting to our readers.

If we believe the Chinese historians and philologists, and they are unanimous on this point, the early records of the empire were kept by means of knotted cords; and the fact is sufficiently remarkable, that four or five thousand years subsequent to the romantic period at which their use is supposed to have ceased, a nation should be discovered, on a different continent and on the opposite side of the globe, who had no other means of registering events than by their *quippus*, or knotted cords. These cords in China were succeeded by the combinations of straight lines called the *Kua* of *Fo-hi*, which no one now is hardy enough to affect to understand. Next appears the minister of *Hoang-tee*, with a set of characters, the idea of which he is said to have taken from the prints of birds' feet, on the sand; then follows a long series of names who improve upon the birds' feet, by hints furnished by the lines on the back of a tortoise, by the roots, branches, and leaves of trees, by the windings of worms, snakes, &c.; all of which may probably be resolved into this simple fact, that the original Chinese characters were rude representations of the objects of sense.

'About the year of the world 2900,' says Mr. Morrison, 'a person named *Paou-she* formed a work called *Lëh-shoo*, which he taught to his pupils. He is considered the Father of Letters, and his work has been a standard to which all future ages have referred. It is there affirmed that, originally, nine-tenths of the characters were hieroglyphic; but that, being abbreviated for the sake of convenience, or added to, for the sake of

of appearance, the true and original form was gradually lost. In proof of characters being at first a representation of the thing signified, a few instances are adduced, as jih, 'the sun,' now written . yué, 'the moon,' now . shan, 'a hill,' now . ma, 'a horse,' now . muh, 'the eye,' now . chow, 'a boat,' now . chay, 'a cart or carriage,' now . shwuy, 'water,' now . urh, 'the ear,' now , and so of others.'—*Introduction*, p. 2.

At what period the Chinese made use of pure hieroglyphics, if that ever was the case, does not appear; but the Seal-character, which seems to be the first stage from hieroglyphic to symbolic writing, is said to have been employed down to the reign of *Seuen-wang*, about 800 years before the Christian era. In the time of Confucius, about 300 years later, it is supposed that the characters were much simplified by reducing the number of strokes; but this is collected merely from the circumstance of finding certain characters engraven on bells, tripods, and ancient vases, supposed to be in use at that time; for no trace of any kind of manuscript is even pretended to have been found anterior to the age of Confucius; and it is extremely hypothetical whether any written characters of this celebrated philosopher survived the Christian era.

We need not here repeat the fable of *Che-whang-ti* burning all the books in the empire, and the singular manner in which the works of Confucius are said to have been recovered, and which the reader will find detailed at some length at pp. 343—4 of our Twenty-second Number. But what are we to think of this legend of the burning and recovering of Chinese books, nearly thirteen centuries before the art of printing was known in that country? May it not have been fabricated by Chinese vanity, as an apology for not being able to support their lofty pretensions to a high antiquity, by any authenticated records? Some pretend that they owe the preservation of their characters chiefly to the engravings on seals and stones, to inscriptions cut into slips of bamboo, and to the painted and varnished tablets which adorn their rooms, and the halls of their

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their ancestors; and that from these a sort of mixed history of conjecture and tradition was compiled. They also state, that under the dynasty of the first Han, and about 150 years before Christ, the study of letters met with great encouragement, and that all the characters and writings of every description were collected together, and formed into a kind of dictionary, of which numerous manuscript copies were made and distributed over the empire. It appears, indeed, that shortly after this period, the priests of Budh and Bramah found their way into China, introduced their writings and their religion, and were so acceptable to the court, that at various times, down to the tenth century, the history of China makes mention of priests being sent into India and Thibet to collect and introduce books.

The first classification and arrangement of characters into the form of a Thesaurus or Dictionary, and the mode of ascertaining their respective sounds and significations, was not, by *Kang-hi*'s account, before the time of the latter Han, about the year 200 of the Christian era. It was this arrangement that first brought this symbolical language into general use, and deprived the *learned* of the advantage resulting from the use of a sort of cabalistical character not possessed by the vulgar. The written language, imperfect as it was, being now reduced to some certain standard, became intelligible; it was taught in schools; the lowest of the people acquired a knowledge of it; and in those days of ignorance, knowledge was the road to preferment: the man who in China could 'read like a clerk' obtained something beyond even what the 'benefit of clergy' conferred in England—wealth, power, and consequence in the state.

The Chinese seem not to be quite clear themselves at what particular period the art of printing was invented. Mr. Morrison says it was introduced to the notice of government by a minister of state called *Fang-taou*, who lived at the commencement of the dynasty *Lung*, about the middle of the tenth century; that the first essay was the impression on paper from a stone tablet by a press, which left the ground of the paper black, while the shape of the indented characters remained white; and that the type-cutters now adore *Fang-taou* as their patron deity, in the same way as the learned pay adoration to Confucius. Du Halde, and his servile copyist Grozier, assign no specific date to the invention of printing, but merely say it was practised in China from time immemorial, which is saying nothing. It is not improbable, that the ancient seals of the emperors were used for making impressions, and that they left the ground black: such impressions are very common in all the Chinese books which treat of the ancient characters. There is no doubt, however, that during the tenth century dictionaries

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ries were compiled and printed without number—some arranged according to the import of the characters, some by the final sounds, and others reduced to the system which now universally prevails of arranging them under the *tse-poo, master* or *governing* characters, or as Europeans sometimes call them, though perhaps not very correctly, *elementary* characters, or *keys*, or *radicals*. Originally these characters appear to have had the name of *shoo-moo*, 'the eyes of the book,' which, considered as mere indices, is no bad name. The combination of these 214 keys gave rise to an infinite number of new characters, which are, in fact, like the combinations of our alphabet, inexhaustible. There is reason to believe, however, that instead of the number actually in use amounting, as stated by some of the Jesuits, to 80,000, the largest collection ever made is that in the 'Grand Dictionary,' amounting to 60,000; but the number in Kang-hi's Dictionary amounts to little more than half of that which is stated by the missionaries. Mr. Morrison says it is about 40,000; but Doctor Marshman, after 'repeatedly examining every page,' states it to be as under:

Characters in the body of the work - - - -	31,214
Added by the compilers, principally obsolete, -	6,423
New characters not before classed - - - -	1,659
Characters without names or meaning - - -	4,200
Total	43,496

and he adds, that the real significant characters of the language cannot be estimated at more than *thirty thousand*. By the indefatigable labour of this respectable missionary, we obtain another curious fact,—that *all* the works of Confucius, which may be considered to comprize all that was known at the renewal of literature under the Han, as above-mentioned, contain scarcely *three thousand* different characters.

The rapid multiplication of characters, and a more clear and comprehensive arrangement of them in the dictionaries, could not fail to enlarge the stock of books, the printing of which does not in the worst of times seem to have met with any direct discouragement from the government. The power of the press could not, however, long remain unfelt, nor the liberty of printing be left without some fixed regulations established by law. It is remarkable enough that in one of the most arbitrary governments that we are acquainted with, it should be tolerated at all. Mr. Morrison, in his Introduction, quotes the following curious passage from a Chinese author.

'When letters were invented, the heavens, the earth, and the Gods, were all agitated. The inhabitants of Hades wept at night, and the heavens, as an expression of joy, rained down ripe grain. From the invention

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invention of letters the machinations of the human heart began to operate; stories false and erroneous daily increased; litigations and imprisonments sprung; hence also specious and artful language, which causes so much confusion in the world. It was on these accounts the shades of the departed wept at night. But from this invention of letters polite intercourse and music proceeded; reason and justice were made manifest; the relations of social life were illustrated; and laws became fixed. Governors had a rule to refer to; scholars had authorities to venerate; and hence the heavens, delighted, rained down ripe grain. The classical scholar, the historian, the mathematician, the astronomer, none of them can do without letters: were there not letters to afford proof of passing events the shades might weep at noon day, and the heavens rain down blood.'

The mixture of good and evil to which the 'invention of letters' has given rise, has left a balance, in the opinion of the Chinese, preponderating in favour of the former. Their press, like our own, is free and unfettered as to any previous licence or restrictions; and the laws by which it is regulated are rather remedial than preventive; but woe be to him who transgresses those laws, and who is convicted of having offended them! Nice and minute as the distinctions are in the Chinese code, between the degrees of crime and the corresponding scale of punishment, the laws regarding the press are still vague and undefined. The *Leu-lee* says,

'Whoever is guilty of editing wicked and corrupt books, with the view of misleading the people; and whoever attempts to excite sedition by letters or hand-bills, shall suffer death by being beheaded; the principals shall be executed immediately after conviction, but the accessaries shall be reserved for execution at the usual season;' and 'all persons who are convicted of printing, distributing, or singing in the streets, such disorderly and seditious compositions, shall be punishable as accessaries.'

These laws regarding the press are not a dead letter: numerous instances of their application are on record, and made public by an authority not to be questioned. In the year 1777 there appeared in the Pekin Gazette the trial and condemnation of an author charged with the crime of high treason, a man of letters, says Père Amiot, who lived a retired life in Kiang-si; 'loin des emplois et de la cour, il s'amusoit à penser et à écrire.' On information being laid against him, his books were all seized, and, with himself, carried up to the capital, where he was tried by a court composed of the princes of the blood, the ministers, and mandarins of the first rank. The indictment contained four counts. 1. That he had published an abridgment of the Great Dictionary of *Kang-hi*, (the very book Mr. Morrison is translating,) in which he had the effrontery to contradict certain passages of this respectable and authentic book. 2. That in the preface to this abridgment he

he had the audacity to print the *trivial* names of Confucius, of the ancestors of the present dynasty, and of his imperial majesty himself! 3. That in the genealogy of his own family he had the impudence to assert that he was descended from *Hoang-ti*, through the dynasty of the *Tcheou*; and 4. That in some verses he again insinuates this pretended ancestry, using expressions highly reprehensible. Being called upon for his defence, he alleged, 1. That the Dictionary being very voluminous, and very incommodious, he had made an abridgment which costs little and is easy to handle. 2. That he had used the trivial names of the emperors of the reigning dynasty that the youth might know what those names were, and thus avoid the mention of them by any mistake; that, however, he had himself discovered his fault in this respect, and had corrected it by reprinting his Dictionary in which they were omitted. 3. That stating his descent from *Hoang-ti* was a thoughtless piece of vanity that came across him, arising out of a wish to make himself with the public a person of some consequence; and 4. That, as to his verses, being borne away by poetic fire, it never once occurred to him that the expressions made use of could be construed into a bad sense. The great princes, ministers, presidents of the tribunals, and mandarins of the first rank, thought otherwise: they pronounced *Ouang-si-heou* guilty of high treason, and that, according to the laws of the empire, the punishment due to the crime was, that the criminal be cut in pieces, his property confiscated, his relations above sixteen years of age put to death; his wives, his concubines, and his children under sixteen years, banished, and given to serve as slaves to some grandee of the empire. Upon which Kien-lung, himself an author, a poet, and a patron of learning, issues this decree: 'I extend my mercy to *Ouang-si-heou* in so far as regards the nature of his punishment; he shall not be cut in pieces; his head only shall be cut off. I pardon his relations. As to his children, let them be reserved for the grand execution in autumn. Let the law be put in execution as to the other points. Such is my will—Respect it.' Another person who availed himself of the usual privilege of presenting memorials, remonstrances, and representations, to the emperor, had the boldness to advise his majesty to nominate a successor; this being construed to 'imagine the death of the sovereign' was pronounced high treason, and the culprit was condemned to the same punishment as above, and the *mercy* of the emperor extended to him in the same manner. Another needy wretch, who, like Romeo's apothecary, lived by 'culling of simples,' thought of bettering his condition by turning author; in his book, which he presented to the emperor as the certain means of making his fortune, he stated that the ghost of his grandfather *Kang-hi* had appeared to him, and presented to him a book in which the destiny of the

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the reigning dynasty was pointed out, and that *Kien-lung* would cease to reign in a particular year. This poor creature, who was probably crazed, was also beheaded. These three instances of the merciful interposition of his imperial majesty *Kien-lung* happened in three consecutive years, and just after he had published to all China his anxious wish for the encouragement and dissemination of literature. But he is not the only despot of China who has affected to found the glory of his reign on the patronage afforded to men of letters. There is scarcely a dynasty since the invention of printing that has not caused new editions of all the books of standard merit, or such as have been stamped with the seal of public approbation, to be revised by the men of letters assembled for that purpose from all quarters, and reprinted at the imperial press. In 1774 *Kien-lung* signified, through the Pekin Gazette, his orders for such a collection to be made and examined. A multitude of inspectors general, of revisors, correctors, assessors, &c. were assembled at Pekin, among whom two of the emperor's sons were included. On those who suffered any material error to escape unnoticed, certain punishments were inflicted by the tribunals; but the punishment of the two princes, for negligence in this respect, the emperor reserved to himself. In five years the number of volumes so reprinted amounted to upwards of 168,000, and it was expected that the whole collection would extend to 600,000 volumes.*

In making this collection a book was discovered, which not a little alarmed the mandarins to whom it was brought—the title of it was 'Ninety-nine Methods by which the Mantchoos may be totally destroyed.' It was sent to Pekin, and ordered by the emperor to be strictly examined, without any regard to what might appear in it against the Mantchoos, whom the examiners were to consider in the light of enemies of the Chinese, as they actually were when the book was composed, and not as masters of China as they now were. The result of the examination of the grand doctors was communicated to the public through the medium of the Pekin Gazette; and we must do them the justice to say, that, of the fourteen or fifteen methods, out of the ninety-nine, which they examine as being the least stupid and absurd, the report contains so fair, so liberal, and so able a critique, that we should not be sorry to enlist into the service of the Quarterly Review a few such Chinese doctors as those who drew it up. They conclude by saying, that so far from the work being worthy of a place in the general collection, they deem it fit only for the fire. To which the emperor replies, 'Let it be excluded, and all the copies burnt.'

* Mém. sur les Chinois, tom. xv, pp. 289—353.

Père

Père Amiot observes that, in forming this collection, thousands and thousands of light ephemeral productions, such as tales, novels, dramas, poems, were never thought of; and yet these are, in our opinion, precisely what are wanted to enable us to form a true estimate of the genius of the people. The few translations we have obtained, and few, indeed, they are, after so long and so important an intercourse as we have maintained with this singular nation, are such as cannot fail to create a wish for more. If the boasted writings of Confucius fall far beneath the Proverbs of Solomon, or the moral maxims of Ecclesiastes the Preacher, which they most resemble, we can hardly refuse the *Leu-lee*, or Laws of China, precedence of the Laws of Menu, or the Orphan of the House of Tchao a superior rank to the Sacontala; and the little pleasing novel Hao-kiou-tchuan leaves us to regret that more of the same kind have not been given to European readers.

From the present prolific state of the Chinese press we are induced to consider the 'Clavis Sinica' of Doctor Marshman, and the 'Dictionary' of Mr. Morrison, as two of the most acceptable volumes that the study of Asiatic literature has yet produced. They have completely torn away the veil that so long enveloped the symbolic writing of the Chinese, and removed the difficulty that has hitherto impeded the study of that singular language of a people equally singular; their literary treasures are now laid open to every person of common capacity, who may chuse to give his attention to the subject; and it is certainly no trifling encouragement to know, that almost every European, who has made the least progress in the knowledge of the written character, has become enraptured with its beauties. Dr. Marshman, speaking of the study of the Chinese written character, says, it is 'a study, the pleasure resulting from which is so great, (now first difficulties are surmounted,) and the field of research it opens so interesting, as scarcely to permit its being extinguished but with life itself.' Mr. Morrison's opinion, who knows it well, is strongly in its favour.

'To convey ideas to the mind, by the eye, the Chinese language answers all the purposes of a written medium, as well as the alphabetic system of the west, and, perhaps, in some respects, better. As sight is quicker than hearing, so ideas reaching the mind by the eye, are quicker, more striking and vivid, than those which reach the mind by the slower progress of sound. The character forms a feature which really is, or by early associations is considered, beautiful and impressive. The Chinese fine writing darts upon the mind with a vivid flash; a force and a beauty of which alphabetic language is incapable. Chinese writing is also more permanent than the alphabetic system, which is ever varying its spelling with the continually changing pronunciation of the living voice. Perhaps the Chinese written language has contributed in some degree to the unity of the Chinese nation.'—*Introd.* p. xi.

We

We have given so full, and we trust so correct, an account of the construction and use of the written language of China, in our several reviews of Sir George Staunton's *Leu-tee*, Marshman's Dissertation, and De Guignes' Dictionary,* that we shall now confine our remarks to the additions in the 'Clavis Sinica' which the author has made to his former publication, and to a few observations on what he is pleased to call 'the Elements of Chinese Grammar.'

The first addition, after explaining the nature of the Chinese characters, is their division into six classes, towards which part of the subject 'his attention,' he says, 'was first turned by the Quarterly Review for May, 1811;' and this led him to consult Chinese books in order to examine and explain their nature and origin. This proves how very little read Doctor Marshman then was in Chinese literature, as almost all their philologists treat of the *Lieou-ye*, or division of characters into six classes, a detailed account of which may be found in an Essay on the Chinese Language, by Père Cibot, in the ninth volume of the Mémoires sur les Chinois, and also in the Lettre de Pekin of Père Amiot.

The next addition consists of nearly fifty pages, and embraces a discovery which we are rather inclined to consider as important; it is, at any rate, curious, and we are not aware that it has ever been noticed either by Chinese or Europeans. Having observed that of the *thirty thousand* significant characters composing the language, the 214 elements, and all those formed by the union of two elements, would not consist of a sixth part of that number, he had long suspected that the great mass of characters, like the Greek primitives and Sanscrit *dhatoos*, was made up of certain roots or primitives, associated with the several radicals or elements: this idea was strengthened by observing in a manuscript dictionary, in numerous instances, that one particular character was employed as a root of ten or twelve other characters, each of them formed by an union of this root with one of the 214 elements; for instance, the element expressing *hand* placed with this root formed one character; *head* with the same root another; *fire* with the same a third, and so on. This struck him so forcibly, that he examined the Dictionary, which contained about nine thousand characters, from beginning to end, and found that the whole of them were formed from eight hundred and sixty-two characters by the addition of only one element to each of them. He then, with the help of his Chinese assistants, set about examining the whole of *Kang-hi*'s Imperial Dictionary, and after *fifteen months* labour, had the satisfaction of seeing every character in the Dictionary derived from another,

* Nos. VI. X. and XXV.

classed

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classed under its proper primitive. The result of this laborious examination was as follows.

'Exclusive of the 214 elements, the number of characters from which *another* is formed amounts to 3867. From these, by the addition of a single element to each, is formed the great body of the language, in nearly the same manner as the great mass of the Greek language is formed from about 3500 primitives, and that of the Sanscrit language from about 1700 *dhatoos* or roots. The greatest number of derivatives, which spring from any one of these, is 74, and the least 1. The addition of a single element to the primitive forms each derivative, which in general expresses an idea in some measure distinct from that of the primitive character, but still bearing some relation thereto. It is, however, proper to observe, that the term 'primitive' is not applied to them on account of their *origin*, but merely with reference to their *use*.'—p. 34.

It is further stated that, by excluding the barren primitives, or such as give but one and two shoots, the number of efficient primitives is reduced from 3867 to 1689, which, with the elements, produce 22,370 characters: if this number be divided by the number of primitives, we have about 134 derivatives from each primitive, which is fewer than a Greek primitive in general produces; some of which, he observes, as λεγω for example, produce more than 200 derivatives. Considering the 214 elements to be included among the efficient primitives, we have 1903 characters which, in fact, constitute all the *materials* of the language, which is thus simplified, and rendered infinitely more easy of attainment, than by committing to the memory each individual character separately, without regard to these constituent parts which enter more or less into the composition of every character.

We shall not follow Dr. Marshman through the various classes of the primitives which he has thus discovered, but proceed to shew the nature and construction of the derivatives produced by their means, in composition with the 214 elements, which, when so employed, are called by him, *formatives*; and 'which,' he says, 'like prepositions and other formatives, both in the Greek and Sanscrit languages, though not precisely in the same way, combine themselves with the primitives, to form nearly the *whole* of the Chinese language.' The element or formative, he seems to think, is employed to express the *thing* which modifies or connects itself with the idea suggested by the primitive; and it is particularly mentioned in the Introduction to the Imperial Dictionary, that one great object was so to class the characters as to prevent the incongruity of placing the character *fire*, for instance, with that of *water*, or an *animal* in union with inanimate bodies. This observation, with great submission, has nothing whatever to do with his newly-

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discovered *primitives:* but even in this system, if system it may be called, there is more of fancy than of philosophical arrangement; and we strongly suspect the case to be the same with regard to Dr. Marshman's discovery of *primitives;* but he shall have the benefit of illustrating his theory by one of his own examples, taken at random from a great number produced in support of it.

'The character 中 *choong*, the midst, right, within, thorough, formed by drawing a perpendicular stroke through 口 *khou*, the mouth, gives birth to *nineteen* derivatives; uniting

with 人 *yin*, a man, it forms 仲 *choong*, the second or middle brother of three.

— 冫 *ping*, an icicle, — 冲 *choong*, deep: also a little child.

— 又 *yé*, again, — 叟 *choong*, the ancient character for a writer of annals.

— 女 *nyu*, a female, — 妠 *choong*, a female name.

— 山 *shyan*, a mountain, — 岬 *myoong*, a certain mountain.

— 心 *sin*, the heart, — 忡 *choong*, grief.

— the heart placed below, — 忠 *choong*, faithful, upright.

— 水 *shooi*, water, — 沖 *choong*, agitated as waters; void, deep.

— 皿 *ming*, a vessel, — 盅 *choong*, a small vessel or cup.

— 禾 *hwo*, corn unripe, — 禾中 *choong*, rising corn.

— 穴 *hyŭh*, a hole — 穿 *choong*, to bring forth with much difficulty. To pierce through.

— 竹 *chŏh*, a reed, — 笻 *choong*, a species of the bamboo.

— 羽 *yú*, wings, — 翀 *choong*, a bird's direct ascent through the air.

— 艸 *ts'haó*, grass, — 茸 *choong*, a species of grass.

with

with *choong*, insects, it forms *choong*, the food of insects.

— *ee*, clothing, — *choong*, pantaloons.

placed in the midst of *ee* — *choong*, good, right, faithful; an inner garment.

— *má*, a horse, — *chih*, to tie a horse's legs. To bind in general.

— *niáo*, a bird, — *choong*, a species of bat.

'It is possible that the union of two characters in Chinese may sometimes suggest more than one idea. Thus *choong* may suggest the idea of the *midst*, or the *point of rectitude*, and also that of something *within*. Nor is it improbable that one person, in uniting the primitive to the formative, might realize one idea suggested by it, while another might fix his attention upon one somewhat different. Some of the derivatives springing from this primitive seem formed by uniting the idea of the *midst* to that expressed by the formative. In one or two instances this appears so plainly, that the adjective *middle*, if added to the formative, would almost suggest the idea, as the *middle person*, or brother; *middle* clothing; the *mid* bird, i. e. between bird and beast, the *bat*. Others again seem to unite with the idea of the formative that of something *within*; as, something *within* the *heart*—grief; something *in* the *water* which agitates it; corn *within* the ear, &c. In several of the compounds the connection is not easily traced. All the names, except two, (in the above example,) follow that of the formative.'—p. 58.

We suspect, however, as we formerly stated, that this admirable and perhaps best practical attempt at an universal language was marred at an early period, by caprice or stupidity, or both; and that very few, certainly not a sixth part of the compound characters, are employed to represent the idea which would naturally be suggested by the union of the component parts. One thing, however, is quite evident from this discovery of Mr. Marshman—those characters which he calls *primitives* give, in nine cases out of ten, the *name* of the compounds into which they enter, far more frequently than the radicals or elements govern the *sense*. Thus *sin*, the heart, has twelve derivatives, (we should rather say compounds,) six of which are pronounced *sin*, and six *tsin*. The primitive *ngó*, I, has twenty-seven derivatives, or compounds, every one of which, one excepted, has the identical name of *ngó*. The primitive *tching* combines with twenty-two of the elements, of which sixteen are precisely the same as that of the primitive, and the rest, except one, begin with the aspirated initial of the primitive.

Of these primitives Dr. Marshman reckons up about twelve hun-

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shrubs of almost every kind arrange under the radical *moo*, wood, all the handicraft trades, labour, &c. under *shoo*, the hand; every modification of heat under *ho*, fire; all the passions and affections of the mind, as grief, joy, love, hatred, &c. under *sin*, the heart; all speech, tradition, history, antiquity, under *koo*, mouth; and these are all *keys* or *elements*. It is true Dr. Marshman takes all these and the rest of the elementary characters into the number of his primitives, in which sense only, but in no other, can his theory be maintained. He has noticed, indeed, that the element generally governs the prevailing idea of the compound, and that the primitive gives it a name.

The number of monosyllables in the whole language, according to Dr. Marshman, amounts to 846; and these, he observes, with the exception of some provincial variations, are all the words by which the Chinese have conveyed their ideas to each other from time immemorial. Sir George Staunton makes them amount, with all their inflections and accentuations, to 1331; if to the twelve hundred primitives be added those elements which are used as primitives, we shall have a very close approximation to an equality of monosyllabic sounds and primitive characters, that is to say, each character will have its distinct name; whereas one name now serves for forty or fifty characters. Had Doctor Marshman examined what proportion the elements and primitives, in their simple state, bore to the whole of the 3000 characters of which the works of Confucius are composed, and found that proportion to be very considerable, we should then say, that the language, in the time of Confucius, was in its infancy; but a contrary conclusion would be drawn, if, as at the present day, characters compounded of the elements and primitives prevailed. Again: if the whole or the greater part of the primitives were found among these 3000 characters, it would go far to establish the validity of his theory. It is fair to

presume that, if the character 我 *ngó*, I, produce twenty-six

compounds

compounds bearing the same name, this same character, being found complete in all, must have existed before any of those compounds, and communicated its own name to them; and if twelve hundred of these primitives are found to appropriate to themselves very nearly every *name* or *sound* in the language, the inference is equally fair, that these twelve hundred symbols are the 'original characters of the language,'—but it would be indisputable, if in the most ancient writings of China these characters were found to predominate uncompounded by what Doctor Marshman calls the *formatives* of the language.

The next part of the work discusses the nature of the colloquial medium, which, being singular in its nature and utterly unlike any other language ancient or modern, the Doctor infers, safely enough, must have been in use before the invention of their characters—'as speech necessarily precedes writing.' We noticed in a former Number, at considerable length, the system of initials and finals, and its analogy with the Sanscrit alphabet. To establish its claim to an original language, Mr. Marshman now examines the question how far it can be said to resemble the Hebrew and the Sanscrit, the two most ancient and only probable languages from which it could be derived. The Hebrew alphabet he finds to have *five* consonants which the Chinese have not, while the Chinese have *eight* not found in the Hebrew; *sixteen* probably may be deemed common to both. Then the Chinese language is purely monosyllabic and the Hebrew polysyllabic; the latter might easily spring out of the former, but it is scarcely conceivable that a polysyllabic language could be cut down to a language wholly composed of monosyllables. The numerous inflections of the Hebrew verbs are totally incompatible with the unchangeable inflexible monosyllable, which is at once a noun indeclinable, and a verb not to be conjugated, which in itself is incapable of taking either number, case, or gender; mood, tense or person. Not content with stating these discrepancies, Mr. Marshman examines the speech of Judah to Joseph, in the 44th chapter of Genesis, which in the Hebrew contains two hundred and six words, sixteen of which are monosyllables; but of these sixteen, *seven* only are found in the Chinese language, and these seven we apprehend, though he does not say so, are merely symphonious and not synonimous. Another passage of the Bible, Abraham's intercession for Sodom, is found to contain two hundred and thirty words, of which *ten* only are monosyllables, and *four* of these are Chinese. But lest it should be objected that the two passages are too modern for the time when the Chinese language may be supposed to have been first formed, Dr. Marshman goes still farther back, and taking the maledictory prophecy of Noah, relative to his grandson Canaan, in twenty-six words he finds only *one* monosyllable; and he therefore thus concludes—

'If the Chinese formed their colloquial medium by selecting one word from twenty-nine, as in the first example, from fifty as in the second, or even one from twenty-six, of those they were in the habit of hearing every moment, the point is decided—invention itself seems easy compared with this labour. But if they did not derive their colloquial medium from the language of Noah and his sons, the alternative is, *that they invented it wholly themselves.*'

The Doctor seems to take it for granted, that the language in which the history of Noah is related in the Old Testament, was actually the language spoken by Noah; for which we presume he has no authority either in sacred or profane history.

The similarity of the Sanscrit alphabet with the system of Chinese sounds would seem, at first sight, to render the filiation of these two languages far more probable, though in their construction they differ more widely than the Chinese and the Hebrew. The Sanscrit verb is in fact much more inflected and modified than the Hebrew verb; the language has fewer monosyllables and abounds more in sesquipedalian words than any other language we are acquainted with, not excepting the unpronounceable Mexican compounds. Our author compares the Ramayuna with the *Shee-king;* in ten pages of the former, containing four hundred and fifty-nine words, he finds only thirteen monosyllables of which seven do not occur in the *Shee,* nor are any two of them used to express the same idea in both languages.

Though we do not altogether admire Doctor Marshman's manner of stating the question, nor approve of the mode in which he conducts the argument, we have very little doubt of the justness of his conclusions; still we are rather surprized that, in explaining the system of sounds, the tones, &c. of the Chinese colloquial medium, as he calls it, from the preface of Kang-hi's Dictionary, he did not take notice of the observations thereon in the same preface: had he done this he might have spared himself a great deal of unnecessary labour, as he would there have seen at once that this alphabetic system, or series of initials and finals, which is never used by the Chinese, nor once employed in the dictionary in which it is introduced, is of very recent birth in China, and avowedly introduced from India by some Hindoo Brahmins. Mr. Morrison informs us that the Imperial Dictionary contains the following quotation from a work called *Fan-tsih*:—'The litterati in the time of Han (A. D. 200) understood letters, but were unacquainted with the mother characters.* The litterati on the left of the Great River knew the four tones, but were unacquainted with the seven sounds. Information respecting the seven sounds ori-

* The mother characters are used in modern dictionaries to point out the *name* of each character, by taking the *initial* of one and adding it to the *final* of the other: thus, tsai and ming would give the new monosyllable *tsing*.

ginated

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ginated in the western regions; in which system thirty-six characters are constituted mothers.' And it is added, 'In the western regions, the books of the *Po-lo-mun* can combine all sounds by fourteen letters.' The name even of the person is given who introduced the Sanscrit series of thirty-six initial sounds; he is called *Shin-kee*, a priest of Fo (or *Fuh*, as Mr. Morrison writes it,) from the country *Fan*, a part of *Tsang* or Thibet, and it is said to have been employed 'to give currency to the books of Fo in China.' Another testimony is produced which asserts, that 'the syllabic spelling entered China from the west, and prevailed extensively under the dynasties Tsé and Leang, answering nearly to A. D. 500.' Mr. Morrison adds in a note, 'that about the year 950 of the Christian era, a *Po-lo-mun* priest was at Pekin, and by the order of the Emperor *Këen-tih* 300 *Sha-mun* (or priests of Fo) went to India to procure books,' &c. Now it is quite obvious that the word *Po-lo-mun* is the only way in which a Chinese could write or pronounce *Brăhman;* and *Fuh*, or Fuh-to, we have no doubt, is their imitation of the sound Budh or Budha, the P, F and B being convertible letters in many languages, and a Chinese being unable to pronounce either B, R, or D; thus, for *bread* he would say *po-le-té:* and if by any possibility Chinese organs could be brought to pronounce any sound having the least resemblance to our monosyllable *strength*, it could not be done in less compass than a pentasyllable, *se-te-len-go-te*, and it would require five distinct characters to write it. The word *Sha-mun*, signifying priests, leaves no doubt as to the country of *Fo*.

All the Chinese philologists reject, with disdain, the attempt to introduce syllabic spelling, or any thing in the shape of an alphabet, knowing, no doubt, that an alphabet and their system of symbols could not co-exist; from the moment they adopted the one they must inevitably lose the other. A passage from a Chinese author of high reputation is quoted by Mr. Morrison.

'It appears to me that the people of *Fan* distinguish sounds: and with them the stress is laid on the sounds, not on the letters. Chinese distinguish the characters, and lay the stress on the characters, not on the sounds. Hence, in the language of *Fan*, there is an endless variety of sound; with the Chinese there is an endless variety of the character. In *Fan*, the principles of sound excite an admiration, but the letters are destitute of beauty. In Chinese, the characters are capable of ever varying intelligible modifications, but the sounds are not possessed of nice and minute distinctions. The people of *Fan* prefer the sounds, and what they obtain enters by the ear; the Chinese prefer the beautiful character, and what they obtain enters by the eye.'

In this part of Doctor Marshman's book, there is a long account of 'the period of Boodh's birth, his country, peculiar doctrines,' &c. which, it must be confessed, has not much to do with

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the 'Clavis Sinica;' nor is this the only redundant part of his work: we suspect, indeed, there is a little spice of vanity lurking in the mind of this good missionary, and that in matters of literature, at least, he is unwilling 'to hide his candle under a bushel.' But we hasten to the third division, termed 'Elements of Chinese Grammar.' That the grammar of the most simple and inartificial language that exists on the face of the earth should occupy upwards of 300 quarto pages, will require some explanation, and, in justice to Dr. Marshman, we shall give his own.

'It may, perhaps, be urged that a language so simple as the Chinese surely needed not a grammar of above three hundred pages to lay it open; to which it may be replied, that had the object been merely that of *affirming* things, instead of *substantiating* them, a far less number of pages would have sufficed; and an abridgment of this work, which will merely state grammatical positions explained at large elsewhere, may perhaps be brought into a fourth of the letter-press included in this work. But when it was necessary to substantiate every position, it seemed desirable that this should be done by examples from the best writings in the language. Further, as in so great a body of examples many historical facts, and allusions to the manners, customs, and peculiar ideas of the Chinese are necessarily brought before the reader, it appears desirable to introduce them by some brief account of the context, in order to render them intelligible.'

Now, with submission, we think that this introduction to the examples was neither necessary nor desirable, any more than to the examples which illustrate the rules of syntax in the Latin grammar, which are also drawn from 'the best writings in the language.' In short, as the collocation of the monosyllables in a sentence governs the sense of the sentence, and as mood, tense, number and person are designated by prepositions and other particles, very much after the manner of the English language, to which, in fact, the Chinese assimilates nearer than to any other we are acquainted with, a selection of sentences to shew the different effects of position, and a table of the auxiliary particles, with examples to illustrate their use, would have constituted a better grammar for the use of students than the 'Elements' of Dr. Marshman, and might have been contained in less than twenty pages.

Whether the Chinese have any notion of the mechanism that may be introduced into any language, by the inflection of the original root or monosyllable, or whether they discovered that any variation in the monosyllable must at once destroy the connection between it and the character employed to represent it, we pretend not to say; but it is quite certain that no corresponding alteration could be attempted in the characters without a total change of their original meaning; thus, for instance, *jin*, is the character for

for *man;* add a horizontal stroke it becomes 大 *ta,* and it represents the quality of *greatness;* another stroke converts it to 天 *tien,* heaven; substitute a point for the upper line and it becomes 犬 *kieun,* a dog. To preserve therefore, slight as it is, the connection between the characters and their names, it was absolutely necessary to preserve the monosyllable, in its original, unchangeable and permanent state, as the least alteration in the character would entirely change its original meaning, and destroy the connection between it and the monosyllable it before represented.

The English language, as well as the Chinese, affords numerous instances of the same monosyllable being used as a substantive, an adjective, and a verb, without confusion or ambiguity. To take one of Mr. Marshman's examples—'We received a severe *cut* with a sword—he appeared in a *cut* wig—they *cut* their way through the enemy.' The English language, however, *has* a change of termination, particularly in the verb, as from *love* come *lovest, loveth, loves, loved, loving,* but the word *ngai* love, or to love, is the same unchangeable monosyllable in number, case and gender; in mood, tense and person: by its position in the sentence, or by its accompanying particles alone, must its sense be determined. The manner in which this is done has been explained in a former Number.

Mr. Morrison's 'Dictionary of the Chinese Language' may be considered as the most important work in Chinese literature that has yet reached Europe, and we most sincerely wish he may live to finish it; at present we have received but a small part of it. It is not a mere translation of *Kang-hi's Tsze-tëen,* though that Dictionary forms the ground-work; 'the arrangement and number of the characters in the first part are according to it, the definitions and examples are chiefly derived from it;' but he has also added examples and explanations from his own knowledge of the use and application of the characters; from the Jesuits' MS. dictionaries; from native scholars; and from various works in the Chinese language.

The Dictionary of Kang-hi, as it is usually called, is a work of unquestionable authority; it is to the Chinese what Johnson's Dictionary is to us, and there is a remarkable coincidence of plan in the two works. It was compiled by order of the above-mentioned Emperor; twenty-seven persons were employed in composing it, two in revising, and one in superintending the press: and five years were allowed for bringing it out.

The characters are arranged in this dictionary according to the *keys*

keys or *radicals*, which, in fact, is now almost the universal method. Immediately after the modern character is placed the *seal-character;* then the form of the character as it has been found on *ancient* vases; and lastly, the *running hand* character. The first two are curious as frequently pointing out the transition from the picture to the abbreviated symbol. Thus, 丁 *ting*, a nail or wooden pin, was formerly . The character 丘 *k'hew*, a mound of earth, a hill, a hollow or valley, on ancient seals, was engraved thus, . 亅 and 乚 *keuĕ*, any thing hooked, thus, and . The character 兕 *sze*, a rhinoceros, on the seals thus, , is, on ancient vases, a complete hieroglyphic .

Mr. Morrison's Dictionary is both amusing and instructive in another respect. The examples convey allusions to the history, civil and religious institutions, customs, sentiments, peculiar opinions and expressions of this ancient and singular people, as will be explained by two or three extracts from the work itself.

Under the ninth radical 人 *jin*, a man, we find

'仙 Sëen S. C. R. H. From "man" and "hill." An imaginary species of beings; men who, by a total abstraction from the world, have escaped from the body, and are risen higher in the scale of existence than mortal man. They are supposed to inhabit hills and mountains away from the haunts of men; to be immortal, and to have the power of becoming visible or invisible at pleasure. They are spoken of as profoundly skilled in a kind of alchymy, and as having discovered the philosopher's stone, by which they can change whatever it touches into gold, raise the dead, and produce various wonderful transmutations. 老而不死曰仙.

Lao urh pŭh sze yuĕ Sëen. "Old and not dying is called *Sëen.*"

Again,* '遷也遷而入山也.

Sëen, ts'hëen yay, ts'hëen urh jŭh shun yay. "*Sëen* is, to remove; to

* The perpendicular stroke in all the examples is substituted for the character under explanation to avoid repetition.

remove

remove and enter amongst the hills." They are also called 神仙 *shin Sëen*, "divine genii." 八仙 *pa Sëen*, "eight Sëen," a reference to which is common. These eight, two of whom were women, have, somehow or other, risen to a degree of eminence above the rest; and, being considered always happy, and not liable to death, they are painted on various household utensils, and alluded to at birth-days, &c., in hope of participating of their felicity and long life. Some of these eight are not very ancient. One of the females was of the last dynasty; and one of the men is said to have dressed the head of *Füh*, and is particularly venerated by the barbers. They are not generally considered as Gods, nor worshipped, nor have they temples erected to them. Each is represented as holding in the hand an instrument or vessel, which has a reference to some part of his or her story.

'半仙 *pan Sëen*, "half Sëen," and 有酒學 *yew tsew heŏ Sëen*; "the Sëen who drink and learn," express a lower class of persons, as poets and others, who aspire to the rank of *Sëen*.

'放下屠刀便成佛. *Fang hea too taou pëen ching Sëen Füh*. "Lay down the butcher's knife and you will become a *Sëen*, or (like) the God *Füh*." The sect of *Füh* considers taking animal life a great crime.

'五仙 *woo Sëen*, "five Sëen." They are said to be heaven, the gods, earth, water, and the human soul.

'胎仙 *Tae Sëen*, a certain bird, said to live a thousand years, a surname.'—p. 69.

Again, under the character

'七 *ts'hih*. 七 S. C. "seven;" **te ts'hih*, "the seventh;" *ts'hih shing*, "the seven ruling powers;" namely, the sun, moon, and five planets. *San ts'hih*, "a certain medicine." *Chuh lin ts'hih*, "seven famous persons of the Bamboo plantation." *Ts'hih show pŭ keŏ*, "seven hands and eight feet," expresses the confusion caused by too many persons being engaged about a thing. *Ts'hih sëih*, "the seventh evening," refers to the evening of the seventh day of the seventh moon; an evening on which all the unmarried women in China offer sacrifice to, and

* We omit the characters for the sake of convenience.

worship

worship two stars in the milky way. The one is called *Neu lang*, the other *Chih neu*—an excellent husband and wife removed from earth to a place in the heavens. The ladies worship *chih neu* in order to obtain skill in needle work.'—p. 14.

Under the seventh radical 二 *urh*, 'two,' and the character 五 *woo*, 'five,' 亟 S. C. 互 R. H., we have some examples of the superstitious notions which attach to all the odd numbers, 3, 5, 7, 9.

'"Five."—*Te woo*, "the fifth," also a surname; *woo-tsze*, "five times;" *woo hing*, "the five elements," namely, *shwuy*, *ho*, *mŭh*, *kin*, *too*, "water, fire, wood, metal, earth;" *woo lun*, "the five relations;" *keun chin*, *foo tsze*, *heung te*, *foo fŏo*, *pang yew*, "a prince and minister, a father and son, elder and younger brothers, husband and wife, friends;" *woo chang*, "the five constant virtues;" *jin*, *e*, *le*, *che*, *sin*, "benevolence, justice, propriety, knowledge, truth;" *woŭ tseo*, "five ranks of nobility," which are denominated *kung*, *how*, *pŭh*, *tsze*, *nan*. *Kung* is the highest. *Woo fang* "the four points of the compass and centre," namely, *tung*, *nan*, *se*, *pĭh*, *chung*, "east, south, west, north, centre;" *woo wei*, "the five tastes;" *swan*, *t'een*, *koo*, *la*, *hëen*, "sour, sweet, bitter, acrid, salt;" *woo sĭh*, "the five colours;" *ts'hing*, *hwang*, *chĭh*, *pĭh*, *hĭh*, "azure, yellow, carnation, white, black;" *woo ts'hang*, "the five viscera;" *kan*, *sin*, *fei*, *shin*, *pe*, "liver, heart, lungs, kidneys, and stomach." The points of the compass, tastes, colours, &c. are supposed to have a certain relation to the five elements. *Urh woo yen tsze*, "two five eyes," is an expression which denotes obscure or imperfect visions. *Shih woo yay yuĕ san woo*, "the fifteenth night of the moon is called third fifth." Five they call *chung shoo*, "middle number." According to Shwŏ wăn the seal character represents, by the two horizontal strokes, the heavens and earth, between which the *yin* and the *yang* are blended.'—p. 49.

We shall extract a part of the explanations given under the character 佛 *Füh*, the idol deity.

'The author of *Ching-tsze-t'hung* states that the religion of *Füh* entered China during the seventh year of the reign of the Emperor *Ming*, of the dynasty *Han*, about A. D. 50. The compilers of *Kang-hi*'s Dictionary deny this, and say that some of the *sha-mun*, or priests of *Füh*, came to China during the dynasty Tsin. *Che-kwang*, the first emperor of that dynasty, who reigned about 250 years before Christ, imprisoned those priests on account of their being foreigners; but, it is said, a golden man broke open the prison doors at night. In the time of *Woo-te*, (B. C. 150 years,) an image of *Füh* was obtained, and the *Füh seang*, "images of Füh," of the present day, are according to that model. They allow, however, that it was during the reign of the Emperor *Ming* that the religion of *Füh* entered China more effectually, and the occasion of it was a dream of the emperor's, in which he saw a golden man fly about the palace. Confucius said "there are sages among the people

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ple of the west." This sentence has been erroneously quoted as bearing direct testimony to *Füh.*'—*Kang-hi.*

These extracts will be sufficient to shew how very superior this dictionary is to that of De Guignes: they are, indeed, not to be named together; in the one we have merely the common signification, in Latin and French, of about one third part of the characters, many of them ill selected; in the other we have numerous examples under each character to shew its various applications, and these examples are drawn from the best authorities in the language, ancient and modern.

Mr. Morrison, we find, has also published a Grammar of the Chinese Language at Serampore; of this we have not been able to obtain a copy, though the edition has been for some time in London; but we understand that it is well adapted to the use of a learner, being short and comprehensive. Why are the works of these learned and indefatigable missionaries not advertised in the daily papers like other books, that the nations of Europe may know what rapid advances have been made of late years in oriental literature by our countrymen, the neglect of which had so long been their reproach? In France and in Germany the study of the Chinese language has recently been renewed; yet we verily believe that, were it not for our Journal, these countries would remain in ignorance of the lead which England has taken in this pursuit. Russia too, who has long kept up a commercial intercourse with the northern parts of China, on the frontiers of the two empires, is at length cultivating a taste for Chinese literature. By a treaty made in the reign of Elizabeth, six young Russians are allowed to study the language in Pekin; but either from their having been ill chosen, or, which is more likely, from the counteraction of the Chinese, none of them have hitherto made any progress in the language or the literature of that nation. Mr. Kaminsky, however, has recently returned to Petersburg with a considerable stock of information and materials; and the Emperor Alexander, with the liberality worthy of a great sovereign, has ordered to be published at his own expense, and in the best possible manner, a Dictionary of the Chinese, the Mantchoo, and the Mongul languages, with explanations in Russian, and we trust in Latin also, for the benefit of other European nations: and we are happy to add that young Davis, whose name we have before had occasion to mention, has transmitted home the translation of a Chinese drama, which we trust will not be withheld from the public. The Orphan of the House of Tchao is the solitary specimen of this kind of composition known to Europeans, and, if we may judge of the taste of the Jesuits from their other labours, there is no reason to suppose it to have been selected as the best of Chinese productions in that way; yet it was not thought unworthy the task of remodelling by Voltaire, nor was his Orphan of China deemed unfit to be translated into English by Murphy.

ART.

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ART. IV.—*The Works of* William Mason, A. M. Precentor of York and Rector of Aston. 4 vols. 8vo. 1816.

WE know not how it came to pass that in the present rage for collecting and publishing the posthumous remains of distinguished men, much the largest portion of these volumes should have lain in the bureau of Mr. Mason's executors, or among the papers of his correspondents, fifteen years after his decease. The temporary suppression of so much new and curious matter cannot be imputed to indifference for the memory of a man who still survives in the breast of several affectionate friends: but indolence and procrastination are very compatible, at least with certain degrees of pious regard to the manes of departed genius. We are equally at a loss with respect to the person to whose attention the public is indebted for the collection now before us. A much greater desideratum is the author's life, of which nothing but slight and inaccurate sketches have ever been written; while the authentic particulars, out of which it ought to be compiled, are now passing fast into oblivion.

William Mason, however, was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, February 23d, 1725, and imbibed the first elements of classical literature at the grammar school of that town. In the year 1741 he was admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he had the fortune of being under the tuition of Mr. Powell and Mr. Balguy, two young men highly distinguished at that time in the university, and afterwards in the religious and learned world. By their introduction he became known to Mr. afterwards Dr. Hurd, the late Bishop of Worcester, while his own merit had previously attracted the notice of Dr. Heberden.

To the first of these friends the earliest blossom of his Muse was presented in the following lines, which have been transcribed from a copy in the hand writing of Dr. Balguy, and bear indubitable marks of authenticity. They are also authenticated by an improved and expanded copy in this collection.

'*Lines written by Mr. Mason while Undergraduate of St. John's College, Cambridge.*

'Say, Memory, can thy retrospective power
In all its boasted elegance explore
Such scenes as Granta's shade supplies?
Oh! seize the glories as they rise;
Seize them, till age, with all her wintry train,
Snows o'er my head and freezes every vein,
Oh! then the long lost rapture roll
And dart delight through all my soul.
Bid this mild summer of my life rebloom,
Bid every shade embrown and cloister gloom,

Instruct

Bring Candour in her lilied vest,
And universal Science, souring high,
Bear on his plume the vestal Modesty.'

In January, 1745, he took the degree of A. B. and having no near prospect of a fellowship in his own college, was thankful to accept the recommendation of Dr. Heberden, which procured for him the same situation in Pembroke Hall. For this disappointment in his own society there were probably more reasons than one. He complains of the governing powers of his day, as

'——————————— scorning those,
Perchance too much, who woo the thriftless muse.'

But the constitution of that society is unfortunately so fettered by local and even family claims, as frequently to exclude the greatest proficients even in abstract science. Cambridge, indeed, though honoured by the education of almost all the greatest poets of our country, has not been very propitious to the votaries of the Muse. Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Cowley, Otway, and Gray, though none of them above eleemosynary assistance, were dismissed by their respective societies, if not without an acknowledgment, at least without the reward of their genius. Pembroke Hall, however, brought our young poet into contact with a congenial but more powerful mind, to whose controlling and corrective hand he was indebted for the retrenchment of those wild luxuriances with which his earlier compositions were overrun: this was Mr. Gray, whose long friendship and faithful services Mason lived to repay in an edition of his works so judiciously selected and so elegantly arranged, as to put to shame every subsequent attempt of the same nature. By this time the name of Mason was beginning to be distinguished. The school of Pope had expired with himself; and the latter years of the reign of George II. were no less remarkable for the absence of great poets, than for the rapid declension which had taken place in architecture and painting. The field was therefore open to two young men of real genius, and yet both alike neglected, to avail themselves of the advantage which they possessed, one from his obstinate addiction to ancient literature, and the other from the indolence of his temper and the independence of his circumstances. Smart, who might have rivalled either of his contemporaries, was oppressed

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oppressed by want and enervated by profligacy, while the splendour of Goldsmith's genius had not yet burst forth from the fogs of his native country. The peculiar situation, however, of the two friends (a situation in which poets have been rarely placed) was at once favourable and injurious to their fame. On the one hand, it prevented them from undertaking, or it tempted them to abandon any great original work. On the other, it removed the necessity of their appearing before the public in undress—it enabled them to finish their short and exquisite performances with elaborate exactness; and in consequence they were always received as rare, and therefore as welcome visitants. It was not many years before the patronage of Lord Holderness placed the younger, and certainly the inferior, bard in a situation of complete independence; and henceforward, to the close of his days, the Muse's visits to Mason, though frequent, seem to have been short, and divided with those of many rivals. The cure of a country parish, to which he was conscientiously attentive; the elegant amusements of music, painting, and landscape gardening, and, what is most to be regretted, the bustle and rancour of politics, left too little space in his easy, but occupied life, for a pursuit which seems to require other stimuli than that of inspiration, and to be repressed by every competitor less delicate and more boisterous than itself.

Mason appears to have had the seeds of true taste, as well as of poetry, sown in his constitution: he was moreover born with the temper of a whig, and having been placed in times and in a situation favourable to the exercise of these propensities, he gave the rein to all. He understood with exquisite skill all those combinations of natural appearances which constitute the picturesque; he studied scientifically the principles of painting, and he was one of the most successful of those who painted, in nature's own colours, 'water, plants, and ground.' There was a fitness and felicity in his preferments which was truly enviable; for, while his parsonage at Aston contributed health, leisure, and a scene for the English Garden, the Precentorship of York not only afforded him a temporary residence in the second city of the kingdom, but it supplied a delightful occupation to his musical attainments by superintending and regulating the choir of a noble cathedral. Above all, that a temper naturally petulant and irritable might not settle into morbid composure from the want of exercise, he fell 'on evil days and evil tongues'—on all the strife and debate occasioned by the American war in his middle age, and the still greater agitation of the French Revolution in his declining years. Mason was not of a temper to contemplate what he deemed the fall of liberty in one country, or its origin in another, with tranquillity and in silence. In the American war he associated himself with a powerful and factious party in

in his own county—he wrote, remonstrated, resolved—he saw 'corruption ride in titled triumph,' and national existence, he assured himself, could not long survive the extinction of national virtue. He hailed the rise of that great luminary, which saved Europe, but beheld his meridian splendour with disgust. He quitted a promising situation at court with ostentatious contempt; and, if he were really the author of the Epistle to Sir William Chambers, he treated the person of his sovereign with unpardonable insolence and injustice. His tory Metropolitan fared no better; and when the zealous and loyal prelate Archbishop Markham had inveighed with too much warmth in his primary charge, and at the first place of visitation, against 'the detestable character of a factious clergyman,' his precentor, though by another mouth, answered the charge with more than becoming asperity at the next. In this contempt of superiors, and hatred of subordination, he resembled Milton. It was constitutional in him: he allowed it to become inveterate. When an undergraduate, he lampooned one of the first characters in the university in a copy of very scurrilous verses, which now probably survives only in the memory of one person, and shall die with it; and when a dignitary, he libelled his own Metropolitan. Amidst all these dissimilarities, (such is the mutual attraction of genius and critical skill,) he maintained, to the last day of his life, an uninterrupted friendship with the most cautious and courtly of prelates—Bishop Hurd. Mason smoothed the lawns of Hartlebury, while the Prelate smoothed *his* strains; and such was the fascination of pursuits so congenial to the tempers of both, that in their intercourse the Furies of political debate were charmed into silence.

Ως ἀρα φωνησαντος, Ἐριννυς ἰσχιθου αυδην.

This longlived and dignified friend was the only one among his early connections whom Mason did not survive. He spent his later years principally at Aston, where he had taught

'——— one little acre to command
Each envied happiness of light and shade,'

and where the exercise of hospitality and charity, together with a growing spirit of devotion, shed a calm and tranquil light over his closing days, which he had probably learned to prefer to the fire of his youth and the turbulence of his middle age. After the publication of his English Garden, (neither the most poetical nor vigorous of his compositions,) the Muse's visits were neither long nor frequent: but he continued to exercise his declining powers in a single annual sonnet, devoted to the remembrance of his own birthday, till within a few weeks of his death, which happened April 5th, 1796, in the 73d year of his age.

How seldom has the character of a true poet been united to that of a regular and wealthy clergyman! Young, Pitt, and Brome are, perhaps, the only instances, besides our author, in the whole compass of English poetical biography. Be it remembered, however, that the term 'biography' properly applies to the *dead*. This hint, we trust, will be 'vocal to the intelligent.' But Mason was, from the beginning, a moral and a prudent man; and though the disposal of his father's property appears to have been unkind and inofficious, he never knew the temptations of want: he loved, he cherished, but unfortunately he boasted too loudly of independence. He seems to have been fond of connections in a rank so far above his own, that they must necessarily have cost him nothing; and, among his equals, the haughty reserve, the squeamish delicacy of Gray, had taught him to disrelish promiscuous and ill-assorted society.

'Know thy own worth and reverence the Lyre' might have been his motto; and it was happy for him that in the capital of a remote province, besides other associates of taste and elegance, he found one friend of a mind and habits thoroughly congenial to his own. For this connection, though with a layman, he was partly indebted to the orthodoxy of his own principles; for the faith of Dr. Burgh was as pure as his life, and Mason, in the midst of his political connexions with unitarians and schismatics, never swerved from the standard of doctrine and discipline in his own church, but, with happy inconsistency, fought its battles against the very men to whom, in another and a kindred cause, he had given the right hand of fellowship. Dazzled by the first glare of the French Revolution he sang its glories and its prospects; but the horrors, which quickly followed, opened his eyes, and he tried to make his peace with the friends of order and legitimate government, by an awkward and ungraceful PALINODIA.

The literature of Mason has been underrated. This mistake is partly owing to the absence of all parade of learning in his works, and partly, perhaps, to the gigantic erudition of his friends; but his attainments, as a scholar might be far beneath those of Hurd and Gray, and, at the same time, far above those of ordinary classical scholars. He was bred, indeed, at a country school, and therefore never tried to 'emulate the forms of classical composition;' but his taste was good, his knowledge of the learned languages not defective, and he was certainly able, without a master, to transfer 'the choral graces of Sophocles' into his own dramatic compositions. That he failed in his attempt to transplant these graces to the English stage was no imputation on his knowledge or his talents; they were copied with skill and with animation, but the genius, we may be permitted to say, the better genius, of our own drama

drama presented an insuperable bar. Mason only failed where Milton had failed before.

Without being a professed 'black-letter man,' he was deeply read in old English poetry; and when the Rowleian controversy arose, he was heard to declare, that himself could have written as good verses as those imputed to Chatterton, and in the same garb of antiquity, at the same early age. In this assertion he was fully justified by the Musæus. He was well read in Italian poetry; French verses he professed himself unable to endure. His deepest researches into antiquity were in quest of anecdotes of ancient art. After all he does not appear, even in the years of pupilage, much less in those of ease and independence, to have been an habitual student: in the scientific pursuit of his own university he made little proficiency, and when he became master of his own time and habits, the 'vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem' included the spade, the pallet, and the lyre, as well as the library. Fond as he was of plants he seems to have been no regular botanist, and while he praises the 'Science of the wondrous Swede' he intimates the uselessness of his arrangements for the purposes of artificial landscape. It was, perhaps, to his credit, that in a country neighbourhood, and among persons unable to judge of his higher qualifications, he was considered rather as a man of strong sense and independent spirit, than as a peculiar and unintelligible character. Among people of ordinary understanding he trusted for estimation to the liberal use of an ample income, and was not disappointed. In the domestic relations he was very inadequately tried: he was a fond husband, however, for the short time in which he possessed a wife, and he never became a father. In the testamentary disposition of his property (whatever might be the inducement) he disappointed the expectations of his nearest relations. What he thought of the other sex may be inferred from the fact that he chose his 'Maria' principally for her taciturnity. Such, however, he was, that his virtues far preponderated over his infirmities, and his death produced a chasm, which has not yet been, nor is likely to be, supplied, by the appearance of another poet of the same order, who, gifted with real genius, and even an exuberant imagination, was never betrayed by either into extravagance or excentricity of conduct; but who discharged the common offices of life as a man and a clergyman, with a uniform propriety and decorum, of which uninspired good sense alone is usually the prompter and preserver.

Mr. Mason must next be considered in another light, than as a man, or even a scholar. From the first specimens which are preserved of his Muse he appears to have been gifted by nature with the materials of a great poet; his faults were those of superfluity, not of defect; his imagination was copious to excess; his diction

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florid even to the confines of bombast. His first short performances are almost a tissue of personifications; he had an early and singular faculty of imitation; and the Musæus itself, though every individual copy which it attempted fell very far short of the great original, displayed a versatility of style, an habit and depth of reading, a correctness of ear, and a command of varied language, rarely united in so young a man. Though Mason spent all his early years, and long after the Muse began her visits, either

> 'On that bleak and boisterous shore
> Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and Ouse
> To his and Ocean's Tritons,'

or on the tame and uninspiring banks of the Cam,—yet his soul was stored from the first with picturesque imagery, of which, perhaps, the earliest forms, if not derived from painting, were properly creations. We are almost inclined to believe the former to have been the case; for after he became a professed painter, and had visited those scenes, in his native country, which realized the wild visions of Salvator Rosa, he had evidently contracted a practice of applying artificial, as the test of natural beauty.

But Mason never became stationary in these countries, nor ever attended to the plain and pastoral manners of their inhabitants, which have misled the small poets of later days from simplicity to silliness, and produced a kind of moral portrait painting which sickens every man of sense by its very exactness. Mason, indeed, by habit and by constitution, though an enthusiastic admirer of dead nature, had nothing of the pastoral poet about him. Notwithstanding his political propensities—he conversed most willingly with the great—his personal and domestic habits were elegant,—and he beheld the poor, rather as objects of equitable and compassionate treatment, than as beings with whom he could endure to mingle in order to copy their manners, or to transcribe their language. Another preservative from this soft and maukish turn of mind, was a strong sense of humour, and a disposition satirical and even sarcastic. In bosoms so fortified, the sentimental and the romantic find no place. The roar of a cataract, the smooth and sunny expanse of a lake, the impending horrors of a rock, or the deep gloom of a forest, Mason would have sung, or have painted, with the animation of genius; but his eye would have wandered without attention over the groups of his own species, which occupied these enchanting scenes, his ear would have been deaf to the peculiarities of their dialect, and his fancy little moved by the simplicity of their manners.

Betwixt Mason and his tuneful friend there was in this respect one important difference: he, perhaps, exalted artificial scenery too high; Mr. Gray, on the contrary, looked with scorn on the trivial

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vial imitations which man presumed to attempt of the beauties and grandeur of nature.

This is easily accounted for: Mason had the means of gratifying his leading propensity, which Gray had not. He was a practical landscape painter, and Aston was an archetype of the English garden. Mr. Gray had no grounds to lay out, and could neither paint nor purchase landscapes. He was contemporary with another kindred spirit, both in taste and poetry; but between Shenstone and himself there were fewer points of resemblance than were to have been expected. To the Bard of the Leasowes Mason has not done justice: he describes, indeed, the scene, which, in the infancy of such pursuits, that elegant but unhappy man created, as

> '———— still lovelier than his song:
> Yet was that song—
> Nor rude nor unharmonious, when attuned
> To pastoral plaint or tale of slighted love.'

But these topics are unskilfully or invidiously chosen; and never was praise more thriftily bestowed or more unhappily applied. Was it the 'jalousie de métier' which misled a nature usually just and generous—or was it by some momentary perversion of intellect, that Mason, whose judgment was usually right, failed to perceive where Shenstone's strength lay? That his poetry was always exalted by taste, and that his happiest strains beyond all comparison are those in which he describes natural scenery, or teaches the principles of landscape painting, no attentive and competent judge could have doubted for a moment. In the Rural Elegance, short as it is, besides a natural and easy flow of harmonious versification, there is far more of the 'Philosophy of Taste,' (we borrow for once an expression from our northern neighbours,) than in all the English Garden, which is professedly didactic.

On the Caractacus and Elfrida it would be idle to comment. The public taste has at length assigned to them the rank of beautiful dramatic poems, with much fancy, some tinsel, great classical taste, and an entire unfitness for representation. Perhaps, however, an attempt to revive them might be made, omitting the choruses; for, with rhyme or without, in the shape of Glover's Medea or Mason's Elfrida, between the genius of the English stage and that of Greece, there is this essential and radical difference,—that the one indispensably requires, and the other obstinately rejects, a chorus.

In elegies and moral epistles, Mason was excellent;—the flow of his versification, the warmth but honest independence of his opinions, the tone of intellectual superiority which he maintains in addressing the great, the exalted sentiments of morality and religion which he generally infuses into these short but exquisite composi-

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tions, render it difficult to determine whether we are more to respect the poet, or the man.

But in the more cramped and contracted walk of sonnet and metrical epitaph, Mason reigns and triumphs. In the former, he sometimes far surpasses Milton—in the latter, he rivals Dryden.—Like those of the latter, however, the subjects of his sepulchral eulogies, though not undeserving, were frequently obscure. Domestic virtue, of all others the most valuable, but happily the most common, put the powers of the writer to the severest trial; yet in the Epitaph on Mrs. Mason, the pangs of widowed love, and the recent disruption of the tenderest of all ties, have produced a 'gem of purest ray serene,' which has never been beheld without admiration, and seldom without a tear. Yet, in one of those lucky moments which are no more to be accounted for than the lights and shades of human life, Mason has far surpassed that and himself. To the present collection we are indebted for the following lines, at once awful, vigorous, sublime, and pathetic.

EPITAPH

ON THOMAS FOUNTAYNE, ESQ.

Only Son of the Dean of York, in Melton Church, Yorkshire.

O here, if ever, holy Patience, bend
Thy duteous knee! the hand of Heaven revere!
Here bid the father, mother, sister, friend,
In mute submission, drop the Christian tear!
Nor blame that in the vernal noon of youth
The buds of manly worth, whose opening bloom
Had glowed with honour, fortitude, and truth,
Sunk in th' eternal winter of the tomb:
That he whose form with health, with beauty charm'd,
For whom fair Fortune's liberal feast was spread,
Whom science nurtur'd, bright example warm'd,
Was torn by lingering torture, to the dead.
"Hark!" cries a voice that awes the silenced air,
"The doom of man in my dread bosom lies;
Be yours awhile to pace this vale of care,
Be his to soar with seraphs in the skies!"

From about the fortieth year of his age, whether from indolence, or that imagination is the first faculty which falls a prey to mental declension, as it is one of the first which developes itself, a manifest inferiority begins to appear in the productions of Mason's Muse. Still he sang on, as occasion prompted or entreaty urged, to his seventieth year, when his 'right reverend censor' prescribed to him an abstinence from verse, with the exception of an annual sonnet, which he continued feebly and coldly to indite to his last birth-day, not six weeks, as we have said, before his decease.

The

The collection of his works in this edition is copious, and perhaps, as far as the author would have acknowledged, complete. Yet we cannot help wishing that one scarce and exquisite poem, written by him, if at all, in the vigour of his powers, and another of later date and inferior merit, had been inserted at least as apocryphal, and on internal evidence:—we mean the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and the Archeological Epistle to Dean Miller. With respect to the first—when it is remembered that no one then alive, with the same peculiar taste and the same political principles, could have written such poetry, we must either ascribe the Heroic Epistle to our author, or suppose, very needlessly and improbably, that one person supplied the matter and another shaped it into verse! But the personal insolence displayed in this poem to his sovereign, which was probably the true reason for concealing the writer's name—the principles of genuine taste which abound in it—the bitter and sarcastic strain of indignation against a monstrous mode of bad taste then beginning to prevail in landscape gardening, and, above all, a vigorous flow of spirited and harmonious verse, all concur to mark it as the work of our independent and uncourtly bard.

The Archeological Epistle was an hasty but animated effusion, drawn forth by the Rowleian Controversy, and dressed in the garb of old English verse, in order to obviate the argument drawn from the difficulty of writing in the language of the fifteenth century. The task might indeed have been performed by many; but the sentiments accorded with the known declarations of Mason: the versification and language were easy to him, and an oblique stroke at Archbishop Markham, whom he travelled out of his way to insult, betrayed, and perhaps was meant indirectly to betray, the real author.

> 'Even glomed York, of thine Amede afraid,
> At Lollard's Tower with *spiring eye shall peer*.'

The last words convey a *personal* reflection.

But to return to his acknowledged works,—of which the most considerable, after the first spirited productions of his youth, is the English Garden. It is the misfortune of this work that it was seriously intended to be didactic—to convey a practical knowledge of the science which it professed to teach. Instruction therefore was the first object, and poetry the second. In consequence, the matter is coldly scientific, and the composition stiffly correct. Less of inspiration (that inspiration which Mason once possessed) has seldom been thrown into the verses of a man of genius. As a vehicle for his precepts he chose blank verse, which he was not accustomed to, for his own accommodation; yet he appears to

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have been more constrained by his imagined freedom than he would have been by the fetters of rhyme. No one can for a moment compare the versification of the English Garden with Mason's own translation of Du Fresnoy, without being compelled to acknowledge that the clearness, the compression, the simplicity of couplets in the hand of such a master, were better adapted to the conveyance of scientific truth, than the licence, the looseness, the tumour, and the concomitant indistinctness of blank verse. In this work the single episode which he has introduced is puerile and romantic, though the addition of a modern head to a truncated ancient statue, which has been censured as a clumsy contrivance, is justified by the constant practice of statuaries. But neither the precepts of art, nor the charms of poetry, could wean our bard from his inveterate propensity to political growling. Health, competence, an elegant retirement, the disposal of his own time, well earned reputation, and, excepting nuptial happiness, almost every earthly blessing, seem to have been corroded by this single poison; and at the close of the work, he has no other consolation than that the elegant art which he had taught, and the beautiful scenes which his precepts were likely to produce, would at least contribute to sooth the sorrows of his party for the vices of their government, and the miseries of their country—that *such*, the virtuous and heart-broken few,

> May turn that art we sing to soothing use
> At this ill-omened hour, when rapine rides
> In titled triumph, when corruption waves
> Her banners broadly in the face of day,
> And shews th' indignant world the host of slaves
> She turns from Honour's standard.—

Among the additions made to Mason's Poems in the Edition of 1797, we were struck by a sad instance of injudicious vanity, from the danger of which human nature is never exempt. This is nothing less than an Elegy in a church-yard in North Wales, written in ill-concealed but friendly emulation of Gray's incomparable poem. For such an attempt, of which he seems in part to have felt the temerity, nothing can be more awkward than his excuse. 'It was not so much for the sake of contrast that I gave the elegy such an exordium, as to make it appear a day scene, and as such, to contrast it with the twilight scene of my excellent friend's elegy.' As his own suffrage, however, may be suspected, he shelters himself from the imputation of vanity, under the authority of a nameless critic; and this, says he, 'is to obviate a prejudice, which some readers might take to it, as supposing, from the title and subject, that I wrote it to emulate what, I am as ready to own as they are, is inimitable.' Whoever the flatterer may have been, the 'right reverend censor' was surely not at hand, to warn him—

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τουσδ' αλλης εναριζ', απο δ' Εκτορος ισχεο χειρας—and it is really singular that this emulous and aspiring elegy should, in fact, be the meanest of all Mason's compositions—feeble and prosaic in its diction, and tritely moral in its sentiments. Let us not be mistaken, however, as imputing to Mason morality for dulness. He was always moral, he was never dull. It is indeed the glory of this poet, so various in his subjects, and often so impassioned in his sentiments, not only that he never trespassed on the nicest rules of decorum, but that his writings breath the purest spirit of morality, and the most exalted strains of devotion. Independently of all regard to the decencies of his character and function, he appears, in his later years especially, to have been habitually and deeply pious—in proof of which we subjoin with pleasure his last short strain, the feeble effort, indeed, of a genius almost exhausted, of a light twinkling in the socket, but the tribute of an humble and holy spirit prepared to meet its God.

'Again the year on easy wheels has roll'd
To bear me to the term of seventy-two.
Yet still my eyes can seize the distant blue
Of yon wild peak, and still my footsteps bold,
Unpropp'd by staff, support me to behold
How Nature, to her Maker's mandate true,
Calls Spring's impartial heralds to the view,
The snow-drop pale, the crocus spik'd with gold;
And still, (thank Heaven!) if I not falsely deem,
My lyre yet vocal freely can afford
Strains not discordant to each moral theme
Fair truth inspires, and aid me to record,
(Best of poetic palms!) my faith supreme
In thee, my God, my Saviour, and my Lord!'

Art. V.—1. *An Essay on the Prevention and Cure of Insanity, with Observations on the Rules for the Detection of Pretenders to Madness.* By George Nesse Hill. London. pp. 446.

2. *Report together with the Minutes of Evidence, and an Appendix of Papers, from the Committee appointed to consider of Provisions being made for the better Regulation of Madhouses in England. (Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 11th July, 1815.) Each Subject of Evidence arranged under its distinct Head.* By J. B. Sharpe, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 8vo. pp. 411. 1815.

3. *A Letter addressed to the Chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the State of Madhouses. To which is subjoined, Remarks on the Nature, Causes,*

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Causes, and Cure of Mental Derangement. By Thomas Bakewell. pp. 100. 1815.

4. *Observations on the Laws relating to Private Lunatic Asylums, and particularly on a Bill for their Alteration, which passed the House of Commons in the year* 1814. London. pp. 112.
5. *Practical Hints on the Construction and Economy of Pauper Lunatic Asylums, including Instructions to the Architects who offered Plans for Wakefield Asylum, and a Sketch of the most approved Design.* By Samuel Tuke. pp. 55. 1815.

IT would be difficult, perhaps, to find in the whole range of Cowper's poetry a passage of more exquisite pathos than a short sentence in one of his letters. He is, if we recollect right, congratulating a friend upon a recent recovery from a fever, and he proceeds somewhat in this strain: 'You have been restored from bodily pain and indisposition, and it is well; I am thankful, and you ought to be thankful for it; but "Oh! the fever of the mind!"' Nothing, indeed, can weigh in the smallest degree against mental sickness,—against that state in which the imagination is only active as the agent of cruelty—in which conscience, always alive to guilt, is now furnished with the tormenting implements of fancy and fear; —when there are no distinct impressions upon the brain but those of misery;—when all besides this is indistinctness, tumult, hurry, distraction!

But madness is said to be a 'state, in many cases, of comparative happiness.' Can that be called happiness which seems to deprive man for a time of the destiny of his being, and link him with perishable matter?—which severs the bond of social and domestic affection, and places a barrier of separation between man and his fellow man? Surely no vividness of pleasurable feeling, no exaltation of the fancy, even to the highest pitch of giddy delight, no exclusion, however complete, from the actual misery of the world, can compensate, in any measure, for the deprivation of consciousness, or cause mental alienation to be contemplated in any other light than as a most distressing and heart-rending spectacle.

Insanity is at best a state of helplessness; and the subjects of it are, on this account, in a peculiar manner, the objects of legislative guardianship. The relative situation of a madman to the government under which he lives, bears no inconsiderable resemblance to that of a child to his parents; and the wisdom, both of the parent and lawgiver, will be best evinced by the systematic care exercised in either instance to secure the well-being of the charge. In this point of view, incentives to misconduct, on the part of intimate connections, towards the insane, may be compared with the

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the besetting evils of unconscious childhood, from which it is the urgent duty of an affectionate father to protect his offspring. That such misconduct often displays itself to a dreadful extent, we have the authority of one of the pamphlets now before us.

'I lately saw a parent,' says Mr. Bakewell, 'who insisted upon it, that no means of recovery should be used for her son, who was in a state of phrenitic insanity; for that it was an evil spirit, she said, that he was troubled with, and till the Lord was pleased to take it off, she was quite sure that nothing that either I or any one else could do, would be of any use; the young man was very likely for recovery, but I dare say that he now remains in the same state; and this opinion that lunatics are demoniacs prevails very much.'

But we find that it is not merely from misconception and ignorance, on the part of relatives, that the disordered in mind frequently suffer. Worse motives are seen sometimes in exercise, and that to a degree which it would scarcely be possible to suppose.

'I have known a son,' says the writer just quoted, 'take measures evidently for the purpose of preventing the recovery of his father from insanity. I have known a large opulent family combine together in the use of means, which they thought the most likely to prevent the recovery of a brother, who had acquired a large property by his own exertions: they living at this moment in possession of his property, and he taken care of at a trifling expense. I know a female of fashion and fortune, who has pertinaciously withheld the means of recovery from an elder sister, on account of the expense, though the sufferer's own income is more than sufficient to procure the best means the country affords; but she finds it necessary to make use of part of her unfortunate sister's income to support her own fashionable style of living. I know another opulent family who have kept a brother in confinement for upwards of seven years, without any means of recovery, though they themselves believe he would have recovered had proper means been timely resorted to; but the undisturbed possession of his property is, evidently enough, their only object. There is now living at a short distance from this place, a poor object of a female, who, for bed and accommodations, is often in a worse state than the swine are suffered to remain in at the same place; she has been in this situation twelve years.'—pp. 12—13.

To alleviate, then, as much as may be, the misery of those who are placed, by their cruel maladies, or more cruel relatives, in such situations, is an undertaking highly worthy the exercise of legislative wisdom: accordingly we find that the subject of lunacy has recently been agitated in the House of Commons, and so much of public interest has been excited by the investigation, that it becomes, in some measure, our duty to take somewhat of a comprehensive survey of insanity and insane institutions. Of insanity, we say; for the

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essentials consist. We shall then touch slightly upon the prevalence of nervous ailments, inquire how far medical men are competent to the treatment of lunacy; and finally, enter somewhat more at large upon the consideration of such enactments as have lately been proposed for the purpose of ensuring the greatest possible good to the most afflicted portion of our species. By taking the extended view of the subject it will be in our power, we conceive, to impart somewhat more of interest to the discussion than could be infused into a mere detail of madhouse regulations.

In what does insanity consist? Whoever has opened the various publications on the subject of mental disorder must have been disgusted with the mass of inapplicable speculations on the nature of the reasoning power, which is almost invariably to be met with in them. Into the examination of these, however, we shall not enter, our only aim, at present, being to discover whether there be such a thing as an essential distinction, an absolute difference, between the sane and insane state of the understanding.—Why has the exile of St. Helena always been placed, by the well-judging part of mankind, upon the list of criminals, rather than regarded as a lunatic?—Because neither the energy of his volitions, nor the strength of his fancy, was ever exalted to such a pitch of intensity as to interfere with his perceptions. In the most giddy moments of his ambitious career, he did not conceive himself possessed of more than mortal force; neither does he, in his present banishment, (unless, perhaps, in his dreams, and in these we are all mad,) imagine that he is still wielding the sceptre of France, or commanding the destinies of Europe. To constitute the state of real madness, it is necessary that the imaginative ideas become so vivid as to be exalted to the strength of actual belief. 'Madness,' says Sauvages very impressively, 'is the *dream* of him who is awake.'

Although, however, the actual essence of insanity is thus simple in definition, there is so remarkable a difference in the degree in which perception becomes weakened by the force of imagination, as to render it a more difficult business to determine upon the pre-

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session or loss of sanity than at first might be conceived. At one time the perceptive faculty is weakened almost to annihilation, while at others it retains so much of its natural energy, that the individual judges of objects rather in the way of misapprehension than total and absolute falsity. Perception will be correct, nay, more than commonly acute, in respect of some objects, while in reference to others, it seems to be entirely obliterated. Thus, when the lunatic in the Edinburgh Infirmary conceived, while he was partaking of his oatmeal provisions with his fellow-inmates, that he was feasting upon savoury viands, it was sufficiently evident that one order of perceptions was deranged by the vividness of his imaginative ideas; but, when he was found to complain of his cook for contriving to give an oaten smell to his several dishes, it was equally obvious that the imagination had not obtained an entire mastery over all the perceptive powers. This contest between the perceptions and the fancy is well illustrated by the following narration. The case is exceedingly interesting; elsewhere we shall have to advert to it in a manner less pleasing to our feelings, and less creditable to the reporter. To a request from the Committee of the House of Commons, to state what were the particular circumstances attending Norris, which rendered it necessary to confine him? Mr. Haslam thus replies:

'When first admitted into the Hospital he appeared perfectly tranquil, and it was intended shortly to discharge him as cured. When he had been there, perhaps a few months, I cannot tell how long, Sir Joseph Banks wrote me a note, requesting I would walk round the Hospital with some friends of his, a foreigner of distinction and others; I took them, after seeing the Hospital, into the airing ground, and as they spoke no English, I was obliged, either in French or German, to speak to them. I said, Here is a man who will shortly be discharged, and pointed to him; at that very moment he gave me a most malignant look, and turned off very sulky. I saw him waiting for me at the gate, for at that time I resided in the Hospital; he was watching, and he had something in his breeches pocket, and the malignity of his look prevented my going through the centre of the Hospital, and I went round by the street. I mentioned it to the keeper; he said he appeared very quiet, but would I like him confined? I said, No, God forbid, on my account. On the following day he attacked the keeper; he drew a knife upon him, and he wounded the keeper in two or three places in the belly. Another patient, of the name of Bacon, assisted the keeper, and he received a stab; and I think another patient, but of that I will not be certain. He was then confined, but he contrived to get his handcuffs off; and, for a very considerable time, every day produced some sort of explosion and violence. The keepers were tired out with him. When I came to him, to assure him he should be put at liberty if he conducted himself properly, he said "It was intended for you; for, *by G—, you*

you wanted to sell me to those infernal brutes you had by you the other day; you were making a bargain to sell me."

This case affords an example of a highly excitable imagination. Under different circumstances of the mind, perhaps at a few moments sooner or later, the appearance and language of the strangers would have been perceived, that is, *believed* or judged of, nearer the truth, and nothing of this outrageous conduct would have been the consequence. Precisely upon the same principle that Norris formed an erroneous estimate of the foreigners' intention and appearance, does the mad lover 'see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.' In each case there is a mixture of perception with imagination, and in each case the conception mounts to the height of actual *belief*.*

Our reasons for moulding the essentials of insanity into this concentrated shape will be immediately seen: but before we quit the subject of the precise nature of mental hallucination, we must obviate an objection founded on the fact of what may be termed an insanity of impetuosity, while consciousness remains whole and entire. Thus it is not unusual to meet with cases in which the individual, who is the subject of the affection, confesses an impulse to the perpetration of deeds, of which his conscience and better feelings declare the atrocity. 'I felt an almost irresistible inclination,' patients of this class will say, 'to murder my wife, children,' &c. and in some instances these deeds have been actually committed. This exception, however, forms, we conceive, but a slight objection to the notion we have aimed to convey respecting the nature of insanity; and even this requires, perhaps, but a more minute investigation to make it conform with the rule just laid down. It is more or less, it will be observed, in their lucid intervals, that individuals, under the circumstances we are now considering, talk and judge of the criminality of their purposes; while the hallucination is actually upon them, their minds are so absorbed in the supposed necessity of the act, as to do away the proper conception of its dreadful nature.

But let it even be granted that there is sometimes a war between impulse and conscience, in which the former gains the ascendency, yet will our principle generally hold, that where insanity is present,

* It will be understood that we do not mean to advocate the principle, that false perception always supposes an absolute difference in the object perceived *as an object of sense*. It is on the point, whether an individual actually believes or not in the creations of his fancy, that the whole business of distinction turns; so that whether we admit or reject the division of Dr. Arnold into 'ideal' and 'notional' insanity, our conclusions respecting the essence of madness are the same. What is false 'notion' but false belief? and what was Norris's notion of the Bethlem visitors, but 'an erroneous conception of their design, destination, manner of existence?' &c.

consciousness

consciousness must be absent: we shall now venture upon a remark or too in reference to its practical bearings.

In the Zoonomia of Dr. Darwin we find, among other interesting cases of the same nature, the following—

'Mr. ——, a gentleman of polished manners, who in a few months afterwards destroyed himself, said to me one day, "A ride out in the morning, and a warm parlour and a pack of cards in the afternoon, are all that life affords." He was persuaded to have an issue on the top of his head, as he complained of a dull head-ach, which being unskilfully managed, destroyed the pericranium to the size of an inch in diameter; during the time this took in healing, he was indignant about it, and endured life, but soon afterwards shot himself.'

Now we hesitate not to affirm, that, however much of wrong-headedness there might be in the act recorded, there was no such thing as insanity, inasmuch as there was an actual, and therefore a criminal consciousness in reference to the atrocious deed. There certainly, in such a case as this, could have been no objection to placing an issue on the head, or on any other part that might have pleased the fancy of the prescriber; yet we verily believe, that, even as a preventive measure, much more might have been effected by filling the mind with forcible images of posthumous infamy. A more recent case was lately told us of an individual deliberately effecting self-destruction to escape the tortures of a menaced paroxysm of gout: and such instances as these, in criminal compliance with the immoral laxity of fashion, are set down as insanity! We are not at present prepared to say whether the laws enacted for the prevention and punishment of suicide are the best that might have been framed; but, in the name of common-sense, let us leave off the semblance of acting in conformity to them, since the substance is become a dead letter.

The examples just cited were cases in which the act in question was perpetrated with a calculating deliberateness; and in which, of course, no allegation could be made in its behalf on the ground of irresistible impulse—an excuse which has, we conceive, been unjustly proposed in some other less palpable instances, both of murder and self-destruction. 'Bellingham,' says Mr. Hill in one of the works before us, 'declared it was a matter of indifference to him which of the ministers he destroyed; he was sorry it happened to be Mr. Percival on account of his family.' We do not know whether our readers will agree with us, that this goes the length of justifying the act of Bellingham on the score of insanity; but in connection with what Mr. Hill had just before advanced it savours strongly of such a design—a design erroneous in its principle, and mischievous in its consequences. To the plea of physical

physical necessity, and impulse out of the reach of controul, there is already too much tendency in the human mind to have recourse; and were the principles of the author just mentioned, received, every act of oppression, every sally of passion, would be set down to this score. On the other hand, let the line of demarcation which we have pointed out be kept in view, and consistency and rectitude, in our judgment, will follow.

Intimately allied with the inquiry respecting the precise circumstances and actual constitution of insanity, is a question which has likewise been agitated with a great deal of party spirit, and a profusion of words. In the publication to which we last alluded, the author aims to establish the dogma, that mental hallucination is always, and of necessity, a bodily disorder; and to substantiate this position, he fills nearly half his pages with invectives against what he chooses to term the Scotch philosophy. Now, this is so exceedingly from the purpose, that the doctrines defended by Mr. Hill may be either true or false, without in the smallest measure involving that philosophy which it is his aim to impugn, and of the nature of which, by the way, he has formed a very inaccurate estimate. It is worse than a waste of words for writers on insanity to follow one another in the round of these metaphysical cycles, and exhaust their own powers and their readers' patience, with setting out from, and returning to, exactly the same point with all their predecessors. It is sufficiently obvious, that there is something in thought and sensation that bears not the slightest analogy to any other quality or mode of existence, about which we are either conversant or capable of forming any conception; and it is equally so, that all the attempts which have been made to materialize mind, from the earliest times down to those of Hartley and Darwin, are utterly and equally futile.* But because this is our conviction, we do not, therefore, quarrel with that position which assumes an actual difference of organization in every case of madness from that of mental sanity—a position, indeed, which we think it would not be very easy to disprove. This, however, must not lead us to acquiesce in that persuasion which resolves every thing into matter and consequent necessity; which tends to the destruction altogether of moral responsibility; which makes virtue to be constituted of an harmonious correspondence between nerve and blood vessel, and crime to consist of a hurried circulation. In what precise manner motive acts upon organization, we can never know; but of this every man is convinced, that

* By the expression 'materialize mind,' we mean to designate all those attempts to develope the actual nature and precise mode of intellectual being which go upon the ground of analogical illustration. Loose analogies constitute perhaps the most formidable impediments to conclusive reasoning.

while

while consciousness is continued, the power also is continued of selection and choice. Thus, in the cases above, the individuals concerned did not act from necessity but from will: However differently organized from others who might have no disposition to fly to unknown evils, from present pain, such organization did not urge them with the force of physical impulse to the commission of suicide.

There is one circumstance accompanying the history of insane affections, which would seem to assist at least the presumptive evidence that a state of hallucination of mind is a state, more or less, in all cases, of corporeal disorder; we mean that alternation of common and allowedly bodily diseases with diseases of the understanding, which is not seldom met with, and which is a very curious fact in pathology. Two remarkable instances of this are to be found in the *Monita et Præcepta* of Dr. Mead; others of a similar kind, more or less notable in point of degree, no medical practitioner can ever be long without witnessing. Again: that the bodily functions are often brought into a condition of actual and positive ailment by mere ailments of the imagination, is too evident to require any examples in the way of confirmation.—As we are upon this topic, we feel tempted to say a few words on that coincidence of events with predictions upon which so much stress has been laid in favour of the supposed spiritual origin of visionary and imaginary conceptions. We do not, with Dr. Ferrier, go the length of supposing that apparitions are always to be traced to physical causes, but we do think, the general principle of visionary conceits is susceptible of explication, merely upon the ground of that astonishing influence which the fancy is found to possess over the feelings and functions of the physical frame. In the Zoonomia we meet with the following well authenticated tale, which has been versified by Mr. Wordsworth.

'A young farmer in Warwickshire, finding his hedges broken, and the sticks carried away during a frosty season, determined to watch for the thief. He lay many cold hours under a haystack, and at length an old woman, like a witch in a play, approached and began to pull up the hedge; he waited till she had tied her bottle of sticks, and was carrying them off, that he might convict her of the theft, and then springing from his concealment, he seized his prey with violent threats. After some altercation, in which her load was left upon the ground, she kneeled upon the bottle of sticks, and raising her arms to Heaven, beneath the bright moon then at the full, spoke to the farmer already shivering with cold, "Heaven grant that thou mayest never know again the blessing to be warm!" He complained of cold all the next day, and wore an upper coat, and in a few days another, and in a fortnight took to his bed, always saying nothing made him warm; he covered himself with very many blankets, and had a sieve over his face as he lay; and from

this one insane idea he kept his bed above twenty years, for fear of the cold air, till at length he died.'

Sauvages relates a similar incident, upon the authority of Zacutus Lusitanus, of a melancholic who was always complaining of invincible cold, till he was subjected by artifice to a large quantity of spirits of wine in a state of combustion; he was convinced, from his sensations during this experiment, that he was capable of feeling heat, and thenceforth his cold left him. Dr. Haygarth, it will be in the recollection of many of our readers, operated very important changes in the bodily functions of several individuals who were, as they supposed, brought under the agency of Perkin's tractors, in reality merely acted upon by pieces of rotten wood or rusty iron; under this supposition, however, several chronic maladies, which had refused to yield to medicine, were materially mitigated, and at least temporarily cured.

But one of the most striking instances of the amazing influence which the imagination possesses, not over the feelings merely, but upon the actual state and functions of the bodily organization, is related by Professor Hufeland; this case is so interesting, and, we may add, so instructive, that we are tempted, notwithstanding its length, to lay it before our readers.

'A student at Jena, about 16 years of age, having a weak and irritable nervous frame, but in other respects healthy, left his apartments during twilight, and suddenly returned with a pale, dismal countenance, assuring his companion that he was doomed to die in thirty-six hours, or at nine o'clock in the morning of the second day. This sudden change of a cheerful young mind, naturally alarmed his friend; but no explanation was given of its cause. Every attempt at ridiculing this whimsical notion was fruitless; and he persisted in affirming that his death was certain and inevitable. A numerous circle of his fellow-students soon assembled, with a view to dispel those gloomy ideas, and to convince him of his folly, by arguments, satire, and mirth. He remained, however, unshaken in his strange conviction; being apparently inanimate in their company, and expressing his indignation at the frolics and witticisms applied to his peculiar situation. Nevertheless, it was conjectured that a calm repose during the night would produce a more favourable change in his fancy: but sleep was banished, and the approaching dissolution engrossed his attention during the nocturnal hours. Early next morning, he sent for Professor Hufeland, who found him employed in making arrangements for his burial; taking an affectionate leave of his friends; and on the point of concluding a letter to his father; in which he announced the fatal catastrophe that was speedily to happen. After examining his condition of mind and body, the Professor could discover no remarkable deviation from his usual state of health, excepting a small contracted pulse, a pale countenance, dull or drowsy eyes, and cold extremities: these symptoms, however, sufficiently indicated a general spasmodic action of the nervous system, which also exerted its

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its influence over the mental faculties. The most serious reasoning on the subject, and all the philosophical and medical eloquence of Dr. Hufeland, had not the desired effect; and, though the student admitted that there might be no ostensible cause of death discoverable, yet this very circumstance was peculiar to his case; and such was his inexorable destiny, that he must die next morning, without any visible morbid symptoms. In this dilemma, Dr. Hufeland proposed to treat him as a patient. Politeness induced the latter to accept of such offer, but he assured the physician, that medicines would not operate. As no time was to be lost, there being only 24 hours left for his life, Dr. Hufeland deemed proper to direct such remedies as prove powerful excitants, in order to rouse the vital energy of his pupil, and to relieve him from his captivated fancy. Hence he prescribed a strong emetic and purgative; ordered blisters to be applied to both calves of the legs, and at the same time stimulating clysters to be administered. Quietly submitting to the Doctor's treatment, he observed, that his body being already half a corpse, all means of recovering it would be in vain. Indeed, Dr. Hufeland was not a little surprised, on his repeating his visit in the evening, to learn that the emetic had but very little operated, and that the blisters had not even reddened the skin. The case became more serious; and the supposed victim of death began to triumph over the incredulity of the Professor and his friends. Thus circumstanced, Dr. Hufeland perceived, how deeply and destructively that mental spasm must have acted on the body, to produce a degree of insensibility from which the worst consequences might be apprehended. All the inquiries into the origin of this singular belief had hitherto been unsuccessful. Now only, he disclosed the secret to one of his intimate friends, namely, that on the preceding evening he had met with a white figure in the passage, which nodded to him, and, in the same moment, he heard a voice exclaiming—"The day after to-morrow, at nine o'clock in the morning, thou shalt die!"—He continued to settle his domestic affairs; made his will; minutely appointed his funeral; and even desired his friends to send for a clergyman; which request, however, was counteracted. Night appeared—and he began to compute the hours he had to live, till the ominous next morning. His anxiety evidently increased with the striking of every clock within hearing. Dr. Hufeland was not without apprehension, when he recollected instances in which mere imagination had produced melancholy effects—but, as every thing depended on procrastinating, or retarding that hour in which the event was predicted; and on appeasing the tempest of a perturbed imagination, till reason had again obtained the ascendancy, he resolved upon the following expedient: Having a complaisant patient, who refused not to take the remedies prescribed for him, (because he seemed conscious of the superior agency of his mind over that of the body,) Dr. Hufeland had recourse to laudanum, combined with the extract of hen-bane: twenty drops of the former and two grains of the latter were given to the youth, with such effect, that he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till eleven o'clock on the next morning. Thus, the prognosticated fatal hour elapsed; and his friends waiting to welcome the bashful patient, who

had agreeably disappointed them, turned the whole affair into ridicule. The first question, however, after recovering from this artificial sleep, was—"What is the hour of the morning?"—On being informed that his presages had not been verified by experience, he assured the company that all these transactions appeared but as a dream. After that time he long enjoyed a good state of health, and was completely cured of a morbid imagination.'

Had this youth fallen into less sagacious hands, the event would, it is more than probable, have answered to the prediction; and the occurrence would have stood as irrefragable evidence of that creed which imagines that the times have not long since passed of individual and immediate communication between the world of sense and the world of spirit. How the fancy originated it is difficult to say; but it is not less difficult to explain the phenomena of dreams.

Nervous and mental affections of every kind are, in the present day, proverbially prevalent: were we called upon to give an explanation of this fact, we should say that the cause is to be sought for in that artificial state of society which grows necessarily out of a constant advancement in civilization. We multiply our comforts, and, by consequence, our cares and crosses. We beat out and expand our minds, as it were, and thus create a more extended surface of impression. Savages, unless in cases of palpable disorganization, are neither nervous nor mad;—they are not the subjects of that variety of exciting agents which, while by a law of nature they prove destructive of their own good, are likewise liable, from their multiplicity and complication, to act in undue measure, and thus to set all wrong. 'In proportion as man emerges from his primæval state, do the Furies of disease advance upon him, and would seem to scourge him back into the paths of nature and simplicity.'

Are we then to forego civilization for the sake of sanity? The choice of good and evil, in this particular, is no longer left us; we have tasted of the fruit, and we must, in some measure, abide the consequences. But it is of vital importance not to abandon ourselves to the evils of our own creation, or neglect an obvious duty in seeking for the remedy. The great secret which we are taught by reflecting upon the consequences of luxury, is that of making ourselves as independent as possible of external circumstances. Why did Dr. Darwin's patient feel with such dreadful force the disease of *tædium-vitæ*?—Because he permitted himself to be a mere puppet, and depended for happiness upon a warm fire-side and a pack of cards. In thus cautioning our readers against a course of sensual indulgence, we shall probably incur the charge of sermonizing; but it is the nascent feeling of dependance upon externals against which we conceive it of so much moment to be on our guard. In urging the necessity of mental occupation, in order to

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furnish barriers against the irruptions of insanity, we mean not to intimate, as some have done, that the assiduous cultivation of science, properly so called, is the sole security of a sane understanding. The man of letters is, according to our old-fashioned creed, not a whit less idle than the man of philosophy; and in spite of the judgment of those who consider all time lost that is not spent over the geometer's rule, or the chemist's retort, we feel persuaded that much mental food, of the most solid and wholesome kind, has been furnished to ripening and declining years by the 'silly and trifling occupation of school-boy days.' In the evening of life, indeed, the man of classical taste and proficiency has infinitely the advantage in every respect over the mere philosopher; for the interest which the mind takes in physical truth is invariably weakened with the advance of years, while the relish for literary pursuits, partly, perhaps, on account of the delightful recollections and associations which they inspire, seems often to be in a manner renovated at the period of old age.

But it will be said that it is not merely upon the refined classes of society, whose rank in life precludes them from the absolute necessity of labour, that madness seems to be making inroads. Nervous diseases are now become fashionable even in situations where the name of nerve was till late unknown.* We imagine, however, that precisely the same cause will still be found to operate here as elsewhere, namely that of fanning the flame of life into an inordinate blaze, and the consequent production of insusceptibility to the ordinary and healthy powers of excitement. Let the farmer's wife tell us, since she gave herself up to all the indulgencies of the tea-table, and sent her daughters to the boarding school to be manufactured into misses, how the fiend ennui, from small beginnings, has swelled into gigantic bulk, and breathed contagion through the family. The present agricultural distresses have in some measure repressed the power, if not the desire of this class, to soar into the superior ranks of life; but all the freshness and delightful simplicity of rural happiness is gone! it has withered away under the pestiferous blight of these miserable and mistaken notions of the actual constituents of real felicity. We were almost upon the point of saying, the apothecary is the only individual who has been benefited by the conversion of cultivators of land into cultivators of arts and sciences.

* It may be said that to account for the increasing prevalence of nervous maladies is not to explain the increase of insanity. We conceive, however, notwithstanding our former limitation of the actual essentials of the insane state, that all nervous feelings, that is, all substitutions of fancies for realities, however trivial or transitory, are degrees or shades of actual lunacy, and are all remotely or immediately traceable to one source. The connection of a predisposition to madness with the *scrophulous* diathesis, and the dependance of both these states, in the poor as well as the rich, upon the same causes, might prove an instructive postulate for pathological investigation.

Let us not be understood to express ourselves in favour of feudal oppression, when we venture to hint that the present habits of society have rather too strong a tincture of democratical freedom for the well-being of individuals—there is too much of discontentedness with inferior situations, too restless a wish in one class to take the station and ape the manners of another. But this is a topic which we cannot here pursue to any length, and must therefore content ourselves with slightly touching upon the nervous ailments of the poor and indigent; for these, too, have become nervous with the *nervousness* of the times, and, in this particular, endure the tortures, without even feeling the enjoyments, of the affluent. It is by sophisticated tea and gin that the nerves of the poor are unstrung; and these articles are not confined to adults, but dealt out to their children. It is only for physicians, who are in the practice of visiting the miserable hovels of the London poor, to form an adequate conception of the rapid deterioration of the race of paupers by the increasing habit of substituting what *excites* merely, in lieu of what nourishes; and it is especially afflictive to read in the countenances of the young initiates the marks of their future destiny.

The pernicious practice which at present prevails of having fearless recourse to drugs upon every trivial occasion ought, we conceive, to be ranked among other causes of the increasing number of nervous ailments; and this especially in respect of patent medicines, almost all of which are composed of such powerful materials as to be equally noxious with cordials and spirits of a less disguised nature, and are therefore injurious, in their habitual use, precisely upon the same principle as that which we have been deprecating; viz. that of forcing the flame of life into an unnatural, and, therefore, a destructive fervour. The inordinate use of spirituous liquors in an undisguised way is often obviously and unequivocally a source of insanity.

To engage in the consideration of the exciting causes of this disorder, without adverting to that which some have conceived to be more universally operative than all others, we mean mistaken notions on the subject of religion, might seem to imply that we wished to wave all discussion upon this point. We are free, indeed, to confess that we suspect much of misapprehension, if not of wilful misrepresentation, respecting this alleged source of evil. It is, we apprehend, but too obvious that a disinclination to religious sentiment altogether gives at least a colouring to some of the anathemas which have been liberally dealt out against 'the faction of faith,' and it is pleasing to see the last,* and, with all

* Hill's.

its

its faults, perhaps the best systematic work on insanity, free from this common-place invective against religion as the occasion of madness. In the letter, too, of Mr. Bakewell, we find it very sensibly observed, that 'the visionary fervours of devotion, which have been stated as the cause of insanity, are frequently the first effects of it.' The French Revolution peopled the madhouses of Paris in a degree unprecedented among us, even in the fanatical times of the Commonwealth; and in this case certainly nothing could be laid to the charge of a superfluous measure of faith. The fact, we believe, is, that those sensitive minds, upon which lunacy is the most readily grafted, lay hold on religious, as on any other, zeal, and that every instance of this kind is taken up with an earnestness indicative of a desire to overleap the boundaries of sober truth. It may be recollected that Cowper was about to commit suicide before he was the subject of serious impressions, and that neither Rousseau nor Swift were religious melancholics. While we admit this, however, we would enter our protest against that species of spiritual feelings, which has a tendency to convert the general and metaphorical expressions of sacred writ into literal and individual application, and which is calculated to induce the supposition of superiority to ordinary rules and genuine motives of morality. In this way much harm is done; sometimes, however, a despondency of mind is confessedly brought on by the conception, on the part of an individual, that if such is the measure of feeling and of faith to ensure safety, he must be lost, inasmuch as all his efforts have failed to procure it. Something like this, we believe, was the case with Cowper. It is upon the purest minds that this apprehension fastens with the most fatal facility.

On the medical treatment of madness in its various shapes and colourings, we have not much to advance. That a great deal may be done by management and moral culture, the extracts we are about to make will sufficiently prove; but the powers of medicine, merely, upon mental hallucination are exceedingly circumscribed and feeble. In the first place it is for the most part extremely difficult to get at what pathologists term the proximate cause of the disease. Altered action may have place in the sentient organization to an astonishing degree, without leaving behind it any traces of altered structure. This circumstance is in some measure peculiar to the maladies under consideration, and constitutes a great part of the difficulty attendant both upon the prognosis and practice in affections of the mind—upon the prognosis, inasmuch as it is next to impossible à-priori to decide on the exact extent of the internal mischief,—and upon the practice, since we want principles upon which to form any satisfactory indications of treatment. Dissection does little towards elucidating the

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difficulty. Morgagni, Bonetus, Baillie, and others, have presented us with many and various descriptions of the state of the brain, and other parts in connection with deranged intellect; but the most accurate of these descriptions afford no data in the way of regular calculation as to cause and effect; for beside that there is the utmost variation in appearances after death, subsequently to nearly similar phenomena during life; it is further, next to impossible, from an inspection of the brain, to judge how much of the observed alteration is to be placed to the account of cause, and how much is to be regarded as effect. This, it is needless to say, is not exactly the state of affairs in reference to other morbid changes to which the human frame is subject. Almost the whole, then, of what may be called the strict medical treatment of madness must be regarded at present, at least, as empirical, and the most extensive experience proves that very little is to be done.

Warm bathing, and the judicious administration of cathartics, have hitherto proved the most powerful physical agents upon mental disorder. These the ancients were in the practice of using as well as the moderns. A short time since there was a considerable degree of public interest excited by a proposed remedy for madness, and the appeals which the possessors of the secret proposed to make to medical and other observations were regarded as sufficiently plausible to authorize further and more extensive trials. We believe the scheme has by this time shared the fate of other ephemeral experiments on public credulity; but we mention the circumstance in this place in order to observe, that the confessedly great influence which the process was proved to effect upon the circulation and pulse, was, as far as we can trust to the correctness of our information, caused by an immersion of the patient's body in very hot water, and at the same moment pouring a stream of cold water on the naked head.* Whether this was the whole of the treatment we do not pretend to be able to affirm; but certain it is, that the effects of warm bathing in calming nervous irritation are often abundantly conspicuous. We have not leisure to enter into any detail respecting the mode of employing this remedial process, and shall therefore merely observe that its use requires always to be duly regulated by the circumstances and constitutional condition of the patient. Neither is the practice of

* The pride and pretensions of modern medicine might, we should think, be lowered by the recollection that the two ancient authors who were the first to treat of mental aberrations in a distinct and systematic manner, namely, Aretæus and Celsus, speak particularly of the most approved remedies of the present day; and it is remarkable that the very process above alluded to which was lately regarded as novel, and sufficiently important to excite royal patronage and public interest, is described by the last of these authors in express terms. The words of Celsus are '*super caput aqua frigida infusa*, demissumque corpus in aquam et oleum.'

purging

purging of so simple and straightforward a nature as might be at first sight conceived. It is an assiduous, a continued, an alternating, and alterative use of cathartic and eccoprotic medicines that promises, and in reality has proved, to be beneficial in cases of madness and melancholy. When the nervous system is so much deranged as the cases in question suppose, there is almost invariably a tendency to faulty action in the first passages, and their immediately connected viscera. This state of the stomach and bowels comes, in the course of time, to re-act as it were upon the nerves, and to prove an occasion for the continuance of that derangement of which it was at first a mere consequence. To these parts then the attention of the prescriber must be directed with more accuracy and minuteness than the common and regular administration of purgatives supposes. Mr. Hill talks in lofty terms of vomits, and there is too much appearance of practical good sense about his book to permit us to be entirely regardless of what is urged upon the authority of his own experience. We nevertheless repeat our conviction that the alterative and repeated use of cathartic medicines will, in general, prove the most efficacious, and the least objectionable, mode of bringing about a beneficial effect. Let it not be supposed that we mean in any wise to infer that these remedies actually comprise the whole physical treatment required in every stage of insanity, or, indeed, that they are at all times admissible. Partial and temporary excitements of the brain are very commonly consequent upon changes which the bodily organs undergo at different periods and under different circumstances of life, and these often require local and general remedies according to the particular complexion and character of the disorder thus engendered. It would be altogether inconsistent with our plan to enter into the detail of such cases; but we may take the opportunity of observing, that were it only on account of the frequent opportunities which more strictly medical practitioners have of witnessing aberrations of intellect, from different sources, these would appear to be the fittest persons for the treatment of lunacy. We may further remark that the promise of benefit from any treatment is less in proportion to the obscurity of the cause from which the distempered mind may originate, and the length of time to which the disease may have been protracted. The probability of recovery is comparatively small after the insanity shall have lasted longer than a twelvemonth; by this time the morbid action seems for the most part to tend towards morbid structure, which, when carried to any extent, we believe to be beyond the reach of medicine.

That much more may be done, however, by skilful management and humane treatment, especially in these later stages of the disease, than by the prescription of drugs in the most judicious manner, will,

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will, as we have said, be rendered sufficiently obvious by the documents we purpose to give. Suffice it here to say, that too little of the skill of the artist, so to express ourselves, seems hitherto to have been exerted upon this most interesting branch of medical philosophy and practice. To reason with a madman is, to be sure, to prove ourselves in the same predicament with our patient; but still there have been occasionally such impressions made upon the imagination of the deranged as to afford hints, perhaps, for enlarging these accidental occurrences into somewhat more of a systematic code than has hitherto been essayed.

'I believe,' says a modern writer, 'that it will frequently be enough if a dexterous performer out-herod the very extravagancies of the patient, or take up others as similar as possible. *Simon Morin* was shamed out of the idea of his incorporation with Jesus Christ by the folly of another madman, who supposed himself God the Father. A person who believed that he had been guillotined, and fitted with a wrong head, was cured by a jocular convalescent in the Bicêtre, who managed to turn the conversation on the miracle of St. Denys, who carried his head under his arm, and kissed it as he walked along. The lunatic vehemently maintained the possibility of the fact, and appealed to his own case. "But how," said his companion, in a tone of mockery, "*did St. Denys contrive to kiss his own head? With his heel?*" It is true (adds our author) that as you drive insanity out of one of its forts it often retires to another; but there let it be attacked by the same arms. I perceive, indeed, that their use requires discretion, and that when one line of attack does not succeed another must be tried. *But none ought to meddle with the mad, who have not discretion and genius into the bargain.*'

We now proceed to the second division of our subject, in the prosecution of which we shall have facts to unfold, which are not only revolting to our feelings, but disgraceful to our kind. Interest and indolence will be seen to have occupied the place of humanity and duty, to a degree of which it requires full testimony to force us into the belief. The following evidence respecting the state and circumstances of the York Lunatic Asylum was produced by Godfrey Higgins, Esq. before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, as the result of a visit which he had made to the Asylum in question. Mr. Higgins is one of the governors, and a magistrate of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

'Have you any knowledge,' he is asked by the Committee, 'of the state and condition of the York Lunatic Asylum, and the method of treatment of patients in that Asylum? I have. In the year 1813 application was made to me to grant a warrant against a man who had assaulted a poor woman: upon inquiry I found the man to be insane, and ordered him to be sent to the Asylum at York. Some time after he returned, and I *was informed he had been extremely ill-used.* The name of the man was William Vickers. In consequence of this I published several

several letters and other documents; upon which various meetings of the governors were held from time to time, for the course of twelve months, until the 27th of August last; upon which day all the servants and officers of the house were dismissed, or their places declared vacant, except one. Not being properly satisfied with what was done I thought it incumbent on me to publish a letter to Lord Fitzwilliam, as Lord Lieutenant of that Riding, in which, to the best of my knowledge, I stated every thing that I knew relating to the Institution, and to the abuses which had taken place in that house.' 'In what condition did you find this Asylum when you visited it in the spring assize week of 1814?' 'Having suspicions in my mind that there were some parts of that Asylum which had not been seen, I went early in the morning determined to examine every place. After ordering a great number of doors to be opened I came to one which was in a retired situation in the kitchen apartments, and which was almost hid by the opening of a door in the passage. I ordered this door to opened: the keepers hesitated and said the apartments belonged to the women, and they had not the key. I ordered them to get the key, but they said it was mislaid, and not to be found at the moment. Upon this I grew angry and told them I insisted upon its being found, and that if they would not find it I would find a key at the kitchen fire-side, namely, the poker; upon that the key was immediately brought. When the door was opened I went into the passage, and I found four cells of, I think, about eight feet square, in a very horrid and filthy situation; the straw appeared to be almost saturated with urine and excrement; there was some bedding laid upon the straw in one cell, in the others only loose straw. A man (a keeper) was in the passage doing something, but what I do not know. The walls were daubed with excrement, the air-holes, of which there was one in each cell, were partly filled with it. In one cell there were two pewter chamber pots, loose. I asked the keeper if all these cells were inhabited by the patients, and was told they were at night. I then desired him to take me up stairs, and shew me the place of the women who came out of the cells that morning; I then went up stairs and he shewed me into a room, which I caused him to measure, and the size of which he told me was twelve feet by seven feet ten inches, and in which there were thirteen women, who, he told me, had all come out of those cells that morning.' 'Were they pauper women?' 'I do not know. I was afraid that afterwards he should deny that, and therefore I went in and said to him, "Now, Sir, clap your hand upon the head of that woman," and I did so too, and I said, "Is this one of the very women who were in those cells last night?" and he said, she was. I became very sick and could not remain longer in the room; I vomited. In the course of an hour and a half after this I procured Colonel Cooke, of Owston, and John Cooke, Esq. of Cams Mount, to examine those cells; they had come to attend a special meeting, which I had caused to be called on that day at twelve o'clock. Whilst I was standing at the door of the cells waiting for the key, a young woman ran past me, amongst the men servants, decently dressed; I asked who she was, and was told by Atkinson that she was a female patient of respectable connexions.

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Archbishop of York; that they understood they had seen the house, and these cells had not been shewn to them. We went to the cells, and at that time they had been cleaned as much as they in so short a space of time. I turned up the straw, with my um in one of them, and pointed out to the gentlemen the chain and cuff which were then concealed beneath the straw, and which perceived had been fixed to a board newly put down in the fl afterwards inquired of one of the committee of five, who had be pointed to afford any temporary accommodations which they co a moderate sum of money to the patients, if those cells had been to that committee, and I was told they had not. Before I saw cells I had been repeatedly told by Atkinson, the apothecary, a keepers, that I had seen the whole house which was occupied patients; I was afterwards told by a professional man, (Mr. Pot that he had heard Mr. Watson, the architect, ask one of the k what those places were; Mr. Watson at that time was looking out stair-case windows, and he heard the keeper answer Mr. Wats they were cellars and other little offices. The day after my exa tion of these cells I went again early in the morning to examine after I knew that the straw could only have been used one night, can positively say from this examination, that the straw which found there must have been in use a very considerable time. Le the investigation which took place into this institution, several g men came forward to state that they had examined the house, pose to form a judgment of it, but though several of them were when I stated the case of these cells they did not state that they seen them. When Colonel Cooke, of Owston, was in one of the he tried to make marks or letters in the excrement remaining upo floor after it had been cleaned and fresh straw put upon it, which without any difficulty, and which he will be ready to state to the mittee, if required. The day after I saw these cells I went up apartments of the upper class of female patients with one of the keepers, as I should suppose, about thirty years of age, one of those were dismissed in August, and I asked him, when at the door ward, if his key would not open those doors; I did not give him to answer, but I seized the key from his hands, and with it opened outer door of the ward, and then went and opened the bed-room of the upper class of female patients, and locked them again; I gave him his key again. Mr. Samuel Tuke, a Quaker, at York, standing by and saw me.'—*Report*, pp. 11—14.

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'Another case,' says Mr. Higgins, 'which I laid before the governors was that of the Rev. Mr. Shorey; he was a clergyman reduced to indigence, I believe, in consequence of his mental complaints; he had at times, and for considerable periods, intervals of reason; in those intervals, when he was perfectly capable of understanding every thing that was done to him, repeatedly in the presence of his wife he was exposed to personal indignity, and on one occasion he was inhumanly kicked down stairs by the keepers, and told in the presence of his wife, that he was looked upon no better than a dog; his person swarmed with vermin: and to complete this poor man's misery the keepers insulted his wife with indecent ribaldry, in order to deter her from visiting him in his unfortunate situation; his wife occasionally visited him to bring him such little comforts as she could procure by the labour of her hands, for she worked to support him during the time that he was in the Asylum; he had a gold watch which was lost there, and which his wife could never recover.'—*Report*, p. 16.

Question by the Committee:

'Do you know an instance of a patient being found out of his proper place?' 'Yes, I do, one was found by Mr. Samuel Tuke and Mr. Pritchett in the wash-house; it was in the month of April; he was standing on a wet stone floor, apparently in the last stage of decay; he was a mere skeleton; his thighs were nearly covered with excrement in a dry state, and those parts which were not so appeared excoriated, as did also some parts of his waist. The keeper who was called said that the patient was not accustomed to leave his bed; that he was a perfect child and could do nothing for himself; that his attendant was killing pigs and could not therefore attend to him; the bed which he was said to have left was in a most filthy state, and corresponded with that of his body; he was spoken of by all his attendants as a dying man. The further history of this poor creature proved, however, the fallacy of appearances; he was removed to another part of the Asylum, where he was better attended to, and in a few months was so much recovered as to be removed to his parish, in an inoffensive, though imbecile state of mind.'—*Report*, p. 28.

But these mal-practices, which might be placed to the account of indolence and inattention merely on the part of the superior officers, are not all. Such a system of falsification is laid open to the Committee respecting the register of deaths and burials in the hospital, as well as in regard to the expense of the establishment, as must shock the feelings of all who have the slightest regard even for the most common rules of morality and justice. Upon the whole of this evidence, we are warranted in reminding committees, especially where the well-being of paupers is concerned, that they perform their duty very imperfectly if they omit to investigate the whole conduct of such officers as are employed to carry into effect their charitable designs: the beneficence of the public may otherwise prove destructive of its own interest, and charitable contributions

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butions merely serve to foster a selfish immorality and a shameful indolence.

We now come to the most prominent feature of the whole Report—the investigation of the economy and management of Bethlem Hospital. Our limits will not allow of any thing like a full analysis of it, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to two extracts—one respecting the state of the Hospital previously to the agitation of the business of inquiry, the other descriptive of its condition subsequently to that event. By these it will appear that much malpractice, the result of indolence and inhumanity, had long prevailed in an asylum where, if in any institution, the vigilance of duty and the exercise of humanity are loudly called for, and in constant demand.

Mr. Edward Wakefield is asked by the Committee:—

'"Have you visited Bethlem?" "I have frequently; I first visited Bethlem on the 25th of April, 1814." "What observations did you make?" "I was introduced with others, by Mr. Alderman Cox, an official governor, whose feelings being overpowered before we had gone over the men's side, was under the necessity of retiring to the steward's office, whither he was soon after followed by us, in consequence of a message from the steward, who then informed us, that Mr. Cox was prevented from accompanying us farther. We solicited permission to continue our inspection whilst Mr. Cox remained in the Hospital, but this was declined and we were compelled to close our visits on that day. On Monday, the 2d of May, we revisited the Hospital, introduced by Robert Calvert, Esq. a governor, and accompanied by Charles Callis Western, Esq. Member of Parliament for Essex, and four other gentlemen. At this visit, attended by the steward of the Hospital, and likewise by a female keeper, we first proceeded to visit the women's galleries: one of the side rooms contained about ten patients, each chained by one arm or leg to the wall; the chain allowing them merely to stand up by the form or bench fixed to the wall, or to sit down on it. The nakedness of each patient was covered by a blanket gown only; the blanket gown is a gown formed something like a dressing gown, with nothing to fasten it with in front; this constitutes the whole covering, the feet even were naked. One female in this side room was an object remarkably striking; she mentioned her maiden and married names, and stated that she had been a teacher of languages; the keepers described her as a very accomplished lady, mistress of many languages, and corroborated her account of herself. The Committee can hardly imagine a human being in a more degraded and brutalizing situation than that in which I found this female, who held a coherent conversation with us, and was of course fully sensible of the mental and bodily condition of those wretched beings, who, equally without clothing, were closely chained to the same wall with herself. Unaware of the necessities of nature, some of them, though they retained life, appeared totally inanimate and unconscious of existence. The few minutes

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minutes which we passed with this lady did not permit us to form a judgment of the degree of restraint to which she ought to be subject, but I unhesitatingly affirm, that her confinement with patients in whom she was compelled to witness the most disgusting idiocy, and the most terrifying distraction of the human intellect, was injudicious and improper. She entreated to be allowed pencil and paper, for the purpose of amusing herself with drawing, which were given to her by one of the gentlemen with me. Many of these unfortunate women were locked up in their cells, naked, and chained on straw, with only one blanket for a covering. One who was in that state by way of punishment, the keeper described as the most dissatisfied patient in the house; she talked coherently, complained of the want of tea and sugar, and lamented that her friends whom she stated to be respectable people, neither came to see her, nor supplied her with little necessary comforts; the patients generally complained much of being deprived of tea and sugar. On leaving the gallery, we inquired of them whether the visit had been inconvenient or unpleasant, they all joined in saying, No; but (which was sufficiently apparent) the visit of a friend was always pleasant. In the men's wing in the side room, six patients were chained close to the wall, five handcuffed, and one locked to the wall by the right arm as well as by the right leg, he was very noisy; all were naked, except as to the blanket gown, or a small rug on the shoulders, and without shoes; one complained much of the coldness of his feet, one of us felt them, they were cold. The patients in this room, except the noisy one, and the poor lad with cold feet, who was lucid when we saw him, were dreadful idiots: their nakedness and their mode of confinement gave this room the complete appearance of a dog-kennel. *From the patients not being classed, some appeared objects of resentment to others;* we saw a quiet civil man, a soldier, a native of Poland, brutally attacked by another soldier, who, we were informed by the keepers, always singled out the Pole as an object of resentment; they said there were no means of separating these men, except by locking one up in solitary confinement. Whilst looking at some of the bed-lying patients, a man rose naked from his bed, and had deliberately and quietly walked a few paces from his cell-door along the gallery; he was instantly seized by the keepers, thrown into his bed, and leg-locked, without inquiry or observation; chains are universally substituted for the strait-waistcoat. In the men's wing were about 75 or 76 patients, with two keepers and an assistant, and about the same number of patients in the women's side; the patients were in no way distinguished from each other as to disease. The end window towards Fore Street was the chief source of their entertainment.'—(*Report*, pp. 45—47.)

This dreadful recital is closed by a minute account of the state and circumstances of one individual, whose case excited an uncommon interest both in the Committee of investigation and the public at large. We have already given, from Mr. Haslam, an account of this individual as it related to the early part of his mental aberration, and although our extracts have been necessarily of considerable

derable length, we cannot omit the further history of his treatment and sufferings.

'In one of the cells on the lower gallery we saw William Norris; he stated himself to be 55 years of age, and that he had been confined about 14 years; that in consequence of attempting to defend himself from what he conceived the improper treatment of his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which passing through a partition, enabled the keeper by going into the next cell, to draw him close to the wall at pleasure; that to prevent this, Norris mufiled the chain with straw, so as to hinder its passing through the wall; that he was afterwards confined in the manner we saw him, namely, a stout iron ring was rivetted round his neck, from which a stout chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards or downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar about two inches wide was rivetted; on each side the bar was a circular projection, which being fashioned to and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. This waist bar was secured by two similar bars, which passing over his shoulders, were rivetted to the waist bar both before and behind. The iron ring round his neck was connected to the bars on his shoulders, by a double link. From each of these bars another short chain passed to the ring on the upright iron bar. We were informed he was able to raise himself, so as to stand against the wall, on the pillow of his bed in the trough bed in which he lay; but it was impossible for him to advance from the wall in which the iron bar is soldered, on account of the shortness of his chains, which were only twelve inches long. It was, I conceive, equally out of his power to repose in any other position than on his back, the projections which on each side of the waist-bars inclosed his arms, rendering it impossible for him to lie on his side, even if the length of his chains from the neck and shoulders would permit it. His right leg was chained to the trough; in which he had remained thus encaged and enchained more than twelve years. To prove the unnecessary restraint inflicted on this unfortunate man, he informed us that he had for some years been able to draw his arms from the manacles which encompassed them. He then withdrew one of them, and observing an expression of surprize, he said, that when his arms were withdrawn he was compelled to rest them on the edges of the circular projections, which was more painful than keeping them within. His position, we were informed, was mostly lying down, and that as it was inconvenient to raise himself and stand upright, he very seldom did so: that he read a great deal of books of all kinds, history, lives, or any thing that the keepers could get him; the newspapers every day, and conversed perfectly coherently on the passing topics, and events of the war, in which he felt particular interest.'—(*Report*, p. 48.)

In answer to the charge of reprehensible and undue severity brought against the abettors of such proceedings as the above, the individuals implicated would be expected to set up a justification of themselves on the plea of necessity, since the facts were too fully confirmed

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confirmed to admit of question. But the obvious and immediate reply to such an excuse would be, an appeal to the management of other institutions, where the same security to keepers was obtained, and more benefit to the afflicted; and accordingly we find the Committee urging the question, upon such as by their professional callings were the best qualified to judge, whether they did not deem the mode and degree of restraint used, especially in the instance of Norris, to be unjustifiable and unnecessary. The answers were, without exception, in the affirmative; but the most satisfactory evidence in proof of this opinion, was that which subsequent visits to the Hospital itself afforded; it was then seen, that the happiest results almost immediately followed a change in the general system of managing even the most violent and refractory maniacs. How striking is the contrast which the following account displays, to that which we have just given!

'On the 27th of May last, (says the Honourable Henry Grey Bennet,) I again visited Bethlem in company with other members of the House of Commons—Lord Lascelles, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Duncombe, Mr. Frankland Lewis, and Mr. Sturges Bourne. *The change which had taken place in the appearance of the patients in the Hospital was most striking;* on the men's side no man was chained to the wall; only one was in bed, and he was ill; the patients were mostly walking about in the gallery, and the whole Hospital was clean and sweet. On the women's side two only when we entered the Hospital were chained by the hand. Miss Stone, who had been confined in the Hospital for several years, three of which she had been chained during the day-time to the wall, wrapped up in a flannel gown, was sitting by the fire, dressed like a woman, employed in needle work, and tolerably rational; she appeared cheerful and contented, and most grateful to the matron, (one lately appointed,) who accompanied us during our visit, for the change that had taken place in her situation. The woman who was confined at the end of the gallery the year before, in that violent state of irritation above mentioned, was now released, and was walking about the gallery, apparently tranquil; she repeatedly thanked the matron for her kindness, and said it was owing to that kindness that she was in the composed and comfortable state in which we now found her.'

In another part of his evidence, this gentleman states—

'I saw also Norris; the iron apparatus in which he had been confined was then removed; but the chain which fastened the neck of the patient to the iron stancheon, as well as the leg lock, were still used. Norris stated that he was fully aware he was a dangerous person; that he should be sorry to be permitted to walk unmanacled in the gallery; but that if he could be prevented from doing others any mischief, which if he was not provoked he should not attempt to do, he should consider the permission of taking that exercise a great indulgence; he added also, that he had made repeated complaints against the mode of confinement in which he had been for so many years; but that he was

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now treated like a christian, and that he felt himself quite comfortable; he particularly alluded to the pleasure he felt in being able to sit down on the edge of his bed.'—(*Report*, pp. 132—3.)

Had then the recent investigation respecting the state and condition of lunatics done nothing further than cause that change in the economy and management of Bethlem Hospital which the above accounts prove, it is pretty evident that the gentlemen with whom the inquiry originated, and by whom it was conducted, would be entitled to the highest praise. Even should no benefit arise out of any new legislative enactment applied to the circumstances of insanity, the very exposures, which the investigation has occasioned, will, we think, constitute a pretty good guarantee against fresh enormities. Our limits will not allow us to proceed in an analysis of the Reports, nor do we think it necessary, inasmuch as all the inquisitions tend to the establishment of one main point, namely, the good which may be effected in mental affections, by the combination of judgment and humanity.

The great objects to be aimed at in the management of the insane are, in the first place, that the invalids be separately and properly classed, both in respect of their ages, sexes, condition in life, and kind or degree of their disorder. Secondly, free ventilation, so ensured as to guard against undue exposure to the inclemencies of the weather. Thirdly, a rigid system of cleanliness; and lastly, such a judicious regulation both of mental and bodily exercise, as shall excite without fatigue, and exhilarate without exhaustion. A combination of tenderness with firmness on the part of the keepers is all along supposed; and we repeat from an author whom we have already quoted, that in respect of superior and general superintendence, 'none ought to meddle with the mad who have not discretion and genius (and we might add humanity) into the bargain.'*

It is pleasing to have it in our power to report, that amidst all the abuses which have crept in upon both public and private institutions, there are many receptacles for the insane in this country (besides that at York conducted by the society of Friends, which can never be too much commended) in which almost all that is required seems to be accomplished: if there be any ground for exception from this general commendation, we should conceive it to be that there is perhaps hardly enough of system and regulated design in the attempts made to reinstate reason. Exercise, for ex-

* We recommend to those who are at all interested in the construction or improvement of lunatic asylums, the judicious pamphlet of Mr. Tuke, mentioned at the head of the present article. We do not know whether the objections of Mr. Tuke to the panopticon plan of constructing these buildings may not have more weight in it than at first sight appears.

ample,

ample, is spoken of in the highest terms, and practised with the best effect, in several institutions; but may there not still be some room left for improvement as it regards the incitements to employment, and the selection of work? There is much talk of an establishment at Saragossa, in Spain, in which we are informed that the treatment is singularly successful, and in this, it is said,

'the patients are divided early in the morning into parties, some of which perform the menial offices of the house; others repair to shops belonging to their respective trades. The majority are distributed under the superintendance of their guards, through a large inclosure, where they are occupied in works belonging to gardening and agriculture. Uniform experience is said to have proved the efficacy of these labours. It is added that the noblemen who live in the same asylum, but in a state of idleness suitable to their rank, retain their lunacy and their privilege together, while their inferiors are restored to themselves and to society.'

A similar statement we meet with in the Reports under notice, in which Mr. Finch, the master of an excellently-conducted asylum near Salisbury, expresses his high opinion of the benefit of exercise, and says that he was led to the remark by observing that his pauper patients recovered in a greater number than those in a better situation; which he attributes to the former being employed in his garden. This gentleman substituted amusements where he could not enforce work, such as billiards, cricket, &c.; and he reports that he has since found 'a corresponding good attend the superior patients as well as the others.'

But still, our readers will say, the main question remains untouched—namely, what steps it would be advisable for Government to take in order to ensure an extension and permanence of the good already brought about in reference to insanity and insane institutions. We shall offer one or two remarks on this head, and then bring our discussion to a close.

The objects of legislative enactments on this great question ought, as it appears to us, to comprize four particulars. In the first place, it is highly desirable to prevent the operation of wrong motives towards procuring the confinement of individuals on the ground of insanity, when no actual insanity exists. In the second place, provision should be made to ensure the confinement of such individuals as are bonâ fide insane. Thirdly, every care should be taken to cause them to be placed in those situations, and under those regulations, which experience has shewn to be most conducive to recovery, when that event is likely to take place, and to comfort, when the case is incurable: and, fourthly, a special endeavour should be made on the part of the legislature that paupers should possess the same privileges as those who are in some measure

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enabled to command their enjoyment. In fact this is comprized in the three foregoing heads; nevertheless, as the laws proposed on the subject of madhouses appear to us principally defective in what relates to the poor, we have been willing to give a character of distinctness to this branch of the inquiry.

It has been said that the first evil, namely that of confinement upon spurious pretences, is of very partial and limited operation. We believe, however, the case to be otherwise; and when the statements made in the former part of this article are adverted to, it may easily be conceived how subject individuals, especially those who have had trivial and transient aberrations of intellect, are to improper confinement from sinister motives on the part of relatives. The remedy we would propose is that of lessening the facility of attestation. As the law now stands, every *soi-disant* practitioner of medicine is competent to the signature of a certificate declarative of insanity. Let the power of signing such certificate be confined to the hands of the legitimate prescriber, that is, to one who has either obtained a diploma from some medical university, or is a member of the College of Surgeons. To the really respectable apothecary we mean nothing invidious by this exclusion. There are many of this profession, whose talents and learning would do honour to any rank or station in life; but it must be allowed, on the other hand, that there are also many, calling themselves apothecaries, who are miserably deficient in every qualification but that of impudence; and we believe that, according to the present constitution of the law, both as it applies to the practice of medicine and to the statutes of lunacy, there are no means of distinguishing legally between the one and the other description of men. Another remedy we would propose, is that suggested by the author of 'Observations on Laws relating to Private Lunatic Asylums.' We do not agree with him in every particular of his objections to Mr. Rose's bill; but the following meets with our hearty concurrence:—

'No person should, in future, begin to superintend a lunatic asylum, unless he had previously taken a regular degree in medicine, at some university, or was a member of the College of Physicians or Surgeons, *or had undergone an examination of his qualifications by some competent judges.*'

The second object to be gained by the enactment of a code of laws, namely, that of providing that all persons whose mental condition requires that they be put under confinement, should be so confined, is of high moment, but of difficult accomplishment. Incipient insanity is too delicate a thing to be roughly handled. 'Nothing is more calculated to make a man mad, than the idea that he is thought so by others.' Forcible subjection to legal restraints might (it has been said) have prevented the melancholy catastrophe

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trophe which took place in the British Senate: but would the high spirit of the individual concerned have brooked treatment founded upon the supposition of his insanity? Would not the clouds which were gathering around his brain have been increased and thickened to tenfold gloom, by the consciousness that the world was to think him a madman? On the other hand, we certainly too often meet with instances where a kind of self-deception on the part of relations and friends has been pursued till the dreadful consequences of such forbearance have been most fatally displayed. Yet we fear much must still be left to private discretion; for we confess it appears difficult to conceive how the vigilance of Government could be brought into exercise, for the prevention of the evil, without touching too closely upon individual freedom and family rights. There is, however, one class of men about which there ought to be no difficulty,—we mean that of wandering lunatic paupers. It would seem expedient for Government to compel the friends and relations of such to deliver them to the custody of guardians properly qualified and duly appointed.

It is obvious that the third object above stated, namely, that of securing in all cases the best possible treatment to the insane, would be most effectually gained first by difficulties thrown in the way of license, so as to ensure the qualification and respectability of madhouse conductors; and secondly, *by an assiduous system of thorough and frequent inspection.* The writer of that tract to which we have just made allusion deprecates the severity of the recently proposed bill, especially as it relates to the laws of visitation: but for ourselves, we do not see how the severity would operate excepting in cases of dereliction of duty; and in such cases, laws cannot be too severe. We think, however, with this writer, that the possible influence of local prejudices is not sufficiently guarded against in cases of county inspections. Two magistrates and one physician do not, in our minds, form a sufficient quorum for the exercise of visiting duties; especially when such magistrates are selected from situations in the vicinity of the respective establishments, 'thus appointed, for the very reason which should be the cause of their rejection, namely, that they are neighbours, and therefore continually liable to be excited by personal pique and enmity.' With respect to the discretionary powers and right of liberation, which the act gives to the inspecting visitors—these are not so likely to be abused as our objector would seem to insinuate; for the marks and peculiarities of insanity have recently become so much the subject of investigation, that it is not very probable any rash or unwarrantable exercise of such powers would be attempted by men of intelligence and responsibility: and yet it seems well, in order to provide against abuses, that such powers

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should be possessed. The round-about process of appealing to the Chancellor in cases of unjust confinement or improper treatment might be attended with too much difficulty for the object of immediate redress.

But further, as it respects the poor,—those establishments which are more strictly considered public charities, ought to be subjected to as severe and rigid a system of inspection as the private ones; and every officer, from the physician to the porter, ought to be compelled to hold his situation solely upon the tenure of correct conduct. Some scheme, too, ought to be devised for excluding in toto such persons from the benefits of these charities as have means equal to their support in other situations; for much mal-practice has taken place in reference to this particular. *But the great desideratum, as it refers to pauper lunatics, is that of* COUNTY ASYLUMS. The erection and endowment of these ought to be made compulsory; and there should, further, be a responsibility attached to every parish officer to cause the removal of insane paupers from poor-houses, and other situations, into these establishments. Here, too, the visits and inspections must be frequent and severe, and every guard be in constant readiness to prevent the intrusion of abuse. After taking a general census of the county returns, it should be laid before the commissioners of madhouses, accompanied with plans of the size, situation, &c. of the proposed building. The expense, which should of course be as small as possible consistent with the objects to be effected, would be best defrayed by additions to the county rates; and we see no objections (provided care be taken to prevent any abuse of the privilege) to the medical officers of the respective institutions being permitted to have private patients from the more respectable classes of the community. Persons in comfortable, but moderate, circumstances in the country, are often deterred from sending their relations to private madhouses by the expense and other inconveniences attending distance from home. County establishments would in this case (and we speak from actual observation) be for the most part a convenience: but every possible care should then be taken that the duties of officers to the poor be in no measure trespassed on by their attendance upon the superior classes of patients.

Since this was written, 'The First Annual Report on Madhouses, 1816,' has fallen into our hands. We do not think it necessary to detain our readers by any lengthened account of its contents as it merely corroborates what has been before advanced. It is, however, a valuable document, and worthy the attention of all who are particularly interested in its subject. One remarkable feature in the account it may be right just to advert to,—we mean the statement which Mr. Sharpe gives to the Committee of the

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want of success attendant upon some recent trials in Sir Jonathan Miles's house of powerful remedial processes, especially the administration of mercury and the fox-glove. This evidence is in another place qualified by the gentleman under whose direction these experiments were made, but by no means in such a manner as to prove the safety and efficacy of the means employed. Respecting the powers of the fox-glove, there is indeed a very remarkable statement made by Mr. Wakefield, from Dr. Finch,* of its successful administration to 'a raving maniac who had been chained for many years to the walls of a workhouse;' but as far as our own observation has extended, this very singular and important medicine has much less influence upon the paroxysms of insanity than might *à priori* have been supposed. We shall conclude by extracting from the Report before us the sentiments of one whose authority in all particulars pertaining to pathology is deservedly great.

'I am of opinion,' (says Sir Henry Halford, addressing himself to the Committee,) 'that our knowledge of insanity has not kept pace with our knowledge of other distempers, from the habit we find established, of transferring patients under this malady, as soon as it has declared itself, to the care of persons who too frequently limit their attention to the mere personal security of their patients, without attempting to assist them by the resources of medicine. We want facts in the history of this disease, and if they are carefully recorded, under the observation of enlightened physicians, no doubt they will sooner or later be collected in sufficient number to admit of safe and useful deductions.'—(*First Annual Report*, p. 24.)

We have recently heard of the expulsion from the principal lunatic asylum in Britain of its two principal officers, and of the election of others to succeed them. Respecting the propriety of this strong measure on the part of the governors of that institution, it would be as indelicate as it is unnecessary for us to express any opinion. We think it, however, proper to say, that, while the public have a right to expect a great deal from the gentlemen now appointed to these important and responsible offices, anticipations of improvement must not partake too much of Utopian perfection. We would again respectfully submit to Government the superiority of preventive measures over punishments; and entreat that parliamentary enactments be so contrived as to continue as much as possible actually and unremittingly operative. Public institutions, and corporate associations, are naturally prone to degeneracy and decline, even though the members may be individually active and well-intentioned.

* He is called Mr. Finch in the General Report.

ART. VI.—*Symbolic Illustrations of the History of England, from the Roman Invasion to the present Time, accompanied with a Narrative of the Principal Events, designed more particularly for the Instruction of Young Persons.* By Mary Ann Rundall, of Bath, Author of the Grammar of Sacred History. London, Bath, Exeter, and Broxburne. 1815. 4to.

THIS is, in its way, by far the most absurd work thas has ever fallen into our hands. It is in fact one of Mr. Newberry's little books grown into a huge quarto of 700 pages, and grown, with its growth, more than proportionably silly.

The author acquaints us in her Preface, that 'objects which are seen make a more lasting impression on the mind than the mere recital of facts; it has been therefore her aim to embody in symbols, or hieroglyphics, the most striking incidents recorded in the annals of our country.'—(p. 3.) And this the good lady fancies that she has done in *thirty-nine* plates, which, *with the assistance of* 700 *pages of letter-press,* teach about as much of the History of England as might be comprised in one of the aforesaid Mr. Newberry's sixpenny abridgements. It is somewhat curious to find in a work composed on the principle of addressing not the *ear* but the *eye,* that thirty-nine pages only are for the use of the *eye,* while 700 are dedicated to the *ear.*

Our readers will suppose, of course, that some *representations* of *objects* are to be submitted to the eye, which will be at once understood and retained more forcibly than the same ideas presented in words. No such thing: Mrs. Rundall's plates are, in truth, *hieroglyphics,* strokes, scratches and letters, perfectly unintelligible unless with the assistance of the 700 pages of explanation, and not very clear even with them.

'An English individual is designated by an upright line surmounted with an oak leaf; if a diagonal line crosses it, it is a knight or a noble.'

'Princes and princesses have a small crescent reversed on the top of a perpendicular line.'

'An *upright* line, with a death's head, is an assassin—a horizontal line, with the symbolic head detached, shews a person dead.'—*Key to the Symbols.*

This appears a curious mode of explaining that which *words* cannot make sufficiently clear, and we find, like Mrs. Dangle in the Critic, 'that the interpreter is the harder of the two.'

We wish we could contrive to lay before our readers one of Mrs. Rundall's devices for 'making history plain,' but it would not be possible without the assistance of a plate. Our printer, however, has endeavoured to imitate a diagram given in the Preface, from which she

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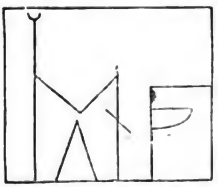
she candidly confesses that her scheme is copied, and which her own diagrams very closely resemble.

'The following is the *Diagram.*



It is thus explained.—A Convention was entered into, in Egypt, between General Kleber, on the part of the French, and the Grand Vizier, on the part of the Sublime Porte, which was approved by the Cabinet of London. The straight line, with the Crescent on its top, denotes the Grand Vizier, by its superior height to the perpendicular line, which is to represent General Kleber: the line drawn through the centre of this line, forming two acute angles, is intended for the General's sword. To denote the Convention, two lines are drawn, which meet together in the centre, and represent the shaking of hands, or a meeting. The Convention was formed in Egypt, which is signified by a Pyramid. The Cabinet of London is typified by the outline of a Cabinet on the right of the diagram. The Head of a Ship, placed in the square, denotes London, as it is frequented by ships more than any other port.'—*Preface.*

Our readers will judge, from this specimen, of the beauty and perspicuity of Mrs. Rundall's method of teaching history, and will join with us in wondering that the vanity of book-making can have blinded any human being to the laborious absurdity, the monstrous inconsistency of these 'Historical Hieroglyphics.'

ART. VII.—*The Monarchy according to the Charter, by the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, &c.*—London.—pp. 252.

THIS is the translation of a very important work—important not only on account of the subjects it treats and the abilities with which it was written, but on account of the persecution which, together with the author, it has suffered from the soi-disant constitutional ministers of France; which may be considered as an indication of their views and a test of their principles. If any thing that happens in France could surprize us, we should be astonished at seeing ministers affecting to be, *par excellence*, the friends of the Charter and the constitution, taking the most arbitrary, the most illegal, the most furious and insane measures against a work which, though it opposes them individually, is, from the title to the colophon,

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a defence of the Charter and a panegyric on the constitution. If M. de Chateaubriand's work had been of a different complexion, if it had been, as we have heard it called by those who had neither read nor even seen it, an ultra-royalist, anti-constitutional pamphlet, preaching up persecution and the old régime, it would have been very proper to persecute it; it might even have been proper, if it had been censured by the tribunals, to have inflicted some mark of the royal displeasure upon the author: but that, without judge or jury, without complaint, without trial, the police should confiscate the work, should put seals on the printer's presses, and actually shut up the shops of some booksellers to whose counters a few copies had been sent before the seizure, seems to us to decide the temper and spirit of this ministry, and we have no hesitation in saying, that with all their affected regard for the chamber and the constitution, this intemperate, illegal, and foolish step proves them to be as unsound in their principles as in their judgments: the matter and the manner of the proceeding are alike reprehensible, and they have done a thing which renders them odious for its violence and ridiculous for its impotence.

But this is not all—the chamber of deputies was to be dissolved: and to strike terror into the *ultra*-royalist party, to which they supposed M. de Chateaubriand to belong, because he opposed the *infra*-royalist party, they had recourse to a measure, desperate to be sure in point of character, but safe and easy enough as far as regarded their persons, and recommended to them perhaps by this double consideration, of advising the King of France to erase the name of M. de Chateaubriand from the list of his privy council.

We beg leave here to take a distinction, well understood in England and strongly inculcated by M. de Chateaubriand, that in a constitutional monarchy the acts of the king are never personal to him; but should be treated, as they really are, as the measures of his responsible advisers: with the most sincere respect and confidence in the King of France, therefore, with the greatest esteem for his excellent qualities, his good sense and correct taste, his justice and his clemency, we must be allowed to say that a more violent, oppressive, and impolitic measure than this we cannot well conceive; it is only to be equalled by some of those ever-to-be-regretted compliances by which Louis XVI, in the first days of the Revolution, interdicted his friends from his person and service, and sought a fatal and short-lived popularity in the councils of his enemies.

If we had been asked what was most needful for France, what principle it was on which the stability of the legitimate government most depended, and which it would probably be the most difficult to find, we should have said FIDELITY; twenty-five years of revolution,

lution, with a new constitution every year;—monarchy, democracy, oligarchy, consulate, dictatorship, empire, monarchy—and empire, republic, and monarchy again—have so unsettled men's minds, have so scattered their principles, have involved such multitudes in weaknesses and crimes, in inconsistencies and perjury, that of all virtues that of Abdiel would be, we should have thought, the most prized.

> 'Abdiel faithful found,
> Among the faithless faithful only he;
> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
> Nor number, nor example with him wrought
> To swerve from truth or change his constant mind.'

M. de Chateaubriand followed the King into exile. Who at that hour thought that the King was so soon to return? At Ghent his grateful sovereign called him to his privy council—he advised with him in his adversity—the battle of Waterloo miraculously restored the King to his throne; M. de Chateaubriand, still faithful, attends the King in his restoration as he did in exile, but with a different fate; at Paris he is stricken out of the council to which he had been summoned at Ghent—and by whose advice is this done?—not, we hope and believe, by that of the Duke of Richelieu, an emigrant of the old school, nor by M. Lainé or the Duke of Feltré, emigrants during the last usurpation, and who all three are looked upon as attached with equal sincerity to the king and constitution, and whose characters are, indeed, the only support which the present ministry possesses; but, if we may believe the public report of France and England, by that of M. de Caze, a young gentleman who had been secretary to her Imperial Majesty Madame the mother of all the Buonapartes, and who did *not* follow his legitimate sovereign into his exile.

And for what offence is M. de Chateaubriand thus delivered over into the hands of M. de Caze?—for publishing, as a minister of state, the same sentiments which his sovereign had applauded in council at Ghent—for publishing, as a peer of France, an address to the country, the most temperate, the most just, the most liberal, the most constitutional, the most ably and heartily favourable to the strict maintenance of the Charter, the rights and liberties of France, of any publication we have yet had the good fortune to see.

We declare we have not found one single principle, we had almost said one single expression, in this able production which might not have been advanced by an English whig of the best days of our constitution; and if any doubt, as we perused this work, rose in our minds as to the expediency of his advice, it was, whether

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ticable, impolitic.

2. The supposition of a despotism he dismisses at once, as alike ridiculous and detestable.

3. And he therefore assumes, as the foundation and basis of all his political opinions, that France must stand or fall by the Charter; and he claims, with great zeal and eloquence, '*the Charter and nothing but the Charter*'—(pp. 2 and 3.)—the essence of which he justly states to be a representative government by king, peers, and the deputies of the people.

He then proceeds to state the principles that flow from this representative system: the first is the entire *irresponsibility* of the King, and the entire *responsibility* of his ministers. This is the part of his doctrine for which ostensibly he has been punished, because he is accused of raising doubts as to the King's private sentiments, as if in a constitutional monarchy the King could have any private sentiments, and as if it was a crime to see in the acts done in his name the measures of his ministers. But let us hear how this furious and illiberal *ultra* expresses himself on the point:

'The doctrine of a constitutional royal prerogative is—that nothing is done directly by the King himself; that every act of government is in truth his ministers', though the thing be done in his Majesty's name, or the document signed by his Majesty's hand.

'Laws proposed—*ordonnances*—choice of men and of measures—for all these, Ministers alone are responsible.

'The King of a representative monarchy is, as it were, a divinity, placed beyond our reach, inviolable and infallible. His person is sacred, and his will can do no wrong. If there be error, it is the error of his servants.

'We may therefore discuss public affairs without offence to the Monarch, and we may criticise measures which, though in his name, are the mere acts of his Ministers.'

As a result from these principles, M. de Chateaubriand is led to disapprove

disapprove of the power of proposing laws being *exclusively* vested in the King, and denied to both houses of legislature; for it seems that the King alone can initiate a law, and the Chambers are to discuss it; they may amend it indeed, but they must *only* amend it, for if their amendments should chance to run into any thing like an —original proposition, they must be rejected as contrary to order and the Charter. M. de Chateaubriand invocates for his country the practice of the British constitution; he wishes the initiative to be given to the Chambers, at least, in common with the Crown; and he deprecates, as injurious to the rights of the people, the form of absolute authority in which the King now proposes his laws.

All this is very true; and yet we are disposed to doubt the expediency of adopting M. de Chateaubriand's advice *at present*. France is far from being in a state of established tranquillity; the diet that is wholesome for a robust and healthy person is not fit for a weak convalescent, and that which suits England in her present state may not be exactly the properest regimen for France in hers. We cannot forget the rage for law-making (it ought not to be called legislation) which the French Representative Chambers exhibited; the Constituent Assembly sat about 29 months, and passed 3488 laws; but the Legislative Body far exceeded its predecessors in activity, for in 11 months it passed 5414 laws; and we believe that of the aggregate 8902 laws not one hundred exist at this day. M. de Chateaubriand is aware of this objection, and answers it by stating that times are changed, and that the rage of law-making is gone by. We are not quite satisfied of this, and we should fear that to give the power would be to excite once more, in his volatile countrymen, the desire of indiscriminate legislation. But besides this, there is another reason in favour of the present practice—it is sanctioned by the Charter—and even on the clearest and most popular grounds we should think it unadvisable to depart from that document in the minutest particular: by and bye it may be done with safety, by the hand of experience; at present it is better to bear some inconvenience than to shake the foundation of the whole political edifice.

The boldness and freedom with which M. de Chateaubriand claims for France the principles of the British system of government are, it seems, *too* constitutional; and he is therefore obliged to devote a chapter to answer the objections of those who accuse him—for he is accused on all sides—of being too democratical—this he does in the following manner.

'It will be asked, "Is the King then, in a representative government, a mere idol?—an image which we adore, but which has neither motion nor power?"

'There is the mistake. The King, in such a monarchy, is more absolute than any monarch of France has been been before him; more powerful

ful than the Sultan at Constantinople; more *Master* at Paris, than Louis XIV. at Versailles.

'He is accountable only to God and his conscience.

'He is the head, or visible prelate, of the Gallican church.

'He is the father of all private families, the example of their duties, and the fountain of their education and morals.

'He alone rejects or sanctions laws—the law resides in him, and emanates from his person—he is, then, the sovereign legislator.

'He is even above the law, for he has the attribute of mercy, and the rigour of the law is silent before him.

'He appoints and dismisses his Ministers of his own mere motion—without opposition, without controul: all authority flows from him.

'The army obeys the orders of the King alone.

'He alone makes war or peace.

'He is therefore the supreme head of the civil state.

'The Chief, thus, of all that constitutes a nation—its religion, morals, politics—he holds in his hand the manners, the laws, the ministry, the police, the army, and the power of peace and war!

'He drops his extended hand—the whole machine stops.

'He raises it—all is again in motion.

'He is so completely identified and mixed with every thing, that, take away the King, and there is nothing.

'What, then, do you regret? what power, what splendor is wanting? Is it the net of fetters with which the old monarchy was embarrassed? Is it the power which Ministers possessed, of clapping you in the Bastille?

'You are mistaken, if you believe that the Crown had formerly a more free and independent authority than it now has. What King of the ancient time could have raised the enormous revenue of the last budget? what King could have exercised so violent a power as that with which the laws relative to the liberty of the press, individual liberty, and seditious cries, have armed the Crown?'—pp. 25—27.

Our author goes on to shew that the next principles which a constitutional monarchy requires is a house of Peers, noble, rich and independent, hereditary advisers and guardians of the throne; and a Chamber of Deputies freely chosen, and armed with powers to vindicate the rights of the people, and to controul the ministers of the crown.

The next principle which he requires, and that which this narrow minded and bigotted advocate of arbitrary power says, is '*above all things indispensable*,' p. 38, is the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

'Without the liberty of the press there can be no representative government.

'A representative government is founded on and enlightened by public opinion; the Chambers cannot be aware of that opinion if the opinion has no organ.

'In a representative government there are two tribunals—the Cham-

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bers, where the interests of the people are debated; the public, in which the conduct of the Chambers is discussed.

'In the differences which may arise between the Ministers and the Chambers, how is the public to know the truth if the journals are under the restraint of the Ministers themselves, an interested party in the dispute? How shall the Ministers and the Chambers ascertain the public opinion, if the press, *the tongue of the people*, be not free?'—p. 39.

This is but a small part of the luminous and eloquent argument which he makes for the liberty of the press, but our limits will not permit us to admit it at further length; we however must make room for a note in which M. de Chateaubriand talks of the fate likely to attend his work.

'The work I now publish will, no doubt, afford fresh instances of these kinds of abuse. The journals will be commanded either to abuse or to refuse to advertise it. If any of them should venture to mention it independently, it will be stopped at the Post-office, according to custom. I shall, I dare say, see, ay, and *feel* too, the good old times of Fouché and Savary. Nay, libels against me have been published under the Royal Police, which Savary himself had suppressed as too atrocious. I never complained, because I am sincerely the friend of the freedom of the press, and that according to my principles I could only complain to the laws—and there are none. Besides, I am accustomed to insults of this nature, and in truth grown somewhat callous. I individually am but one of little importance, but the principles of my work may be of some; and for this reason I would entreat the public not to judge of it from the report of the journals. It attacks a powerful party—that party has the exclusive dominion of these journals;—literature and politics continue to be made at the old shop in the police office—I may then expect every kind of attack; but I may also venture to beg not to be condemned till I shall have been read.'

To this passage the translator has subjoined the following observation, which our readers will perceive is in perfect consistency with the opinion we have always expressed on this subject.

'M. de Chateaubriand, with all his forsesight, was not prepared for so extravagant an exercise of arbitrary power as he has suffered: two editions of his work have been actually seized as if it were treason, and his own name has been struck out of the list of Privy Counsellors, as if he was a traitor—and by what hand?—Alas, for the poor King of France!'—p. 42.

One observation of M. de Chateaubriand's on the liberty of the press deserves to be particularly noticed; it is this: if the press be free, foreign powers have no right to complain of the government for what may appear in the public papers; but if the ministers have the guidance and controul of the press they are responsible to foreign powers for all its abuses. This would afford us a large field for observation. We could produce a long catalogue of infamous

famous calumnies against this country with which the ministerial press of France teems; nay, we have before us a placard printed by *L'Imprimeur du Roi* within the last week, and which, for ought we know, covers the walls of Paris, in which it is stated that the same principle which armed all Europe against the tyranny of Buonaparte ought also to arm it now against the usurpations of Great Britain, and that a general resistance to the arbitrary despotism of England is necessary to preserve the nations of the continent from a worse slavery than that of Buonaparte. The French press is not free, and without the connivance of the ministry such an inflammatory paper could not be published; it is then the ministry alone that we can arraign for this apology for Buonaparte, this malignity against the most faithful ally of their king, and this new tocsin of war and massacre in Europe.

M. de Chateaubriand next proceeds to explain what, in a constitutional monarchy, a ministry should, and what it should *not* be; and this latter consideration leads him to censure that monstrous deformity in a free government, the ministry of *general police*, which has played all through the Revolution, and is to this day playing so conspicuous and so dangerous a part in France: 'unknown,' says M. de Chateaubriand, 'under the old régime—incompatible with the new—it is a monster born of anarchy and despotism, and bred in the filth of the Revolution.'

He goes on to state, that the minister of Police levies taxes to the amount of near 400,000l. per annum of his own authority; that he is the official protector of gaming-houses and brothels, and that he has an unlimited and summary power over the liberty of the subject; and further, that he is the complete despot of the press, and even over public justice, in direct violation of the law. The following is an instance of this abuse.

'But if one of the agents of the police happens to be involved in a criminal affair, as having been a voluntary accomplice with the intention of becoming an informer—if in the course of the trial the accused should adduce in their defence this fact, which tends to their exculpation by diminishing the credit due to a character thus doubly infamous—the police forbids the newspapers to report these parts of the evidence!' —p. 70.

Upon this the translator very properly observes, that the circumstances which have just occurred in London afford a strong illustration of the soundness of M. de Chateaubriand's objection; for if the London police could have suppressed all the reports of Vaughan's case, that wretch and his associates might have escaped with impunity, and the victims of their villany would have suffered the extreme punishment of the law.

It has, however, been generally thought, in this country at least, that

that however oppressive and unconstitutional the French General Police might be, it was a least a most effective and, for its purposes, a useful department,—M. de Chateaubriand gives it quite another character, and supports, to a certain extent, his opinion by facts.

'The General Police ought to have great advantages to redeem its illegality and danger: and yet the evidence of experience proves it to be wholly useless.

'What important conspiracy has it ever detected or prevented, even under the lynx-eyed and jealous despotism of Buonaparte? this Police could not prevent, on the 3d Nivose, General Mallet from sending Pasquier and Savary (the Police itself personified) to their own jails.

'Under the King it permitted a tremendous conspiracy to wind itself round the Throne—it saw nothing—it knew nothing. Napoleon's dispatches travelled regularly through the post offices; the couriers who wore the King's livery were in the usurper's service; the two L'Allemands marched about with troops and baggage: the Nain Jaune talked boldly of "*Plumes* de Cannes." Buonaparte had already *alighted* at that place, and still this sagacious Police knew nothing about it.

'Since the second restoration, a whole department was in arms—the peasants formed themselves into organized bodies—they marched to attack a great town: but the General Police saw nothing—foresaw nothing—prevented nothing—discovered nothing.

'The only important discoveries made, were by the *extraordinary* Police—by chance—and by the exertions of some public spirited individuals. The General Police affects to complain of this extraordinary police, and for once, it is right; but its own inutility, and the terror it inspires, have created this establishment. The General Police cannot serve nor save the state; but without good looking after, it has the means of destroying it.'—pp. 72, 73.

After insisting on this last point, and adducing some striking instances of its justice, he breaks out into the following warm, but at the same time judicious exclamations.

'Good Heavens! how can we suffer to exist, in the heart of a constitutional monarchy, such a seraglio of despotism, such a sink of public corruption! why, in a country, which pretends to be governed by laws, do we tolerate a department, whose nature is to overleap or violate all laws?

'Why intrust such monstrous powers to a minister, whose communications with all that is vile and depraved in society tend to blunt every good feeling, and inflame every bad; to profit by corruption and thrive by abuses?

'What is a good police? A good police is that which bribes the servant to accuse his master; which seduces the son to betray his father; which lays snares for friendship, and man-traps for innocence.

'A good minister of Police will persecute if he cannot corrupt fidelity, lest it should reveal the turpitude of the offers which it has resisted.

To reward crime, to entrap innocence—this is the whole secret of the Police!

'The master of this formidable engine is the more terrible, because his power mixes itself with all the other departments: in fact, he is the *prime*, if not the *sole*, minister. Nay, *He* may be said to be *King*, who commands the whole gendarmerie of France, and annually levies, without check, or account to the people, seven or eight millions (from 350,000 to 400,000*l.* sterling).

'Thus whatever escapes the snares of the Police may be bought by its gold, and secured by its pensions. If it should meditate treason, but its preparations be as yet incomplete; if it fear a premature discovery;—to dissipate suspicion, to give an earnest of its frightful fidelity—it invents a conspiracy, and sacrifices, to its credit and its treason, some wretches, under whose feet it has dug the pit-fall.'—pp. 75, 76.

M. de Chateaubriand proceeds to state some general principles, upon the duties of ministers, which as they are familiar to our constitution, it is the less necessary that we should repeat; this leads him to a rapid but striking sketch of the different administrations which have succeeded each other in France, since the Restoration. The first cabinet he describes in the following words.

'When in 1814 the minister for foreign affairs (M. de Talleyrand) set out for Vienna, he left behind him a very well bred and even pleasant cabinet, but totally unfit for business; and bringing to it that sort of pettishness which one feels at finding his reputation slipping from under him.

'When a minister is in this situation, he is ready for any change of system—terrified at the responsibility—soured by that sort of opposition, which, in such circumstances, meets him at every turn—destitute of the means of controlling events and measures—and feeling that he is carried off by a torrent, he becomes disgusted with the trouble of governing—lays the blame every where but at home—attributes his own failure to the nature of our institutions, to public bodies, to private individuals; in short, to any body but himself; and, full of criticism and imbecility, ruins France in the name of the Charter.'—p. 89.

Of the second cabinet, the most prominent man was *Citizen* Fouché, *Duke* of Otranto. The following account of the causes which led to his most extraordinary appointment, an appointment which has done, we think, more injury to the royal cause in France than all other circumstances combined, will interest our readers, and excuse the length of the extracts.

'These false systems received a strange reinforcement by the appointment to the ministry of a man who had ventured to remain in Paris.

'This famous person had at first avoided committing himself—he wished

wished to have two strings to his bow; and he who sent little messages to Ghent probably sent others of a different colour elsewhere.

'As we advanced into France we found that a powerful coalition was formed in his favour; when we approached Paris we found it irresistible. Every body was in it. Religion, impiety, virtue, vice, the royalist, the republican, the allies, and the French. I never saw so extraordinary a mania: we heard from all sides that without *this* minister there was neither hope for the King, nor peace for France; that *he alone* had prevented a great battle under the walls of Paris, and saved the capital, and that *he alone* could finish his great work.

'Let me be forgiven if I here say one word of myself. I would not now state what I then thought if my sentiments were not already public. I maintained then, in the midst of all this mad enthusiasm, that no event, that no argument could justify such an appointment; that if ever he became minister he would ruin France, or be dismissed in three months. My prediction has been accomplished.

'I shall never forget the pang I suffered at St. Denis. It was about nine o'clock in the evening,—I had remained in the King's antichamber,—the door opened; the Prince of Talleyrand entered, leaning on the arm of——M. Fouché!—Oh, Louis the Desired! Oh, my unhappy master! You have *indeed* shewn that there is no sacrifice which your people may not expect from your paternal tenderness!

'The new Cabinet thus installed must do something; and their new ally, of course, proposed the only step consistent with his interest. *His* ministerial existence was incompatible, he felt, with the course of a representative monarchy. He understood perfectly, that if the illegitimate armed force, and the illegitimate political powers, were not alike preserved, his fall was inevitable. He knew that there is no struggling with the force of facts and things; and as he could not identify himself with the elements of a legal monarchy, he wished to render the principles of the government consistent with his own.

'He well nigh succeeded. He had created a fictitious terror before the Court entered Paris: he endeavoured, by a detail of imaginary dangers, to oblige the King to recognise the two Chambers—the rump of Buonaparte—and to accept a certain *declaration of rights*, at which certain philosophers, tailors of his sect, were working night and day, in order that it might be ready in time to throw over the King's shoulders at his entry into his capital. Louis XVIII. would then have been *King* by the constitutions of the *empire*—the people would have been so good as to elect him for Chief Magistrate—his acts would have been dated the first year of his reign—the body and Swiss guards would have been cashiered—the army of the Loire preserved—and the white cockade would have been torn from the faithful soldiers who had followed their King into his exile, and now accompanied him back to the palace of his ancestors—to make way for the tricoloured symbol of a rebellion, which was even yet in arms against its legitimate sovereign.

'This would have been indeed the consummation of the Revolution: the royal family might then have been tolerated at Paris for a certain period, till, some fine day, the sovereign people, and the still more

sovereign Ministers, should think proper to dismiss their Monarch and abolish the monarchy: nay, at this epoch, the revolutionary faction was heard to mutter something about the necessity of *exiling* the Princes of the blood. The King was to be insulated from his family, and the throne was to be solitary confinement in a workhouse.

'In the mean while the system of terror and dupery went on.

'The warmest Royalists hurried out, with ridiculous sincerity, to inform us, that if the King ventured to enter Paris with the household troops, we should all be massacred: that if we did not all mount the tricoloured cockade, we should see a general insurrection. In vain did the National Guards *climb over* the walls of Paris to assure the King of their devotion; we were told that the National Guards were exasperated against us. The faction had shut the barriers to prevent the people from flying to meet their Sovereign. The conspiracy was as much against this good people as against the King. Our blindness was miraculous. The French army, the only source of danger, was in march for the Loire: one hundred and fifty thousand of the allied troops occupied the posts, the avenues, the barriers, of Paris; they were to enter the city by capitulation, within twenty-four hours; and yet they would have us believe that the King, with his guards and allies, was not strong enough to venture into a city, where there did not remain a single soldier, and whose loyal inhabitants (and they were, I may say, the whole population) were more than sufficient to have alone kept down a handful of rabble fédérés, if these latter had wished or dared to stir.

'A circumstance occurred which might have opened our eyes: the Provisional Government was dissolved; but it left behind it a posthumous proclamation; a kind of indictment against the legitimate Monarch and his servants. This proclamation was intended as a foundation stone—laid now, to be built on hereafter; and the edifice intended was a new revolution. This startled some of us; but *the* minister having assured us that *this* was the only means he had of dissolving the Provisional Government, and that all was right—we believed him! Now, observe, this very Minister was *himself* the Provisional Government—its body and soul; and that (but for *his* precautions) this *Directory*, which he pretended 150,000 soldiers could not subdue, might have been thrown into the river by fifty of the National Guards, who had a great mind to do it.

'This farce ended I hardly know how. The new Directory, the Peers, and the Representatives of Buonaparte, evaporated; the household troops marched quietly into Paris; the tricoloured cockade was rejected—thanks to the spirit of the heir of Henry IV. who declared, that rather than wear it, he would return to Hartwell. The white flag again floated on the Tuileries, and—to the great wonderment of the dupes—never was the King more enthusiastically welcomed, or his guards more cordially received. The pretended resistance was no where to be found, and obstacles, which never existed, had no great difficulty in disappearing.'—(pp. 97—105.)

Of this ministry M. de Chateaubriand blames with great freedom and

and force another very important measure—namely, the system of partial persecution which it carried on against the men of the Revolution by its ordonnances and its amnesties. M. de Chateaubriand very justly remarks, that when they undertook a measure of this nature, their course ought to have been short, simple, and sincere; the great criminals should have been brought to justice; those who were thought deserving of such a punishment should have been exiled at once; and then a full, free, intelligible, and *entire* amnesty should have been granted to ALL the rest, which, as Dr. Johnson says of Charles the Second's amnesty, would have 'stilled the flutter of innumerable bosoms;' instead of which, they 'permitted punishment and fear to hover over France: wounds were kept open, passions exasperated, and recollections of enmity awakened;' and even down to the moment at which M. de Chateaubriand wrote, prosecutions and sentences, at once partial and unlimited, were harassing and distracting the minds of the French people.

The third, or present cabinet, inherited the difficulties and faults of its predecessors; and M. de Chateaubriand accuses it of carrying on, with great perseverance and success, the system upon which the two former, and particularly the second, had acted, and which M. de Chateaubriand explains in one instance to be a system of *favour to the interests of the Revolution*: and, surprizing as it may seem, M. de Chateaubriand appears to us to make out his case, and to prove that the interests of the Royalists and the monarchy have been by the King's ministers most weakly and mischievously sacrificed to the interests of the revolutionary party. This must seem incredible to our readers, but we answer with Sosie—

> — Vous avez raison; et la chose à chacun
> Hors de créance doit paroître.
> C'est un fait à n'y rien connoître;
> Un conte extravagant, ridicule, importun,
> Cela choque le sens commun;
> Mais cela ne laisse pas d'être! *

But while he attacks this monstrous and incredible system, M. de Chateaubriand is well aware of the calumny that may be raised on this point: he is well aware that in supporting the interests of royalty and the Royalists against the Revolutionists, he will be accused of wishing to attack the holders of national property and the public rights which the French nation has acquired during the Revolution,—he therefore, on all occasions, in his opening, in his reasoning, and in his conclusions, takes care to free himself from this imputation; and he holds a language and speaks opinions as

* Amphitryon, Act II. Scene 1.

bold, as satisfactory, and as conclusive on this point as any reasonable mind can desire; and he evinces himself to be as strenuously the friend on this occasion of the popular parts of the constitution, as before of the royal prerogative and the privileges of the aristocracy.

The mistake, he says, of the honest supporters of the system which maintains exclusively the Revolutionary interests is,

that they confound the *material* and the *moral* interests of the Revolutionists. I say protect the former, but persecute, destroy, annihilate the latter.

'I mean by the *material* revolutionary interests, the possession of national property, the enjoyment of political rights, sprung from the Revolution, and consecrated by the Charter.

'By the *moral*—or rather *immoral*—interests of the Revolution, I mean anti-Christian and anti-social doctrines—the principle of passive or active obedience to any and every government *de facto*—and in short whatever tends to render indifferent or praise-worthy, treachery, robbery, and injustice.

'Be steady, then, in your maintenance of national property to its present proprietors, and of constitutional rights to all classes of the people—punish those who would assail either.

'But it is a deplorable and odious error to extend this protection to all the impious and sacrilegious doctrines which have sprung, like Egyptian toads, from the slime of the revolutionary inundation. It is to confound real and tangible interests with pernicious and destructive theories.'—(pp. 121, 122.)

This, then, is the whole object of M. de Chateaubriand,—to maintain all the *things* of the Revolution, the property, the rights, the liberty which it has produced; but not to keep in places of power and confidence the *men* of the Revolution, who in fact had no hand in bringing about its beneficial results, who never can be reconciled with the legitimate government, and who, as he shews, were tyrants under the Republic and slaves under Buonaparte, and on both these accounts unfit, unwilling, and, indeed, unable to contribute to the maintenance of a limited and constitutional monarchy.

> License they mean when they cry liberty!
> For who loves that, must first be wise and good.

The partizans of the system of favouring the Revolutionists defend their practice by two assertions—the first is, that there are no Royalists in France; the second, that the few there may be, are incapable of business and unfit for trust; and that all the talents of the nation are on the revolutionary side.

To the first objection, M. de Chateaubriand says, (we think justly,) 'if it were true, and that there were really no Royalists in France, you ought to *make* some; they are absolutely necessary to

to the permanence of the monarchy; and to prefer on all occasions, to advance into all places, to raise to all confidence, and to load with all favours, the men of the Revolution, is certainly not the way to make Royalists;—to reward indifference or treachery, is not a very stimulating example to fidelity!' But M. de Chateaubriand feels it to be unnecessary to urge this point to any great length; for he is prepared to assert that the great majority of France are Royalists,—they have been oppressed and silenced by an active minority; but when, he asks, and in what countries, have not the armed minority had, in times of confusion, the upper hand?

'How long have majorities influenced revolutions? Has not experience shewn, that more frequently the minority carry all before them? Did, for instance, France desire the murder of Louis XVI.?—was she for the Convention and its crimes—for the Diretory and its baseness—for Buonaparte and his conscription? She wished for none of this—her heart revolted at it all; but she was restrained by an active and armed minority.'—(p. 130.)

But he appeals boldly to every man who knows France, to state whether the wishes of the provincial cities, the towns, villages, and hamlets are not royalist; he appeals to the choice of the Chamber of Deputies, which, though elected under Fouché's ministry by electoral colleges chosen by Buonaparte, was almost unanimously royalist; he appeals also to the Councils General of the Departments, which, after the ministry had quarrelled with and prorogued the Deputies, voted to the Royalist majority of the Chamber their thanks and confidence, and presented to the King, in spite of all the efforts of his ministers, addresses framed in the same principles.

And since M. de Chateaubriand wrote, another and most decisive proof of the truth of his assertion is, that on the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, every kind of effort is made by the ministry, the whole legal and the whole illegal influence of the state is exerted to prevent the choice of Royalist deputies; the official gazette does not conceal, but rather boasts of the efficiency of these violent and anxious measures, and this effectually proves how absolutely necessary the ministry conceives them to be. If the Royalists were, indeed, a small, poor, ignorant, and contemptible faction, would it be necessary to have recourse to such strong and extensive exercises of power to ensure their exclusion—what have they to recommend them to the choice of a people really disposed against them?—disgraces with the King; persecution from his ministers; paucity of numbers; poverty; incapacity, and the imputation of being bigots and 'Ultras,' aiming at the re-establishment of feudal tyranny, the seizure of national property, and the abrogation of national rights.

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One would suppose that it would not have required the whole machinery of the state, ordinary and extraordinary, to prevent the exclusion of such characters. The efforts of the machinery may be successful, and the Royalists may be excluded; but the very use of the machinery proves what M. de Chateaubriand contends for, that the Royalists are not that unpopular and contemptible party which the supporters of the Revolutionary interests assert. But if it should happen that, in spite of all the threats and terrors of power, any considerable number of Royalists should be re-elected, it would prove two most decisive and satisfactory points;—1st, that the Royalists were indeed a most powerful party—and, 2d, that there is growing up in France a spirit of independence and consistency: we therefore have no hesitation in saying, that we think it would be greatly for the interests of France herself, and more remotely for those of Europe at large, that the new chamber should exhibit a majority of Royalists; not of bigots or madmen anxious to re-establish feudal rights, to resume national property, and abrogate the Charter; but of such royalists as M. de Chateaubriand, who see in the strict maintenance of the Charter the only hope of salvation for France.

But the adversaries of the Royalists adduce the little resistance made to Buonaparte in March, 1815, as a decisive proof of the weakness of the Royalists. M. de Chateaubriand victoriously answers, that it is no proof at all; for that it was the men of the Revolution who filled all the posts, military and civil, at the moment of invasion; and he indignantly asks—

'Good Heavens! who, then, are they who use such an argument to prove the minority of the Royalists?—are they not the very men who endeavour to excuse events in which they see their own condemnation?—worthy public servants, the authors and favourers of the system of *revolutionary interests*, by which none are to be promoted but the friends of Buonaparte—the disciples of the Revolution?

'What, YOU, who would believe nothing that we said—YOU, who treated us as alarmists, when we told you of the danger of France—YOU, who would not even open the letters which were addressed to you from the Departments—YOU, who could not watch the gulf of Lyons with the whole Toulon fleet—YOU, so pusillanimous in the hour of danger, so incapable of taking a resolution, following a plan, or conceiving an idea—YOU, who had only time to hide yourselves, leaving thirty-five millions* in hard cash, for the immediate use of the Usurper, so difficult was it to find half a dozen waggons,—it is YOU—YOU—who dare reproach the Royalists, scattered and disarmed by YOURSELVES, for not having saved the King! Oh, you had better have held your peace, than have exposed yourselves to hear that you and your dreadful systems are the cause of all the mischief—of all the misfortune.

* About 1,500,000*l.* sterling.—*Trans.*

misfortune. If you had not alienated all the Royalists, and advanced all the Revolutionists—if you had not "cooled our friends, and heated our enemies"—the Usurper could never have succeeded.

'It was your revolutionary Prefects, your Buonapartist governors, who opened France to this calamity.

'Did you not adroitly place major-generals all through the south, that he might not want creatures and partisans along the line of his march. Well might he say that his eagles would fly from steeple to steeple. He travelled commodiously from prefecture to prefecture, sleeping every night (thanks to your care) at *a friend's house*;—and it is you who complain of the Royalists! Who is there who does not know, that in all countries the civil and military bodies do all,—the unarmed crowd can do nothing? Where did the Usurper meet the slightest opposition, except where, by accident, he met some of those men who were not in your blessed *revolutionary interests*?'—(pp. 135—137.)

M. de Chateaubriand next replies to the charge of incapacity brought against the Royalists.—He admits, indeed, that *if* all the ministers since the Restoration had been Royalists, it would convict the Royalists of the most deplorable incapacity; but he shews that, except one or two men in each of the ministries, the cabinets were composed of the men of the Revolution; and, looking at the follies and faults of their administrations, he asks, 'could Royalists have done worse?' But he takes a more profound and philosophical view of the question, and shews that there is a species of ability, a fatal and peculiar talent, a kind of '*faculty for evil*,' which may fit men for periods of anarchy or despotism. In times of darkness and confusion such men appear giants, who in the clearer and purer atmosphere of a well-ordered and free constitutional government dwindle to dwarfs; and though possessed of powers for disturbing or oppressing a people, are found totally unfit for the temperate and judicious management of their interests, and the peaceable and prudent maintenance of their rights. This is a truth of which the history of all times and ages, and above all, the history of the last twenty-five years, afford most convincing proofs. The manner in which the revolutionary interests are permitted to operate, is described by M. de Chateaubriand in the following dramatic style:

'Ask a favour for a soldier of the army of Condé from these gentlemen? "No," they reply, "give us the men who have fired balls in the teeth of the allies." Now, for my part, I should like just as well those who fired balls in the teeth of the Buonapartists.

'They place on the same level Laroche Jaquelein, who fell exclaiming *Vive le Roi!* on the field bathed with the blood of his illustrious brother, and some officer who died at Waterloo, blaspheming the name of the Bourbons. The cross of honour is given to the soldier who fought in that battle against the king; and the loyal volunteer who abandoned all

all to follow his majesty, has not even the little riband which was promised at Alost, as the reward of his affecting fidelity.

'Again: the decrees of Buonaparte, dated from the Tuileries in May, 1815, are carefully executed, while the *ordonnances* of the King, signed at Ghent in the same month are wholly disregarded. The half-pay officer who is a member of the Legion of Honour is paid—and it is very right—but the knight of St. Louis, bent down by old age, and by adversity abroad, and more severe adversity at home,—starves upon alms: too happy if he obtain a miserable great coat to cover his nakedness, and an order of admission into the hospital, where the *Filles de la Charité* may dress those old wounds, which are despised or forgotten like the old monarchy.

'Finally, it is a folly, an error, a crime! not to have served Buonaparte. If you wish to do a young man a service, take care not to say that he saved himself from the Conscription by forfeiting half his fortune;—that he has suffered exile, persecution, and imprisonment, to avoid lending assistance to the Usurper;—that he never took any of his oaths, or accepted any of his places;—that he preserved pure and unstained his loyalty to the king, whom, at the hazard of eternal exile, he followed in his last misfortune:—these are all sufficient motives for his exclusion. "He has not served," you will be answered coldly; "he knows nothing."

'Is honour nothing?

'"Nonsense! the present age knows better than that!"

'But, to console yourself for this refusal, propose some man who has accepted all Buonaparte would give from the high dignity of train-bearer, down to the humbler office of imperial scullion. You have only to say; what would you have? Choose—the magistracy, the ministry, or the army. A hundred witnesses will depose in favour of your client. They will attest that they have seen him keeping watch in the imperial anti-chambers, with extraordinary courage. He only asks a decoration; to be sure he ought to have one. Quick, let us knight him; hang to his button-hole the Cross of St. Louis.—Don't be afraid.—He is a cautious man and at a proper opportunity will prudently put it in his pocket.

'O for such a man I admit it was easy to find a place; *he* was spotless: *he* had committed no offence: but you will hesitate to present this other.—*He*, during the *hundred days*, trampled, I regret to say, the Cross of St. Louis under his feet—"Poo, is that all? a trifle; merely excess of energy: that fiery character is like generous wine, which time will mellow."

'A man has during the *hundred days* been a historian of the Charnel-houses of the Police.—"Give him a pension: talents ought to be encouraged."

'Another repaired to Ghent, at the risk of his life, to offer to the king money and soldiers. He solicits a small place in his village.—"A place to *him*, to an ultra!—by no means.—Give it to the Custom-House officer who fired at him as he was passing the frontier."

'You have not succeeded in obtaining the appointment of that judge:—

judge:—But do you know why?—"it was promised to an apostate priest?"

'A prefect had prevaricated: the report of his crime was ready to present; but it is stopped—Why?—"Do you not see that such a report would prevent us from employing him again."

'Where are your certificates? is a question put to the honest Royalist humbly soliciting the lowest place. He had suffered during twenty-five years for the king—lost his family, his fortune, health, every thing.—He has the recommendation of the princes, of that *princess*, perhaps, whose slightest word is an oracle to all who acknowledge the influence of virtue, of heroism, and of misfortune. These recommendations, alas! are quite insufficient—worse than nothing.

'A Buonapartist arrives; countenances unbend; his papers *were in the office of the Police*; but he lost them when M. Fouché was dismissed.—"That is unlucky, but we will take your word; here, my good friend, here is your appointment."

'According to the system of *revolutionary interests*, a man of the *hundred days* cannot be too speedily employed: too soon sent, reeking with his new treason, to infect the Palace of our Kings, as Messalina brought into that of the Cæsars the stain of her *imperial prostitutions*.'—pp. 189—193.

As to the fidelity of the persons thus preferred to the Royalists, M. de Chateaubriand, in a strain of impartial indignation which does him great honour, and which few Frenchmen would have the candour to utter, says—

'What does it cost these men to deny their masters? Nothing. Did they not desert Buonaparte himself? Within the space of a few months they alternately assumed, abandoned, and resumed, the white, and the tri-coloured cockade. The arrival of a Courier at once changed their hearts and the colour of their riband.

'They are in the right, however; for every time that they violate the faith they have sworn, they obtain a new office. The age of an old deer is reckoned by the branches of his horns, these men's places may be counted by their oaths.'—p. 181.

But the great object of M. de Chateaubriand's anxiety is the cause of religion and the state of the clergy; he demands with admirable eloquence and unanswerable force of reasoning a church establishment, not extravagantly endowed, but just rich enough to induce a sufficient number of respectable persons to adopt the ecclesiastical profession. We cannot find room for as many extracts as we could wish, but we cannot refrain from giving the picture of the state to which the clergy of the most Christian monarchy is now reduced.

'When a poor priest wants the month's salary which is due to him, he must present a certificate of character to the Mayor of the place in which he resides. The Mayor writes to the Sub-prefect, who, in his turn, addresses himself to the Prefect, whose prudence induces him to refer

refer it to the Chief Clerk in the ecclesiastical branch of the Home Department: the Chief Clerk may think it necessary to speak to the Minister, and at last this great affair being maturely examined, *eight shillings and elevenpence* are munificently paid down to the man, who consoles the afflicted, shares his mite with the poor, comforts the sick, exhorts the dying, buries the dead, and prays for his enemies, for France, and for the king!'—pp. 199, 200.

This subject leads him to the *real* cause of the present commotions in France, and the dissolution of the Chambers, which we shall very briefly state. All the property of the church was confiscated during the Revolution; the greater part of it was alienated to individuals, and relative to this point there is no question any where,—it is secured by the Charter to its present possessors. But some of the woods of the church were not alienated, and remain to this day in the hands of the government:—the ministry proposed to sell these woods for the profit of the state,—the deputies opposed this measure and would restore to the church the unsold property;—the ministry insist, the deputies are firm, and the Chambers are dissolved. M. de Chateaubriand observes on this subject, that

'The doctrines of those disciples of liberty are somewhat singular.

'The rights of property, established by the Charter, are construed to extend to those only who have other people's goods, and not to those who seek to obtain their own. These rights of property are made, it would seem, for *new* France, and exclude *old* France—they protect the acquisitions of yesterday, and defeat those of a thousand years ago.—Confiscation of property is abolished by the Charter in the cases of *treason;* but it is permitted to exist, it seems, in cases of *fidelity*.'—pp. 122, 123.

The latter chapters of M. de Chateaubriand's book, at which we now arrive, are directed against those who desire the *old régime;* he proves, with irresistible force, that the *old régime* cannot, ought not to be re-established, and that the prosperity and glory, not only of the country at large, but of the higher orders themselves, are most certainly attainable by the representative system of constitutional monarchy. The following passages, contrasting the condition of the higher orders before the Revolution and under the Charter, is a very just reproach to the favourers of the old régime.

'What under the old system of France became of that class of men who had attained "the age for ripening the fruits which youth had promised?" What occupations remained for them in the prime of their life and in the fulness of their faculties?—a burden to themselves and others, surviving the passions which animate, and the graces which adorn, youth, they withered in a garrison or at court; in the idle corner of an old country house, or in the as idle bustle of Parisian society;—triflers by profession, endured rather than desired—without any occupation but the gossip of the town, the sittings of the academy, the success of the

the last new piece; and now and then on great days—the fall of some minister;—such a life was unworthy the dignity of manhood; and that period of existence, in which a man is fit for any thing, and that in which he is fit for nothing, were employed alike!

'Now, the nobler occupations which filled up the time of a Roman, and which open so large a career in England, will also exist for us; we shall no longer throw away the middle and the end of our days; when we cease to be *boys*, we shall begin to be *men*. We shall console ourselves for the pleasures of our youth, by the solid honours of our maturity. Time will have little effect upon those who see in their duties the road to immortality.

'Such are the considerations which should be presented to those honest and virtuous minds, which—disgusted with your ingratitude and your false and revolutionary principles—view with suspicion our new institutions and sigh after the *good old times*. Let us hasten to reconcile these men with our present condition. Such efforts have been made to gain over the revolutionists, that we may hope some will be made to rally round the King and the Charter, the faithful friends of the monarchy.

'It is to such men that belongs, as of right, the direction of affairs. Every thing will flourish in their hands, while the others taint whatever they touch. Let men of honour be no longer made dependant on knaves; but employ the good as examples to and checks upon the wicked. Such is the natural order of morality and justice.'—pp. 237, 238.

In the following passages M. de Chateaubriand recapitulates his doctrines and propositions, and with them we shall conclude our extracts.

'Our ministers must be above suspicion, and distant from all participation in the *morals* of the Revolution; they should persecute nobody, nor permit any one else to persecute; they should be kind, indulgent, tolerant, humane. They should firmly declare that they will permit no *re-action*. They should frankly and affectionately embrace the Charter, and scrupulously respect our rights and liberty.

'But they should at the same time distinguish between good men and bad; they should give a preference to virtue over vice; their impartiality should not be evinced, by putting an honest man at one desk, and a rogue at the next; they should support boldly and highly our holy faith; they should be devoted to the King and his Family—aye—even to death, if it should be necessary; and *then*, we shall see France arise from her ruins.

'As for these able men whose minds the Revolution has debauched,—and those others who would deny to the Throne the support of the altar, the graces of ancient manners, and the reverence of old traditions—let them go cultivate their farms; they may be recalled when their talents, weary of inaction, may have reconciled themselves to God and the King.

'As for the herd of subordinate agents, it would be absurd to treat them

them with equal rigor; place over them proper chiefs, vigilant, and trust-worthy guardians, and you will have nothing to fear from them:—besides, the time for *epuration* is gone by with regard to them.

'In the choice of measures, consult the temper and genius of the nation. Your administration should be economical, but not penurious; it should be, above all, firm, vigilant and active.'—pp. 239, 240.

This then is the work which the *constitutional* ministers, the libéraux, have put into the forbidden catalogue! and this is the man whose name has been stricken from that Council of State where that of Fouché's may, for ought we know, yet remain, and where that of the ci-devant *Secrétaire des Commandemens de Madame Mère de S. M. l'Empereur et Roi** certainly does!

So much has been said upon this work, and M. de Chateaubriand has been so promiscuously called quack, and slave, and demagogue, and bigot, that we have made more copious extracts than we ordinarily feel authorised to do, in order that this admirable writer and excellent statesman should, as it were, be heard in his own defence, and permitted to convey to us his opinion of the state of his country, with which the peace, the happiness, and even the glory of ours, and of Europe, are so intimately connected.

We are far from wishing to interfere in questions of internal French policy; we care nothing who the ministers may be, or which party be in power, provided only it be a royalist and constitutional party; but we see, neither for France nor for Europe, any hopes of tranquillity except under the Charter and the guidance of men alike removed from the folly of sighing for the ancient régime, and from the crime of wishing to recal the days of the Revolution,—of men who in their past conduct have given earnest of their future fidelity, and who are equally undefiled by any share in the Terrorism of Robespierre, or the Hundred Days of Buonaparte.

ART. VIII.—*Researches concerning the Institutions and Monuments of the ancient Inhabitants of America; with Descriptions and Views of some of the most striking Scenes in the Cordilleras.* Written in French, by Alexander Humboldt, and translated into English by Helen Maria Williams. 2 vols. London. 1814.

IT may be doubted whether the method of publication adopted by M. de Humboldt is that in which either his interest or his reputation has best been consulted. We know of no two travellers, ancient or modern, who have traversed so many leagues of foolscap as Doctor Clarke and the Baron de Humboldt:—we mean

* Vide Almanach Impérial de France for the years 1813 and 1814.

not,

not, however, to insinuate any further comparison between them—M. de Humboldt, unquestionably, possesses talents of the first order; he has a vivid imagination, zeal bordering on enthusiasm, and perseverance that seems never to tire: but we suspect that having no settled principles of philosophy or physiology, he easily yields to every new suggestion which crosses him, provided it wears but the semblance of plausibility. The two volumes now before us constitute, if we mistake not, the *eighth* separate work on which he has been engaged, in the greater part of which we are entertained with the same objects differently described, more or less extended, differently dressed up, and placed in somewhat different points of view; but immediately recognizable as the same: finally (if it be *final*) comes the 'Personal Narrative,' which, like Aaron's rod, is intended to swallow up the rest; to exhibit, in extenso, and in one connected narrative, all that has already been said in his preceding publications—this, in our opinion, both for his own and his readers' sake, ought to have been his first and only work.

The 'Researches' are only a re-publication, under a new name, of a former work, entitled 'Views of the Cordilleras and Monuments of the indigenous Nations of the New Continent,' with a selection from the sixty-nine plates, which accompanied that work, of nineteen to illustrate this; so that we have now in the 'Researches,' references to plates that have no existence, or exist only in another book. This, we repeat, is bad management—but it is less our concern than the author's.

The principal objects in these 'Researches' are fully explained in the 'Introduction' to the 'Personal Narrative of Travels.'

'This work is meant to display a few of the great scenes of nature in the lofty chain of the Andes, and at the same time to throw some light on the ancient civilization of the Americans, from the study of their monuments of architecture, their hieroglyphics, their religious rites, and their astrological reveries. I have given in this work descriptions of the Teocalli, or Mexican Pyramids, compared with that of the temple of Belus, the arabesques which cover the ruins of Mitla, idols in basalt, ornamented with the calantica of the heads of Isis; and a considerable number of symbolical paintings, representing the serpent woman, who is the Mexican Eve; the Deluge of Coxcox, and the first migrations of the natives of the Azteck race. I have endeavoured to prove the analogies which exist between the calendar of the Tolteck and the catasterisms of their zodiac, and the division of time of the people of Tartary and Thibet; as well as the Mexican traditions of the four regenerations of the globe, the pralayas of the Hindoos, and the four Ages of Hesiod. I have also included in this work, in addition to the hieroglyphical paintings I brought back to Europe, fragments of all the Azteck manuscripts which are found at Rome, Veletri, Vienna, and Dresden; and of which the last reminds us, by its lineary symbols, of

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of the Kouas of the Chinese. Together with the rude monuments of the natives of America, the same volume contains picturesque views of the mountainous countries which these people have inhabited; such as those of the Cataract of Tequendama, of Chimborazo, of the Volcano of Jorullo, and of Cayambe, the pyramidal summit of which, covered with perennial ice, is situate directly under the equinoxial line.'

This is a faithful abstract of the contents of the 'Researches,' two-thirds of which might just as well have been composed by one who never crossed the barriers of Paris, as by him who has traversed the Cordilleras of the Andes: and M. de Humboldt has here unwittingly added to the number of those who have shewn that, to write 'Researches,' it is by no means necessary to travel: Pauw, for instance, composed his 'Recherches Philosophiques sur les Américains,' as the Abbé Grozier says he did his 'Recherches sur les Egyptiens et les Chinois,' while seated in his easy chair in Berlin. We prefer, however, the descriptions and delineations of one who has clambered up the sides of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, to the deepest researches of him who has mounted no higher than the upper step of the library ladder, inasmuch as we prefer plain matters of fact, collected by the senses, to the most splendid theory and ingenious speculations collected out of books.

It is in vain for M. de Humboldt to endeavour to exonerate himself from the charge of being a theorist, while every page of his book, that is not purely descriptive, teems with theory; it is surprizing, indeed, that he should not perceive how high he stands in the ranks of 'those learned men who, allured by splendid hypotheses, built on very unstable foundations, have drawn general consequences from a small number of solitary facts;' and that he is constantly offending against his own rule, that—'in attempting to generalize ideas, we should learn to stop at the point where precise data are wanting.' It is true he does not appear to have any preference for a particular theory, but indulges in all; sailing with every wind, and swimming with every stream; he grounds an argument and draws his conclusion from suspicious and unauthenticated data, with the same confidence as from established facts; he sees resemblances and finds analogies between objects the most discordant and heterogeneous, if they possess but one single point of agreement, real or imaginary: can we wonder then to find him so frequently drawn into inconsistencies and contradictions? These two volumes abundantly attest this uncontrollable propensity of an exuberant imagination, a propensity encouraged and increased by an unwearied, but indiscriminate, research for printed authorities. All the institutions and religious notions, the monuments, the languages,

guages, the traditions, of the American savages, are at one time traced to the Chinese, Moguls, Hindoos, Tungooses, and other Asiatic nations; and, at another, to the 'bearded Ainos of the isles of Jesso and Sachalien'—And why to the Ainos, of all the people in the world?—for no other reason, at least no other is assigned by M. de Humboldt, than that '*three men with beards*, and with clearer complexions than the natives of Anahuac, Cundinamarca, and the elevated plain of Couzco, whose names were Quetzalcoatl, Bochica, and Manco-Capac, make their appearance on the new continent without any indication of the place of their birth.'—*(Introduction.)* The three fanciful figures, with long beards, flowing robes, and fine Grecian faces, which are given in the Atlas to the voyage of the unfortunate La Peyrouse, as portraits of the inhabitants of Sachalien, must have been fresh in the memory of M. de Humboldt when he wrote this paragraph—portraits of men, we venture to say, who never existed but in the painter's imagination.

If, instead of a *new continent*, in the literal sense of the expression, America had been considered only as a *newly-discovered* continent, many a learned disputation might have been spared on the *peopling* of this supposed new world; for though there can be no manner of doubt that the people who inhabit the American and Asiatic shores of Behring's Strait have had, and still have, a mutual intercourse, and consequently all *difficulty* of accounting for the event is at once removed, yet it by no means follows as a necessary consequence, that the people of America originally passed from the continent of Asia. We are not to conclude that, because the people of an adjacent continent are less civilized than those of its neighbour, the former must have sprung from the latter. The Egyptians, who inhabit the most barbarous continent of the old world, were at one time probably the most civilized of nations; and, for ought we know to the contrary, the stupid negroes may be the most ancient race of mankind. We agree, therefore, entirely, with M. de Humboldt, that there is no proof whatever that the existence of man is much more recent in America than on the other continent; yet it is from the contrary assumption that all those discussions have originated. Those, who held them, proceeded on the notion that the *new continent* emerged from the waters at a later period than the old, and that it was more philosophical to account for the peopling of the former from the latter, than to interpose the hand of Divine Power to form a new creation of man! It is quite true that in the great family of the human race dispersed over the globe, once so difficult but now so easy to be traversed in every direction, there is but one species, or, as M. de Humboldt expresses it, 'one single organic type,' modified by circumstances into a mul-

titude of varieties, according to situation, subsistence, climate, employment, and education. And yet when a number of animals were found, and, among others, those remarkable ones, the Lama, the Alpaca, and the Guanaco, peculiar to the lofty region of the Andes, and unknown to the rest of the world, it seemed to afford the theorist some grounds for arguing, that the same power which placed these quadrupeds on the newly-discovered continent might also have planted there, originally, the American race of man, which, says our author, is 'characterized by the formation of the scull, the colour of the skin, the extreme thinness of the beard, and straight and glossy hair.' But, admitting that these were specific differences, which they are not, such an argument might very easily be overthrown. How do we know that these animals proceed not from the remaining few of those which escaped one of those great catastrophes which have so evidently befallen the earth, by taking refuge on those elevated regions, while the Gnoo, the Hippopotamus, and the Camelopardalis found security on the opposite continent of Africa? At any rate, the opinion that the geological constitution of America is different from that of the old world, has completely been refuted.

'We discern in the former the same succession of stony strata that we find in our own hemisphere; and it is probable that in the mountains of Peru, the granites, the micaceous schists, or the different formations of gypsum and gritstone existed originally at the same periods as the rocks of the same denominations in the Alps of Switzerland. The whole globe appears to have undergone the same catastrophe. At a height superior to that of Mount Blanc, on the summit of the Andes, we find petrified sea-shells; fossil bones of elephants are spread over the equinoxial regions; and what is very remarkable, they are not discovered at the feet of the palm trees in the burning plains of the Orinoco, but on the coldest and most elevated regions of the Cordilleras. In the new world, as well as in the old, generations of species long extinct have preceded those which now people the earth, the waters, and the air.'—(*Introduction*, p. 12.)

We cannot discover from what particular Asiatic stock M. de Humboldt supposes the American race to have derived their origin. He finds in the Toltecks, the Aztecks, the Muyscas, and the Peruvians, so many resemblances and analogies to every nation of Asia, and to every tribe, from the Caucasus to the Tschoudes, and from the borders of Scandinavia to Japan, and occasionally to some of the nations of Europe and Africa,—that, unless China or Thibet preponderate, we are unable to say how he has settled the point in his own mind. From etymological researches he derives but little aid; though in his introduction to the 'Personal Narrative' he prepares us for much learned discussion 'on the character

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racter of languages, which are the most durable monuments of nations.'

In eighty-three American languages examined by Messrs. Barton and Vater, one hundred and seventy words only were found whose roots could be considered as common to both continents; and of these, three-fifths resemble the Mantchou, the Tongouse, the Mongol, and the Samoyede; and two-fifths, the Celtic and Tschoud, the Biscayen, the Coptic, and the Congo languages. One hundred and two words, however, common to Asia and America, were not to be rejected by a comparative etymologist. 'The terms,' says M. de Humboldt, 'of *mox*, *igh*, *tox*, *baz*, *hix*, and *chic*, do not seem to belong to America, but to that part of Eastern Asia which is inhabited by nations whose languages are monosyllabic.' He adds,—'we shall on this occasion observe that the Chinese termination *tsin* is found in a great number of Mexican proper names; for instance, in Tonantsin, Acamapitsin, Coanacotsin, Cuitlahuatsin, and Tzilacatsin.'—(ii. p. 223.)—We are surprized, we own, that while on this subject we escaped a long and detailed comparison between the sesquipedalian compounds of the Sanscrit and such Azteck words as *Tlacahuepaneuexcotzin*, *Tetlayhiouiltiliztli*, and *Amatlacuilolitquitcatlaxtlahuilli*. But the fact is, that M. de Humboldt is not much of an etymologist, and we think not the worse of him on that account. As to his monosyllabic derivatives, we should just as soon expect to be told that old Lilly's monosyllabic hexameters—his 'gryps, Thrax, rex, grex, Phryx,' &c.—were stolen from a Jesuit's Chinese dictionary, as to find M. de Humboldt's *mox*, *tox*, *hix*, or *chic*, among the dialects of any of the Indo-Chinese nations. We will not suspect that he can be ignorant of the *powers* of the letters of the Spanish alphabet, but conclude rather that he has merely transcribed from Spanish books, and not collected from living authorities on the spot, such words as *Ixtlixochitl*, *Tixlpitzin*, *Qzocuilltexeque*, and a hundred of the same kind, in all of which the Spanish x, whose power is so different from the same letter in French, is religiously preserved. We remember a Portugueze x to have drawn a very learned etymologist into a ridiculous blunder: he had proved, to his own satisfaction, that the Latin word *eximius* was derived from the Chinese root *xim*; not once suspecting that the power of x, in the Portugueze alphabet, is, in ours, equivalent to *sh*, and that of m to *ng*; so that, according to his theory, the Romans must have pronounced their derivative *eshingius*. We have always considered as extremely absurd, the attempt to deduce a common origin between nations from the identity of a few monosyllables, whether in sound or sense; a similar mechanism in the structure of two different languages affords a far better ground for such a conclusion.

M. de Humboldt is almost as unfortunate in his 'Chinese termination *tsin*.' The Chinese language, being wholly monosyllabic, can hardly be said to have *terminations;* the same syllable is at once initial and final. But this little word *tsin*, in De Guignes' Chinese Dictionary of 14,000 characters, scarcely the third part of those in use, has no less than forty-three different significations; and probably, therefore, in the whole language, three times that number, or one hundred and twenty-nine: among other things, it means a particular kind of *horse*, a species of *rice*, of *fish*, of *precious stone;* it means *cold*, and to *make warm*, to *cut*, to *sleep*, &c. Whether in any, or which, of these senses it is employed in his 'Cuitlahuatzin' and 'Tzilacatsin,' he does not inform us. If, as he says, it be true that 'languages are the most durable monuments of nations,' still we think he has done right in deserting this fruitful field of speculation; though the ground which he has taken is, in our opinion, ten times more tender and treacherous than that which he has abandoned. 'If,' says he, 'languages supply but feeble evidence of ancient communication between the two worlds, this communication is *fully proved* by the cosmogonies, the monuments, the hieroglyphics, and institutions of the people of America and Asia.' We shall state some of the *proofs* produced by M. de Humboldt, leaving our readers to form their own judgment as to their validity;—but first, it should be observed, that all which regards the history, cosmogony, institutions, &c. of this people, is, to say the least of it, very problematical, being drawn solely from those rude Mexican paintings, which may be made to represent whatever the interpreter pleases,—and copied by M. de Humboldt from the writings of the early Spaniards, Acosta, Gomara, Torquemada, Garcilasso de la Vega, and others;—but particularly from that fanciful and credulous system-monger, the Abbé Clavigero, whose two quarto volumes, as Robertson justly observes, 'contain hardly any addition to the ancient history of the Mexican empire as related by Acosta and Herrera, but what is derived from the improbable narratives and fanciful conjectures of Torquemada and Boturini.' This Italian Abbé and Gemelli Careri are the two principal authorities on whom M. de Humboldt ventures to erect a new and improved system of interpretation, although the latter has been strongly suspected of having exercised his ingenuity in shewing how very successfully a 'voyage round the world' may be performed by the fire-side. But having copied Gemelli's hieroglyphic painting, M. de Humboldt could not do less than defend the author of the 'Giro del Mundo' against the charge of writing a 'fictitious voyage.'

'I can affirm it,' says M. de Humboldt, 'to be no less certain that Gemelli'

Gemelli was in Mexico, at Acapulco, and the small villages of Mazatlan and of San Augustin de las Cuevas, than that Pallas has been in the Crimea, and Mr. Salt in Abyssinia. Gemelli's descriptions have that local tint which is the principal charm of the narratives of travels written by the most unlettered men; and which can be given only by those who have been ocular witnesses of what they describe.'

We can say the same of Gemelli's descriptions in another quarter of the globe; and also bear testimony that his book contains 'an inextricable mixture of errors and well-observed facts'—such facts and such errors, however, as might have been collected out of the works of preceding travellers.

The hieroglyphical paintings which M. de Humboldt undertakes to explain over again, and improve on Clavigero's system, were not procured by him in America, but are those of the Vatican, of Veletri, of Vienna, of Dresden, of Berlin, of Paris, of Mendoza, (which are printed in Purchas's Pilgrims,) and of Gemelli; he seems to regret the want of a 'Codex Mexicanus,' which, as he learnt from a well-informed traveller, is shewn in a library at Oxford, and is surprized that it should have remained unknown to the illustrious Scottish historian,—but Robertson knew how to appreciate those Mexican paintings; he knew that the most authentic and valuable, if any value can be attached to them, are those published by Purchas, and was therefore not likely to give himself much concern about what was inexplicable, unauthenticated, and consequently useless, if not injurious, to the truth of history: besides, we have reason to believe no such 'Codex' exists at Oxford. If our readers should not feel disposed to concur in opinion with M. Pauw, when he says, 'on n'est pas certain que le *manuscrit Mexicain* renferme un seul mot de ce qu'on croit y entrevoir,' we would recommend them to examine and form their own estimate of M. de Humboldt's translation or interpretation of 'a lawsuit in hieroglyphical writing,' (vol. i. p. 141.) and the 'Epochs of Nature according to the Azteck Mythology,' (vol. ii. p. 15.) The explanation given to the latter will, we think, appear to them, as it does to us, a precious piece of mummery; and yet it is from this that M. de Humboldt lays the greatest stress on the ancient intercourse of the Old and the New world.

'The most prominent feature,' he says, 'among the analogies observed in the monuments, the manners, and traditions of the people of Asia and America, is that which the Mexican mythology exhibits in cosmogonical fiction of the periodical destructions and regenerations of the world.'

The 'Codex Vaticanus,' which is supposed to contain this fiction, was copied, in 1566, by a Dominican monk of the name of

Pedro de los Rios; and we are told that it represents the four different epochs or ages, at which the sun, and with it the human race, has been destroyed. According to this matchless record, we are now, that is to say the Mexicans are, in the fifth age, the gods having, for the fifth time, created a man and a woman. This fifth creation rather militates against the Bhagavata Pourana; but we have it, notwithstanding, elsewhere,—'a tradition of *five ages*, analogous with that of the Mexicans, being found on the elevated plains of Thibet.' Hesiod too, in his explanation of 'the oriental system of the renovation of nature,' makes five generations in four ages, by dividing the age of brass into two parts; and M. de Humboldt observes, that 'we may be astonished that so clear a passage should ever have been misinterpreted.' The first sun, cycle, or age, was destroyed by famine, or giants, or tigers, it is not clear which, after a duration of 5206 years. 'It corresponds with the age of justice (Sakia Youga) of the Hindoos,' and we can be at no loss for a parallel case to that of the giants; as, 'according to the Pouranas, Bacchus or the young Rama then also gained his first victory over Ravana, King of the Giants of the Island of Ceylon.'

The second age was destroyed by fire; its duration was 4804 years. As birds alone were able to escape the general conflagration all men were transformed into birds. The third age was terminated by tempests; the men who did not perish in them were transformed into apes. The fourth age was destroyed by water after a duration of 4008 years: 'men were transformed into fish, except one man and one woman, who saved themselves in the trunk of an *ahahuète*, or cupressus distica.' These two of course were the Mexican Noah and his wife, named *Coxcox* and *Xochiquetzal*. We shall extract the history of the deluge of *Coxcox*, though taken from the suspicious authority of Gemelli Careri, and we must say that, after reading it, in spite of the evidence of 'all that is symbolical and chronological in the painting of the migrations with the hieroglyphics contained in the manuscripts of Rome and Veletri,' we find ourselves 'among the number of those infidels who give credit to the hypothesis, that the drawing of Gemelli is the fiction of some Spanish monk, who has attempted to prove, by apocryphal documents, that the traditions of the Hebrews are found among the indigenous nations of America.'

'The painting represents Coxcox in the midst of the water lying in a bark. The mountain, the summit of which, crowned by a tree, rises above the waters, is the peak Colhuacan, the Ararat of the Mexicans. The horn, which is represented on the left, is the phonetic hieroglyphic of Colhuacan. At the foot of the mountain appear the heads of Coxcox and his wife. The latter of these is known by the two tresses in the form of horns, which denote the female sex. The men born after the deluge

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deluge were dumb: a dove from the top of a tree distributes among them tongues represented under the form of small commas. We must not confound this dove with the bird which brings Coxcox tidings that the waters were dried up. The people of Mechoacan preserved a tradition, according to which Coxcox, whom they called Tezpi, embarked in a spacious *acalli* with his wife, his children, several animals, and grain, the preservation of which was of importance to mankind. When the great spirit Tezcatlipoca ordered the waters to withdraw, Tezpi sent out from his bark a vulture, the *zopilote* (vultur aurea). This bird, which feeds on dead flesh, did not return on account of the great number of carcasses with which the earth, recently dried up, was strewed. Tezpi sent out other birds, one of which, the humming bird, alone returned, holding in its beak a branch covered with leaves; Tezpi, seeing that fresh verdure began to clothe the soil, quitted his bark near the Mountain of Colhuacan.'—vol. ii. p. 64.

Well may M. de Humboldt say that 'these traditions remind us of others of high and venerable antiquity.' To us they smell most rankly of the 'Spanish Monk.' This deluge took place not many centuries before the Spanish conquest according to the annals of a people that extended not more than 320 years back from that invasion; according to Pedro de los Rios, Gomara, Clavigero, Gemelli Careri, and M. de Humboldt, it happened eighteen thousand and twenty-eight years (the sum of the four ages) after the beginning of the first age; but, according to *Ixtlilxochitl*, (we should like to hear M. de Humboldt pronounce this word,) a native Mexican, only one thousand four hundred and seventeen years from that epoch. Our author is not in the least disconcerted by this trifling discrepancy in point of time. 'We ought not to be astonished at it,' he says, 'when we recollect the hypotheses which, in our days, have been advanced by Bailly, Sir William Jones, and Bentley, on the duration of the five Yougas of the Hindoos.' He adds, however, 'I have never been able to discover any peculiar propriety (property?) in the number of 18,028 years; it is not a multiple of 13, 19, 52, 60, 72, 360, or 1440, which are the numbers found in the cycles of the Asiatic nations:'—but give M. de Humboldt *three* years only—three little years—to add to these Mexican *four suns*, let him but change their respective durations, and then,—'*if* for the numbers 5206, 4804, 4010, and 4008, the numbers 5206, 4807, 4009, and 4009, were substituted, we might suppose that these cycles originated from a knowledge of the lunar period of nineteen years!'

The next 'cosmogonical analogy,' taken from the 'Codex Vaticanus,' represents the 'celebrated serpent woman, Cihuacohuatl, called also Quelastli, or Tonacacihua, *woman of our flesh*;' she is always represented with a serpent, and is considered as the mother of the human race.

'These allegories remind us of the ancient traditions of Asia. In the *woman and serpent* of the Aztecks we think we perceive the Eve of the Semetic nations; in the snake cut in pieces, the famous serpent *Kaliya* or *Kalinaga*, conquered by Vishnu, when he took his form of Krishna. The Tonatiuh of the Mexicans appears also to be identical with the Krishna of the Hindoos, recorded in the Bhagavata Purana, and with the Mithras of the Persians.'

This is not all. Two naked figures in the attitude of contention suggest the idea that, as 'the serpent woman was considered at Mexico as the mother of two twin children,' these naked figures 'remind us of the Cain and Abel of Hebrew tradition.'

'The cosmogony of the Mexicans; their traditions of the mother of mankind fallen from her first state of happiness and innocence; the idea of a great inundation, in which a single family escaped on a raft; the history of a pyramidical edifice raised by the pride of men, and destroyed by the anger of the gods; the ceremonies of ablution practised at the birth of children; those idols made with the flour of kneaded maize, and distributed in morsels to the people assembled in the temples; the confession of sins made by the penitent; those religious associations similar to our convents of men and women; the universal belief that white men, with long beards and sanctity of manners, had changed the religion and political system of nations;—all these circumstances had led the priests, who accompanied the Spanish army at the time of the conquest, to the belief, that at some very distant epocha christianity had been preached in the New Continent.'—vol. i. p. 196.

Might not these priests have suggested and encouraged such an idea there as they are known to have done in other countries? The hieroglyphical paintings which they found, and others which they fabricated, afforded them an admirable opportunity of explaining their recondite meaning to their own purposes; nothing could be so well adapted for the propagation of monkish fictions and pious frauds; and their success is recorded by M. de Humboldt. 'Some learned Mexicans,' says he, 'have imagined that the Apostle St. Thomas was the mysterious personage, high priest of Tula, whom the Cholulans acknowledged under the name of *Quetzalcoatl*.' What could the learned Mexicans know about St. Thomas but what the Spanish monks told them? It is astonishing, however, with what credulity these men embraced the most wild and extravagant fancies. It actually became a question among the Spanish priests, and was gravely discussed by them, whether this great personage, (Quetzalcoatl,) whom our author calls the 'Mexican Budha,' was a Carthaginian or an Irishman? The Mac Carthays could have settled this important question at once. Absurd as it would appear to suppose that a rude people, like the Mexicans, without any written language, either symbolical or alphabetical, without any system of numeration, could have made much progress in

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in astronomy, or in adjusting the irregular motions of the sun and moon as to regulate their calendar; yet, according to M. de Humboldt, they knew the causes of eclipses, and had a method of computing time by means of cycles 'identic with that made use of by the Hindoos, the Tibetans, the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Asiatic people of the Tartar race.' We shall see presently in what this 'identity' consists. The Mexican year was divided into eighteen months of twenty days and five days over, which are called *memontomi* or *voids*, and considered as unlucky—the month into five weeks of four days each. These days were represented by four signs or hieroglyphics—*tochtli*, a rabit or hare; *acatl*, a cane; *tecpatl*, a flint, *calli*, a house. By applying the same signs to a period of four years, a simple system of chronology or reckoning of time presented itself for their adoption. To lengthen this without increasing the number of signs, and to prevent the confusion which would arise from the constant recurrence of the same sign at the commencement of each short period, they repeated them three times, making twelve years, to which the first in the series (the rabbit) being added, gave them a period of thirteen years, of which the first year was 1 *rabbit*, the last 13 *rabbit*. This was called *Tlalpilli*, which M. de Humboldt finds 'analogous to the indiction of the Romans.' The second Tlalpilli of thirteen years would then of course begin with a new (the second) sign, and be called 1 *cane;* and it would also end with the same sign and be distinguished as 13 *cane;* in like manner the third Tlalpilli would commence with the third sign, 1 *flint*, and end with 13 *flint;* and the fourth begin with 1 *house*, and end with 13 *house;* and these four added together would give them another period of (4×13 or) 52 years, called *xiuhmopilli*, *ligature* of the years. The series of a new cycle of fifty-two years would then again commence with 1 *rabbit*, as before. All this is perfectly simple, but has very little 'identity' with the cycles of sixty years in use among the Chinese, the Japanese, the Mongols, the Mantchous, and other Tartar hordes. None of these nations use any *numbers* in their cycles; the series is carried on by two sets of signs, or syllables, one of which is formed of the twelve constellations of the zodiac, the other of the five elements, male and female. In China they are called the twelve *tchu*, and the ten *kan;* and the binary combinations of these ten roots and twelve branches $\left(\frac{10 \times 12}{2}\right)$ give a distinct and proper name to every year of the period or age of sixty years, without the employment of a single numeral character or figure, so that in no respect is there the least resemblance between the oriental cycles and the *roues séculaires* of the Mexicans; if the latter be not altogether the fabrication of some 'Spanish monk.'

We

We will not attempt to follow M. de Humboldt through this learned chapter on the Mexican calendar, which employs upwards of 130 pages; suffice it to say, that having settled the identity of the Mexican cycles and those of the Asiatic nations, all the rest of the 'analogies' fall easily into his system, and the closest affinities are discovered between every branch of astronomical knowledge, every astrological reverie, every superstition, recorded of the Greeks, Hebrews, Phenicians, Hindoos, Persians, and Chinese, all the Tartar tribes, and all the corresponding branches among the Mexicans; every difference and difficulty disappearing at once when touched by the magic wand of M. de Humboldt. 'The very names even,' he tells us, 'of the oriental zodiacs, and the Nacshatras of the Hindoos, are the names of the Mexican signs of the days;' and the way in which this is *proved* is so curious that we shall select the history of one of the signs (Capricorn) as a specimen of it, as well as of the satisfactory manner of unravelling the mysteries of the Mexican paintings. The *sign Cipactli* is represented by Gama as a sea animal. M. de Humboldt says it is a whale with a horn in its forehead. Gomara and Torquemada call it *espadarté*, a *narwal*. Boturini, mistaking the horn for a harpoon, translated *cipactli* by 'serpent armed with harpoons.' But, says our author, being a fabulous animal, it is natural enough its form should vary; accordingly the horn is sometimes 'a lengthening of the muzzle, as in the fish *oxyrinchus*.' But Valades, Boturini, and Clavigero converted this whale into a shark or lizard; (very like each other, and the latter, according to the authority of Count Osrick, 'exceedingly like a whale;') and in the Borgian manuscript the head of this *cipactli* resembles that of a crocodile, 'and this same name of crocodile is given by Sonnerat (Sonnerat! a butterfly-hunter!) to the tenth sign of the Indian zodiac, which is our capricorn'—ergo, *cipactli* is *capricorn*. But lest this clear demonstration should not be considered as sufficient proof, we have it in another shape. *Cipactli*, in Mexican mythology, is connected with Coxcox, and Coxcox was Noah who saved himself at the top of the mountain on the destruction of the fourth sun; and this, somehow or other, connects itself with another discovery of Sonnerat, that the capricorn of the Hindoos is the fabulous fish *maharan*, 'represented from the most remote antiquity as a sea monster with the head of an antelope;' and as capricorn is an antelope, and an antelope is also 'exceedingly like a whale,'—ergo, *cipactli* is *capricorn;* and this striking analogy between the two signs suggests other 'analogies' equally close and remarkable.

'An animal which, after having for a length of time inhabited the waters, takes the form of an antelope, and scales the mountains, reminds nations, whose disturbed imagination associates objects the most remote from

from each other, of the ancient traditions of Menou, Noah, and the Deucalions, famous among the Scythians and people of Thessaly.'

Were we to copy the list of ' parallels and analogies' similar to the few we have given, it would occupy the whole of this article. Among them we should find an Azteck priestess compared with the Egyptian Isis—three *xocpalli* or prints of feet, with the *sravana* or three prints of the feet of Vishnu—the Mexican *tcomoxtli*, with the Hindoo Puranas—the Peruvian trinity, with the Hindoo *trimurti*—two unknown animals pierced with darts, the one compared with the Paschal lamb of the Hebrews, and the other with the anatomical man in the almanac—the gods hurling fire on the top of the Pyramid of Cholula, with the destruction of the Tower of Babel—the five complementary days of the Mexicans, with the *epagomena* of the Memphian years, and the *pendjehidouzdideh* of the Persians—the Mexican year divided like that of the Egyptians, and the *New French Calendar*—the Mexican day commencing with the sun rising, like that of the Persians, the Egyptians, the Babylonians, and most Asiatic nations—divided into eight intervals, like that of the Hindoos and the Romans—of unequal hours, like that of the Jews—and, to sum up all, that as ' Plato, the Prince of Philosophers, thought there was something majestic and royal in a large nose,' so it would seem did the Mexicans, from the enormity of this organ in the ' Mexican paintings'—but enough, and more than enough. We regret to find such foolery, for we really can give it no better name, carried to so great an extent, and by one too who is furnished with such abundance of matter of a superior cast.

We do not mean to deny that the first attempts, however rude, of an unenlightened people to register events, communicate ideas, and render visible the operations of the mind, are void of interest; on the contrary, we consider them as so many landmarks by which we trace, in the most interesting manner, the progress of the intellectual faculties of man; but we wish to discountenance that perverse ingenuity which would mould and twist them to its own purposes, and give them a meaning which they were never intended to bear.

Neither do we mean to deny that this people had their calendar and their chronology. The alternate procession and recession of the shadows of fixed objects, to and from their extreme points, which have attracted the attention of all agricultural, and consequently stationary, people, would, in the course of a few years' observation, give them the four great divisions of the sun's revolution; still, we cannot admit with our author, that a nation so barbarous as the Mexicans had any knowledge of the *causes* of eclipses, or the Metonic period of nineteen years. A picture language,

or

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or such rude representations of the objects of sense, as village children chalk on walls and barn doors, are the first and rudest efforts to record ideas, and the *ale-scores* of a village landlady the first approach to symbolic writing; and with both of these, even the wild Hottentots called Bosjesmans, the very lowest, perhaps, of the human race, appear to be acquainted. They draw on the sides of their caverns representations of the Dutch boors, whom they characterize by horses, large hats, muskets, and tobacco pipes, and near them are often seen scores or strokes, supposed to be intended as information for their countrymen of the *numbers* that are out in pursuit of them. These people too, though always roving, mark the revolution of a year by the flowering of the *Uyntjes*, or the iris edulis, the bulb of which, while in season, constitutes the principal article of their food; while the moon affords them the intermediate periods of months. The Mexicans may have advanced, but, we believe, not a great way, beyond the village children, the landlady, or the Bosjesmans. 'In them,' says Robertson, 'every figure of men, of quadrupeds, of birds, as well as every representation of inanimated nature, is extremely rude and aukward. The hardest Egyptian style, stiff and imperfect as it was, is more elegant. The *scrawls of children* delineate objects almost as accurately.' Whatever therefore may have been their condition in the *tenth* century, 'when,' our author says, 'they were more advanced in civilization than Denmark, Sweden, and Russia,' they were sunk low enough in the fifteenth century. But it is time to leave the regions of fancy and fiction for those of reality, and proceed to notice some of the few remaining monuments of the Mexicans and Peruvians.

M. de Humboldt observes that the only American tribes, among whom we find remarkable monuments, are the inhabitants of mountains. 'Isolated in the region of clouds, on the most elevated plains of the globe, surrounded by volcanoes, the craters of which are encircled by eternal snows, they appear to have admired, in the solitude of their deserts, those objects only which strike the imagination by the greatness of their masses; and their productions bear the stamp of the savage nature of the Cordilleras.' We shall not stop to offer any objections to a theory by no means new—that the local character of a country, its climate, soil, and scenery, possesses a commanding influence on the progress and style of the arts—it is, however, liable to many, and to one in particular—it is not borne out by facts. The greatest monument that exists of Mexican industry, for it exhibits no skill, is the Pyramid of Cholula; and that of Peru, which most deserves notice, is the causeway that leads over the *Paramo del Assuay*.

The general form of those edifices which, by the inhabitants of the Mexican territory, were called *Teocallis*, or *Houses of the Gods*, was

was pyramidal, rising not by steps, but by a succession of four or five lofty terraces: they were surrounded by walled enclosures, which contained the dwellings of the priests, with gardens and fountains; they were sometimes appropriated as arsenals, or fortified places, like the ancient temple, so says our author, of Baal Berith, burnt by Abimelech. On the summit were erected the temples, serving at the same time as watch towers, in which were placed the colossal idols of the divinity to whom the Teocalli was dedicated; and a grand staircase externally led to this platform. Within these pyramids were the burial places of the kings and nobles. 'It is impossible,' says our author, 'not to be struck with the resemblance of the Babylonian temple of Jupiter Belus to the Teocallis of Anahuac.'

The pyramids of Teotihuacan are situated in the valley of Mexico, eight leagues north-east of the capital, on a plain called Micoatl—*the path of the dead.* Two large ones, dedicated to the sun and the moon, are surrounded by several hundred smaller ones, forming streets in straight lines from north to south, and from east to west. Each side of the base of the largest is 208 metres (682 feet); the perpendicular height, 55 metres (180 feet). The small pyramids are not more than 9 or 10 metres high, and are supposed to be the tombs of the chiefs. The two great ones had each four terraces; the nucleus is a mixture of clay and small stones, and the casing a wall of porous amygdaloid or mandelstein. On the tops were colossal statues of the sun and moon, said to have been made of stone and covered with plates of gold, of which they were stripped by the soldiers of Cortez; the idols were destroyed by a Franciscan monk of the name of Zumaraga.

The pyramid of Papantla was discovered, scarcely more than thirty years ago, by some Spanish hunters, in a thick forest called Tajin, on the descent of the Cordillera on the east of Teotihuacan, and between it and the gulf of Mexico. It is more tapering than the others, being 18 metres high with only 25 of base, built entirely with hewn stones of large dimensions and regularly shaped; it is covered with hieroglyphical sculpture, and small niches, to the number of 318, are cut in its sides and arranged with great symmetry.

But the most ancient, and most celebrated (says M. de Humboldt) of the pyramidal monuments of Anahuaca, is the *Teocalli* of Cholula. It stands on the east side of the city of the same name, which Cortez compared with the most populous cities of Spain, but which scarcely contains, at present, 16,000 inhabitants. Our author says he measured it carefully, and ascertained that its perpendicular height is only 50 metres (164 feet), but that each side of its base is 439 metres (1440 feet); the latter being twice as broad

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broad as that of the pyramid of Cheops, and the height little more than that of Mycerinus. M. de Humboldt observes, that while in the three great pyramids of Geeza, the heights are to the bases as 1 to 1.7; the ratio in that of Cholula is as 1 to 7.8: this is a mistake; if his own data be correct, the height of Cholula is to the side of the base as 1 to 8.78. It is built of unbaked bricks alternating with layers of clay. A few years ago a road from Puebla to Mexico was carried through the first terrace, insulating about one-eighth part of it. This laid open a square room in the interior, built of brick and supported by beams made of the wood of the deciduous cypress. It contained two human skeletons, several idols in basalt, and a great number of vases curiously varnished and painted. It had no outlet, and the bricks were stepped over each other, the upper overreaching the lower so as to meet in a point and form a kind of Gothic arch, a mode of structure not uncommon in Egypt and in India. The bricks were generally 8 centimetres thick and 40 in length (3 inches by 15⅞.) On the platform a catholic chapel, dedicated to the Virgin de los remedios, has supplanted the temple of the *God of the Air*; in this an ecclesiastic of the Indian race celebrates mass every day; and M. de Humboldt tells us that the people assemble there in crowds from distant quarters. 'A mysterious dread, a religious awe, fills the soul of the Indian at the sight of this immense pile of bricks, covered with shrubs and perpetual verdure!'

The Peruvian monuments are many of them works of obvious utility.

'The lofty plains that stretch along the back of the Cordilleras from the equator to the third degree of south latitude end where a mass of mountain rises from 4500 to 4800 metres (14,764 to 15,749 feet) of height, which, like an enormous dyke, unites the eastern to the western ridge of the Andes of Quito. This group of mountains, in which porphyry covers mica-slate and other works of primitive formation, is known by the name of the Paramo del Assuay.'

The road which crosses this mountain is nearly as high as Mount Blanc, and in winter, M. de Humboldt says, the travellers are exposed to a cold so excessive that several perish every year from its effects.

'We were surprized to find in this place, and at heights which greatly surpass the top of the peak of Teneriffe, the magnificent remains of a road constructed by the Incas of Peru. This causeway, lined with free-stone, may be compared to the finest Roman roads I have seen in Italy, France, or Spain; it is perfectly straight and keeps the same direction for six or eight thousand metres. We observed the continuation of this road near Caxamarca, 120 leagues to the south of Assuay; and

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and it is believed in the country that it led as far as the city of Cousco.' —(vol. i. p. 242.)

Near this road, and at the height of 4042 metres (13,262 feet), are the remains of a palace of the Inca Zupayupangi, and in descending toward the south, another monument of ancient Peruvian architecture, known by the name of the fortress of Cannar. It is a hill terminated by a platform, which is surrounded by a wall 17 or 18 feet high, built of large blocks of free-stone; its shape is oval, and the larger diameter nearly 130 feet. It has a house in the centre, which served as a lodging to the Incas in their journies from Peru to Quito; and the foundations of edifices surrounding it, indicate that there was room enough at Cannar to lodge a small army. In like manner, at certain distances from station to station along this great public road, were houses built for the Incas, remarkable for their simplicity, symmetry, and solidity. The stone is a trappean porphyry of great hardness, cut into parallelopipedons with such perfection, that M. de Humboldt confirms the remark of M. de la Condamine, that the joints would be imperceptible if the outer surface of each stone was not designedly made convex, and cut slantingly towards the edge, so that the joints may form small flutings by way of ornament. None of the stones seen by M. de Humboldt at Cannar exceeded 8 feet in length, but Acosta mentions hewn stones at Traquanaco of 38 feet long, 18 feet broad, and 6 feet thick; and Pedro Cieca, in the 'Chronica del Peru,' notices his having seen some of similar dimensions in the ruins of Tiahuanaco. Such a stone of porphyry would weigh about 293 tons.

Among the ruins of the houses of the Incas, along the great causeway, that of Callo is in the best state of preservation; M. de Humboldt says, that the stones of it are beautifully cut, and not, as Robertson asserts, used just as they were raised out of the quarries: but Robertson was not here speaking of Callo, but of Peruvian buildings in general, and Ulloa confirms the observation. Condamine saw in some of these edifices, stones of porphyry worked into the heads of animals, in the perforated noses of which were moveable rings of the same stone. Hatchets of flints could not have accomplished this; and M. de Humboldt tells us that in viewing the masses of porphyry extracted from the quarries of Pullal, he conjectured that the Peruvians must have been acquainted with the compound metal of copper mixed with tin, in which it seems he was justified by the discovery of an ancient Peruvian chissel found in a silver mine near Cuzco, which was worked in the time of the Incas. The metal being analyzed by M. Vauquelin, was found to consist of 0.94 of copper, and 0.06 of tin. Had

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it escaped M. de Humboldt that *copper axes* are mentioned by Ulloa as common among the Peruvians?

The other monuments described in these volumes, the statue of a Mexican priestess, the axe with engraved characters, the granite vases, found on the Mosquito shore, if the latter be not European, have little deserving of admiration, except, like the Sarcophagi of Egypt, the useless labour that has been bestowed upon them. We proceed therefore to that which is incomparably the best part of these volumes—the description of those magnificent and savage scenes of nature—those Cordilleras of the Andes, which bear about the same proportion to the chain of the Alps as these do to that of the Pyrenees. Into these wild regions of eternal ice and snow, on which the direct rays of a cloudless sun fail to make the slightest impression; to these colossal summits, looking down on the most exuberant vegetation that the bountiful earth produces, we accompany M. de Humboldt with the greatest pleasure; confident of our security in trusting to him as a steady and well-informed guide to the botanical, geological, and physiological treasures of the 'equinoctial regions of the new continent.'*

The most stupendous of these mountainous summits are those which rise out of the two parallel chains into which the Cordilleras of the Andes are separared by a longitudinal valley, which commencing about the equator, melt again into one mass to the southward of Quito. This elevated valley, or succession of plains, is thus described by M. de Humboldt.

'In these plains the population of this marvellous country is concentrated, towns are there built which contain from thirty to fifty thousand inhabitants. When we have lived for some months on this elevated spot, where the barometer keeps at twenty inches high, we feel the irresistible influence of an extraordinary illusion; we forget, by degrees, that every thing which surrounds the observer—those villages which proclaim the industry of a mountainous people; those pastures covered at the same time with lamas, and flocks of European sheep; those orchards bounded by hedges of duranta and barnadesia; those fields cultivated with care, and promising the richest harvests; hang as it were suspended in the lofty regions of the atmosphere:—we scarcely recollect that the soil we inhabit is more elevated above the neighbouring coasts of the Pacific Ocean, than the summit of Canigou above the basin of the Mediterranean.'—(vol. i. p. 232.)

The most active volcanoes in the kingdom of Quito are those on the eastern Cordillera, or that which is farthest from the sea coast;

* We must not, however, forget that the way had been well cleared for M. de Humboldt by Ulloa and John George Juan, Bouguer, and Condamine, who, with inadequate means, undertook and accomplished more for science than the most sanguine could have expected.

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the lofty peaks that crown the western Cordillera, with the exception of Ruca Pichincha, appear to be volcanoes extinguished for a long series of ages. The geologist, says M. de Humboldt, is astonished at this, 'as there is reason to suppose that the proximity of the ocean contributes to feed the volcanic fire.' We always thought so, and considered, with M. de Humboldt, 'the *fact*, not merely accidental,' that no active volcano has been discovered at a greater distance than 40 or 50 leagues from the ocean. Yet, with apparent inconsistency, he afterwards says, '*very well-founded doubts* have been raised respecting these direct and constant communications between the waters of the sea and the focus of the volcanic fire.'—(*Per. Nar.* vol. i. p. 163.)—Cotapaxi is, perhaps, of all known volcanoes, the most distant from the ocean.*

The most remarkable peaks on the western chain are Chimborazo and Carguairazo, Ruca Pichincha, Corazon, and Ilinissa; and on the eastern ridge, Cotapaxi, Tungurahua, and Cayambe, whose summit is traversed by the equator. 'We may consider,' says M. de Humboldt, 'this colossal mountain as one of those eternal monuments by which nature has marked the great divisions of the terrestrial globe.' It so happens in a small part of South America; but two of the 'great divisions' of the globe the Equator does not cross in any part, and not a foot of that part of Africa over which it does pass is known: but if the *imaginary* divisions of the 'terrestrial globe' into the northern and southern hemispheres be meant, the observation is still more unfortunate, as of the 360 degrees of the equator, 282 (about $\frac{4}{5}$ of it) pass over the trackless ocean whose surface nature has not particularly 'marked.' We notice this to shew what gross errors M. de Humboldt is led into by that thirst after generalization, which he himself so properly condemns in others. He adds, 'among the mountains of eternal snow, that surround the city of Quito, Cayambe, which is the most beautiful as well as the most majestic, never ceases to excite admiration at sunset, when the volcano of Guagua Pichincha, situate to the west, or toward the Pacific ocean, throws its shadow over the vast plain which forms the foreground of the landscape.' Cayambe is the loftiest summit of the Cordilleras, except Chimborazo; the first, according to Bouguer and Condamine, whose measurements are confirmed by Humboldt, being 3208 toises, (5901 metres, or 19,361 feet); and the latter 3640 metres above the plain of Topia, which is itself 2891 metres, that is 6531 metres, or 21,428 feet, of absolute height. Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland attempted to ascend by a narrow ridge, which rises amidst the snows on the southern declivity, to the summit of Chimborazo; but the thick fog which surrounded them,

* It is about 140 English miles from it.

and the inconvenience which they felt from the tenuity of the air, compelled them to desist; not however before they had reached an elevation greater than any yet attained by man, 'it was more than eleven hundred metres (3609 feet) higher than the top of Mount Blanc.' The summit of Chimborazo is circular. Seen from the shores of the South Sea, 'it detaches itself from the neighbouring summits, and towers over the whole chain of the Andes, like that majestic dome produced by the genius of Michael Angelo, over the antique monuments which surround the Capitol.' The flank of this mountain, as viewed from the plain of Topia, is said to present that gradation of vegetable life which M. de Humboldt has systematised in what he calls his 'Geography of Plants;' as it is more general, we hope it is also more correct, than the application of his theory was found to be in his botanical chart of the Peak of Teneriffe.

'At three thousand five hundred metres absolute height, the ligneous plants with coriaceous and shining leaves nearly disappear. The region of shrubs is separated from that of the grasses by Alpine plants, by tufts of nerteria, valerian, saxifrage, and lobelia, and by small cruciferous (cruciform) plants. The grasses form a very broad belt, covered at intervals with snow, which remains but a few days. Above the *pajonal* (the grass belt) lies the region of cryptogamous plants, which here and there cover the porphyritic rocks destitute of vegetable earth. Farther on, at the limit of the perpetual ice, is the termination of organic life.' —(vol. ii. p. 12.)

Capac-Urca, or the altar, whose summit has sunk into the crater, is said to have been once higher than Chimborazo; and a great part of Carguerazo fell in on the night of the 19th of July, 1698. Torrents of water and mud then issued from the sides of the mountain and laid waste the neighbouring country, and an earthquake which accompanied, and probably was the cause of, this dreadful catastrophe, swallowed up thousands of the inhabitants of the adjacent towns. The appearance of Ilinissa, with its two pyramidal points, warrants the supposition of their being the wrecks of a volcano that has fallen in. The height of this majestic and picturesque mountain was determined by the trigonometrical measurements of Bouguer, to be 2717 toises, or 17,374 feet.

Corazon is a mountain covered with perpetual snow, rising out of the western Cordillera between the summits of Pichincha and Ilinissa. It was on this mountain that Messrs. Bouguer and Condamine observed the mercury in the barometer standing so low as fifteen inches and ten lines, from which they concluded that they were then 2470 toises (15,795 feet) above the level of the sea—a result not strictly exact, as the true application of the corrections for the influence of temperature and the decrement of caloric were not at that time sufficiently known.

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But Cotopaxi is the loftiest of those volcanoes of the Andes, whose explosions have been most frequent and disastrous, its absolute height being 5754 metres, or 18,879 feet, 800 metres or 2625 feet higher than Vesuvius would be if placed on the Peak of Teneriffe. Its form is said to be the most beautiful and regular of the colossal summits of the Andes, being to appearance a perfect cone, which, covered with an enormous layer of snow, shines with dazzling splendour, more particularly when the sun approaches the western horizon, and detaches itself in the most picturesque manner from the azure vault of heaven. Every inequality of soil, every rocky point, and stony mass, are entirely concealed by the thick coating of perpetual snow, whose limit is at 4411 metres (14,472 feet) of absolute height. The cone itself resembles the peak of Teyde, but its height is about six times that of the great volcano of Teneriffe.

'The mass of scoriæ, and the huge pieces of rock thrown out of this volcano, which are spread over the neighbouring valleys, covering a surface of several square leagues, would form, were they heaped together, a colossal mountain. In 1738, the flames of Cotopaxi rose 900 metres, 2953 feet, above the brink of the crater. In 1744, the roarings of the volcano were heard as far as Honda, a town on the borders of the Magdalena, and at the distance of 200 common leagues. On the 4th of April, 1768, the quantity of ashes ejected by the mouth of Cotopaxi was so great, that, in the towns of Hambato and Tacunga, day broke only at three in the afternoon, and the inhabitants were obliged to use lanterns in walking the streets. The explosion which took place in the month of January, 1803, was preceded by a dreadful phenomenon, the sudden melting of the snows that covered the mountain. For twenty years before no smoke or vapour, that could be perceived, had issued from the crater; and in a single night the subterraneous fire became so active that, at sunset, the external walls of the cone, heated, no doubt, to a very considerable temperature, appeared naked, and of the dark colour, which is peculiar to vitrified scoriæ. At the port of Guayaquil, fifty-two leagues distant, in a straight line from the crater, we heard, day and night, the noises of the volcano, like continued discharges of a battery; we distinguished these tremendous sounds, even on the Pacific ocean, to the south-west of the island of Puna.'—(vol. i. p. 118.)

Passing to the northward of the equator, which, as we have observed, traverses the colossal summit of Cayambe, the Andes are condensed, as it were, into one great cluster; but from the parallel of 2° 30′ N. to 5° 15′ N. they again branch out into three Cordilleras, and are again blended together in the sixth and seventh degrees of northern latitude. In these parallels the highest summits of the eastern chain do not attain the region of perpetual snow; the elevation of the western chain is scarcely fifteen hundred metres; but the central ridge frequently reaches those limits,

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and towers far above them in the colossal summits of Guanacas, Baragan, and Quindiu. This last mountain, situated in latitude 4° 36′ N. is considered as the most difficult of all the passes in the Cordilleras of the Andes. It presents a thick uninhabited forest, in which not a hut is to be seen, nor any means of subsistence found, and occupies from ten to twelve days in traversing at the most favourable season of the year. It is usual therefore for travellers at all times to take with them a month's provisions, as it often happens, from the melting of the snows and the sudden swell of the torrents, that they can neither proceed nor descend on either side of the elevated path, the highest point of which, the Garito del Paramo, is 3505 metres, or 11,500 feet, above the level of the ocean. The pathway is only from twelve to sixteen inches in width, and in several places has the appearance of a deep gallery dug in the rock, and left open to the sky. Along these crevices, which are full of mud, the traveller is frequently obliged to grope his passage in the dark, the shrubbery overgrowing the narrow opening above. The oxen, the common beasts of burden, can with difficulty force their way through these gullies, some of which are six or seven thousand feet in length; and if by chance a traveller meets them in the passage, he must either turn back, or scramble up the steep sides of the crevices, and suspend himself by the roots of the superincumbent trees or shrubs: how the opposing oxen contrive to pass each other, or to squeeze through a space of 16 inches, we are left to conjecture. Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland traversed this mountain, and the account here given is so curious that we shall make no apology for extracting the whole of it.

'We traversed the mountain of Quindiu in the month of October, 1801, on foot, followed by twelve oxen, which carried our collections and instruments, amidst a deluge of rain, to which we were exposed during the last three or four days, in our descent on the western side of the Cordilleras. The road passes through a country full of bogs, and covered with bamboos. Our shoes were so torn by the prickles, which shoot out from the roots of these gigantic gramina, that we were forced, like all other travellers who dislike being carried on men's backs, to go barefooted. This circumstance, the continual humidity, the length of the passage, the muscular force required to tread in a thick and muddy clay, the necessity of fording deep torrents of icy water, render this journey extremely fatiguing: but, however painful, it is accompanied by none of those dangers, with which the credulity of the people alarm travellers. The road is narrow, but the places where it skirts precipices are very rare. As the oxen are accustomed to put their feet in the same tracks, they form small furrows across the road, separated from each other by narrow ridges of earth. In very rainy seasons these ridges are covered by water which renders the traveller's step doubly uncertain,

uncertain, since he knows not whether he places his foot on the ridge or in the furrow. As few persons in easy circumstances travel on foot in these climates, through roads so difficult during fifteen or twenty days together, they are carried by men in a chair, tied on their back; for in the present state of the passage of Quindiu, it would be impossible to go on mules. They talk in this country of going on a' man's back *(andar en carguero)*, as we mention going on horseback; no humiliating idea is annexed to the trade of cargueroes; and the men who follow this occupation are not Indians, but Mulattoes, and sometimes even whites. It is often curious to hear these men, with scarcely any covering, and following a profession which we should consider so disgraceful, quarrelling in the midst of a forest, because one has refused the other, who pretends to have a whiter skin, the pompous title of *don*, or of *su merced*. The usual load of a carguero is six or seven arrobas (165 to 195 pounds English): those who are very strong carry as much as nine arrobas. When we reflect on the enormous fatigue, to which these miserable men are exposed, journeying eight or nine hours a day over a mountainous country; when we know that their backs are sometimes as raw as those of beasts of burden, and that travellers have often the cruelty to leave them in the forests, when they fall sick; that they earn by a journey from Ibague to Carthago only twelve or fourteen piastres, (from 50s. to 60s.) in a space of fifteen and sometimes even twenty-five or thirty days, we are at a loss to conceive how this employment of a carguero, one of the most painful that can be undertaken by man, is eagerly embraced by all the robust young men, who live at the foot of the mountain. The taste for a wandering and vagabond life, the idea of a certain independence amidst forests, leads them to prefer this employment to the sedentary and monotonous labour of cities.'—(vol. i. p. 65.)

Nor is this mountain the only part of South America which is traversed on the backs of men. Those that surround the province of Antioquia are all crossed in the same way; and M. de Humboldt tells us that he knew a man of this province so bulky that he had not met with more than two mulattoes capable of carrying him; and that if either of these had died while he was on the banks of the Magdalena, he never could have reached his home! yet so considerable is the number of young men who undertake the employment, that our travellers sometimes met a file of fifty or sixty of them together.—When the government, a few years ago, formed the project of making the passage from Nares to Antioquia passable for mules, the Cargueros remonstrated against mending the road, and it was thought expedient to yield to their clamours. All this is very natural, however we may affect to wonder at it, on the part of the Cargueros; and the same thing would happen, without doubt, if some of our tender-hearted reformers were to bring a bill into Parliament for the abolition of chair-men in the cities of London and Westminster.

It appears also to be the practice in Mexico for every director of the mines to have one or two Indians at his service, who are called his horses (cavallitoes), because they are saddled every morning, and, supported by a cane and bending forwards, carry their owner on their backs from one part of the mine to another. We shall not be surprized if, ere many years elapse, the Indians and the directors change places, and the cavallitoes take their turn to saddle and ride their old masters.

Another occupation of the South Americans, no less singular, is that of travelling by floating down the mountain rivers on logs of wood—a practice which could only be adopted in the upper branches of the Amazons, Marannan, and other mighty rivers, to which the crocodiles do not ascend. The aquatic postman of the province of Jaen de Bracamoros swims monthly for two days, down the Chamaya and a part of the Amazons, as the shortest and easiest communication between the eastern side of the Andes and the coasts of the Pacific. The Chamaya is not navigable by boats, on account of its numerous small cascades, its fall, as ascertained by Humboldt, being, in the space of eighteen leagues, 542 metres, or 1778 feet. The postman therefore mounts a log of bombax or ocroma, trees of very light wood. Wrapping his letters in a handkerchief or in his guyaco or drawers, he winds them as a turban round his head, and then, like the natives of Madras on their catamarans, he braves the surf, seldom either losing or wetting the letters with which he is entrusted. If a ledge of rocks forming a cascade intersects the bed of the river, he lands just above it, passes the forest, and resumes his log at the foot of the cascade, or provides another. Numerous huts, surrounded with plantain trees, afford him provisions; and having delivered his dispatches to the Governor of Jaen, he returns by a toilsome journey to the place from which he set out, ready to start, when the period arrives, on a fresh expedition.

It is highly probable that the greater part of the elevated plains or valleys surrounded by mountains have been covered with water, which by long and constant attrition in some cases, and by the aid of man in others, has effected an outlet, and finally left only a river to flow through the lowest level of the valley. Such has been the elevated plain on which the city of Mexico stands, the centre of which is yet covered with water; such also has been that of Bogota, on which stands the city of Santa Fé, at an elevation above the level of the ocean of 2660 metres, (8727 feet,) being 1256 feet higher than that of Mexico, and both of them higher than the summit of Mount St. Bernard: and such will one day be the case of the great lake Erie, when the barrier of Niagara, over

over which that vast sheet of water rolls, shall be worn down to the level of the bottom of the lake.

Near the farm of Tequendama the Rio de Bogota rushes from the plain through a narrow outlet into a crevice which descends towards the basin of the river Magdalena. The natives have a tradition that in remote times, before the moon accompanied the earth, an old man named Bochica broke down the barrier of rocks, after his wife Huythaca, a very beautiful, but malignant kind of a lady, had, by her skill in magic, swelled the river, and inundated the valley of Bogota. Here M. de Humboldt finds the *good* and *evil* principle personified in the venerable Bochica and his wife;—and the remote period when there was no moon reminds him of the boast of the Arcadians as to the antiquity of their origin! The fall of Tequendama is thus described:—

'The traveller who views the tremendous scenery of the cataract of Tequendama will not be surprized that rude tribes should have attributed a miraculous origin to rocks which seem to have been cut by the hand of man; to that narrow gulf into which falls headlong the mass of waters that issue from the valley of Bogota; to those rainbows reflecting the most vivid colours, and of which the forms vary every instant; to that column of vapour, rising like a thick cloud, and seen at five leagues distance, from the walks around Santa Fé..... The cataract of Tequendama forms an assemblage of every thing that is sublimely picturesque in beautiful scenery. This fall is not, however, as it is commonly believed to be in the country, and repeated by naturalists in Europe, the loftiest cataract on the globe: the river does not rush, as Bouguer relates, into a gulf of five or six hundred metres of perpendicular depth; but there scarcely exists a cataract which, from so lofty a height, precipitates so voluminous a mass of waters.'—(vol. i. p. 76.)

The river just above the fall is stated to be about half the breadth of the Seine at Paris, between the Louvre and the Palace of the Arts, that is, from 140 to 150 feet; in entering the crevice, which M. de Humboldt supposes, unnecessarily we think, to have been formed by an earthquake, it is narrowed to less than forty feet. The volume of water falls at a double bound to the depth of 574 feet. The prospect from the top is magnificent, and astonishes the traveller by the variety of its contrasts.

'Leaving the cultivated plain rich in corn, he finds himself surrounded not only with the aralia, the alstonia theæformis, the begonia, and the yellow bark tree, (cinchona cordifolia,) but with oaks, with elms, and other plants, the growth of which recals to his mind the vegetation of Europe; when suddenly he discovers, as from a terrace, and at his feet, a country producing the palm, the banana, and the sugar cane.'—(p. 79.)

M. de Humboldt adds that the difference of 175 metres, or 574 feet, of height, is too inconsiderable to have much influence on the temperature of the air; and that the contrast between the vegetation of the plain of Bogota and the foot of the cataract, is not owing to the height of the soil on the former, for that the palm trees which flourish at the foot of the latter would have pushed their migrations to the upper level of the river, provided the rock had not been perpendicular, and the elevated plain had been sheltered like the bottom of the crevice. It would, however, be as singular a phenomenon in vegetation, to find the palm and banana *flourishing* ' in a climate where the thermometer descends very often to the freezing point,' as it is to meet with them in that state at the bottom of a deep crevice near 8000 feet above the level of the sea, where only ' a few feeble rays of noon' shed an impotent gleam of light and heat on the luxuriant vegetation that clusters round it.

Amidst the majestic and ever-varied scenery of the Cordilleras, it is the valleys, M. de Humboldt tells us, that most powerfully affect the imagination of the European traveller, that present scenes of the wildest aspect, and fill the soul with astonishment and terror. The crevices of Chota and Cutaco were found to be, one fifteen hundred, the other thirteen hundred metres in perpendicular depth. A small torrent, called the Rio de la Summa Paz, rushing through the valley of Icononzo, flows through a deep crevice, which could not have been crossed but with extreme difficulty, if nature had not provided two bridges of rocks, which it seems are considered in the country as among the objects most worthy the attention of travellers. Such natural bridges over mountain torrents are not, however, uncommon either on the new or the old continent; and there needed not the aid of an earthquake here, any more than at Tequendama, to rend the rocks asunder. The torrent alone was quite sufficient to wear away the lower materials; and the view of these chasms and masses of rock in the plate which accompanies the description, shews the strata to have been left undisturbed. In the second bridge, which is contiguous to the other, three enormous masses of rock have fallen so as to support one another, that in the middle forming the key of the arch,—' an accident which might have given the natives the idea of arches in masonry, unknown to the people of the new world, as well as to the ancient inhabitants of Egypt.' Numerous flights of nocturnal birds that haunt this cavern send up a lugubrious noise; they could only be examined by throwing down rockets to illumine the sides of the chasm; but M. de Humboldt supposes them to belong to the genus Caprimulgus.

Two

Two geological phenomena, much more curious than these natural bridges, remain to be noticed before we conclude our account of M. de Humboldt's 'Researches.' The one is the *Volcanitoes*, or little air volcanoes of Turbaco; the other the volcano of Jorullo,—which rose out of the earth in the eighteenth century.

The volcanitoes are situated about four miles to the east of the village of Turbaco, in a thick forest abounding with balsam of Tolu trees, and others of magnificent growth; the ground, sloping gradually from the village to the height of 150 feet, every where covered with vegetation rising out of a shelly calcareous soil. The following description is all that is here given of these singular protuberancies.

'In the centre of a vast plain, bordered by bromelia karatas, are eighteen or twenty small cones, in height not above seven or eight metres. These cones are formed of a blackish grey clay, and have an opening at their summits filled with water. On approaching these small craters, a hollow but very distinct sound is heard at intervals, fifteen or eighteen seconds previous to the disengagement of a great quantity of air. The force with which this air rises above the surface of the water may lead us to suppose that it undergoes a great pressure in the bowels of the earth. I generally reckoned five explosions in two minutes; and this phenomenon is often attended with a muddy ejection. The Indians assured us that the forms of the cones undergo no visible change in a great number of years; but the ascending force of the gas, and the frequency of the explosions, appear to vary according to the seasons. I found by analyses made by means of both nitrous gas and of phosphorus, that the disengaged air scarcely contains a thousandth part of oxygen. It is azotic gas, much more pure than that which is generally prepared in our laboratories. The physical cause of this phenomenon is discussed in the historical narrative of our travels into the interior of the new continent.'—(vol. ii. p. 97.)

The volcano of Jorullo appears to be, what M. de Humboldt calls it, 'one of the most singular catastrophes in the physical history of our planet,' and very little known to European geologists. It is situated about the 19th parallel of northern latitude, in the intendency of Valladolid, to the west of the city of Mexico, and about thirty-six leagues from the ocean. Its height is 1683 feet above the surrounding plain. This enormous excrescence rose out of a savannah or swampy plain, on the night of the 29th September, 1759, surrounded by several thousand basaltic cones, from six to nine feet in height, bristling a surface of four square miles.

'The cones are so many funnels, which exhale a thick vapour, and communicate an insupportable heat to the surrounding air. They are called in this country, which is excessively unhealthy, by the name of

of the little ovens, *hornitas.* They contain nodules of basalt embedded in a mass of indurated clay. The slope of the great volcano, which is constantly burning, is covered with ashes. We reached the inside of the crater by climbing the hill of scorified and branching lavas. We shall here observe, as a remarkable fact, that all the volcanoes of Mexico are ranged in a line from East to West; and which forms, at the same time, *a parallel of great elevations.* In reflecting on this fact, and comparing it with our observations on the *bocche nuove* of Vesuvius, we are tempted to suppose that the subterraneous fire has pierced through an enormous crevice which exists in the bowels of the earth between the latitudes of 18° 59′ and 19° 12′, and stretches from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean.'—(vol. ii. p. 103.)

We have endeavoured in the preceding pages to bring together the *membra disjecta,*—those huge protuberances starting out of the backbone of the earth,—scattered as we find them in these volumes, without any attempt at arrangement; and we are not aware that we have omitted the notice of any object of actual 'research' on the spot which could be deemed either curious or important. We have dwelt but little, and that little will perhaps be thought too much, on those cycles and calendars, those chronologies and cosmogonies extracted out of the—to us, at least—unintelligible daubings designated under the name of the 'Codices Mexicani.' To M. de Humboldt, however, they would appear to be of first-rate importance, and some idea may be formed of his laborious 'Researches' (in the libraries of Europe) to collect and explain those Sybilline documents, and to trace, in their dark and mysterious leaves, the 'parallels' and 'analogies' between the several natives of the old world and the Aztecks, the Toltecks, the Cicimecks, and Tlascaltecks,—from the list which he has given, rather ostentatiously, as we think, of authors or works referred to at the end of the second volume, occupying fifteen pages, and containing the names of about two hundred and forty different authors or books of all ages, nations, and languages, from the Bible to Carey's Pocket Atlas, from the Iliad to some obscure Magazine. On the whole, however, we deem the descriptive part of these 'Researches' less objectionable, as being less prolix, than the 'Personal Narrative,' though strongly tinged with the same faults as those which we took the liberty of pointing out in that work.

ART. IX. *The Poetic Mirror, or the Living Bards of Britain.* London. Longman and Co. fc. 8vo. pp. 275. 1816.

OUR readers, we flatter ourselves, will not have entirely forgotten the opinions which we expressed in a former Number * on the

* No. XV. Articles VIII. and XI.

subject

subject of *parodies*. They are, like mimicry, good only when they are short and striking—when they produce mirth by the happy travestie of some popular passage, or when they mix instruction with amusement, by detecting latent absurdity, and developing the disguises of bad taste.

The work at present before us is a series of parodies, which want the most essential merits of that species of cheap wit. They are long—they do not remind us of any individual popular passages—and the ideas excited by them are nearly those which the authors imitated would, we presume, wish to convey; in short, they are much less parodies than *imitations*, and though the writer evidently intends to be very pleasant, his whole merit reduces itself to the degree of power which he exhibits in writing such verses as his prototypes might, in a careless hour, have written.

We shall make our view of this matter more familiar to our readers, by calling to their recollection the direct effect of mimicry. We have all seen, with inexpressible delight, that admirable tragedian, Mr. Kemble; we have also seen some wags, like Mr. Mathews and Company, who mimic the peculiarities of this great actor, and we have laughed at them, without any derogation of our respect for his Hamlet or Macbeth. We have also seen actors who were not the mimics but the imitators of Mr. Kemble, who pleased us without exciting any thing like merriment, and who were most successful when we forgot that they were imitators.

What Mathews is to Mr. Kemble, the Rejected Addresses were to Southey and Scott, very like and very laughable; but the author now before us is the grave and not at all laughable imitator. This we say rather in reference to the effect which he produces, than that which he is desirous of producing; for it is evident that he intends to be merry, and will be disappointed at being told that he is like without being ludicrous. He is not, however, in all cases like, and in one or two he is ludicrous. The imitation of Lord Byron has no resemblance, and that of Mr. Wordsworth is amusing. But it is time to acquaint our readers with the plan and scope of this work.

We have heard that Mr. Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, had written to some living poets to favour him with specimens of their works to furnish out a kind of original Anthology, which he was desirous of publishing; and some wicked wag, probably one of those very personages to whom he addressed himself, has seized on the idea as his own property, and has published, as the contributions of the several living poets of Great Britain, his own imitations of their styles, and amongst them one of poor Mr. Hogg himself.

That of Lord Byron comes first, and is called 'The Guerrilla;' but we cannot discover in what the likeness to Lord Byron consists: the

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the stanza, indeed, is that of Childe Harold, and the hero is as mad and ferocious as Conrade or Lara; but that most striking and essential feature of Lord Byron's poetry, the description of the workings of the mind, of the agitation of the intellects, the embodying the feelings of a high and wounded spirit, of a vain, proud, selfish heart, of a wild, daring, and romantic imagination, are not to be found here; and we need not add, that where they are not, there is nothing of the distinctive character of Lord Byron's genius.

The best stanza is the last, but our readers will judge how little it resembles the glorious *morbidezza* of his Lordship's colouring.

> 'It was Alayni—dost thou wail his case?—
> Beloved unhappy, restless unbeloved.
> Oh, there are minds that not for happiness
> Were framed here nor hereafter, who ne'er proved
> A joy, save in some object far removed,
> Who leave with loathing that they longed to win,
> That overmore to that desired hath roved,
> While the insatiate gnawing is within,
> And happiness for aye beginning to begin.'—p. 26.

As an imitation this is poor enough, and as a parody it falls infinitely short of the pleasantry of the Rejected Addresses, which touch so happily on the querulous, antithetical, and metaphysical tone of this noble and extraordinary writer.

> 'Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
> And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.'

The next author in the series is Mr. Walter Scott. In imitation of him we have an 'Epistle to Mr. Southey,' in the tone of the admirable introductions to the several Cantos of Marmion, which is followed by a regular or rather irregular lay in three Cantos of twenty or thirty stanzas each, called Wat o' the Cleuch. Wat o' the Cleuch is, we presume, a familiar designation for Walter Scott of Buccleugh, a well known borderer; and the tale is one of mosstrooping, reaving and raiding, pricking over Tiviot, swimming Tweed, and 'drinking the Monks of Roxburgh's ale.' This poem never could have been intended for a pleasantry on Mr. Scott's style—it is an imitation in good earnest; and though it wants ease, and is written apparently in great haste, and though the author makes too frequent forays into Mr. Scott's borders, the resemblance is lively, and the poem has that degree of merit that a very careless sketch of Mr. Scott's might have had.

The first four stanzas of this poem will give the reader a good idea of the author's power of imitation; they will recognize exactly the tone and spirit of Mr. Scott, but they will see in it nothing to laugh at. As the follower of Mr. Scott the author may have some claim to attention, but as a parodist he has none; for the metre, the language,

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language, the images, &c. are, at least, as consonant to the story and character of the persons as Mr. Scott's style is to some of his own fables and personages.

1.

'Wat o' the Cleuch came down through the dale,
In helmet and hauberk of glistening mail;
Full proudly he came on his berry-black steed,
Caparison'd, belted for warrior deed.
O bold was the bearing, and brisk the career,
And broad was the cuirass and long was the spear,
And tall was the plume that waved over the brow
Of that dark reckless borderer, Wat o' the Cleuch.

2.

'His housing, the buck's hide, of rude massy fold,
Was tassell'd and tufted with trappings of gold;
The henchman was stalworth his buckler that bore;
He had bowmen behind him, and billmen before;
He had Bellenden, Thorleshope, Reddlefordgreen,
And Hab o' the Swire, and Jock of Poldean;
And Whitstone, and Halston, and hard-riding Hugh,
Were all at the back of bold Wat o' the Cleuch.

3.

'As Wat o' the Cleuch came down through the dale,
The hinds stood aghast and the maidens grew pale,
The ladies to casement and palisade ran,
The vassals to loop-hole and low barbican,
And saw the bold borderers trooping along,
Each crooning his war-note or gathering-song;
O many a rosy cheek changed its hue
When sounded the slogan of Wat o' the Cleuch!

4.

'As downward they past by the Jed and the Roule,
The monk took his crozier, his cord, and his cowl,
And kneel'd to the Virgin with book and with bead,
And said Ave-Maria and matter'd his creed,
And loudly invoked, as he clasped the rood,
Saint Withold, Saint Waldave, Saint Clare, and Saint Jude!
He dreaded the Devil, to give him his due,
But held him as nothing to Wat o' the Cleuch.'—pp. 55—57.

We really cannot help suspecting that, though some of the subsequent articles are evidently factitious, Wat o' the Cleuch may be the real though imperfect offspring of the prolific and sometimes hasty pen of Mr. Scott himself; how it has got into the hands of the publisher we cannot divine, and we speak with unfeigned sincerity when we say we have no other ground for our suspicion than the internal evidence.

The imitation of Mr. Scott occupies 100 pages of the volume which

which contains only 270. The next fifty or sixty pages are dedicated to the ridicule of Mr. Wordsworth, and it is here only that the author assumes, every now and then, the legitimate line of parody by applying the high sounding blank verse, the intricate combinations of thought and affected phrases of Mr. Wordsworth, to objects still more ludicrously low than Mr. Wordsworth himself, daring as he is in this way, ventures to do. There are three extracts from the poem called the Recluse, which are entitled 'The Flying Taylor,' 'James Rigg,' and 'The Stranger;' they are amusing enough, but they are too long; the comic parts are too rare, and the general style of imitation is too laboured, and approaches too near the acknowledged beauties of Mr. Wordsworth's style.

The description of the infancy of the Flying Taylor is enlivened by such passages as these.

'Him from his birth unto his death I knew:
And many years before he had attain'd
The fulness of his fame, I prophesied
The triumphs of that youth's agility,
And crown'd him with that name which afterwards
He nobly justified—and dying left
To Fame's eternal blazon—read it here—
"The Flying Tailor!"
It is somewhat strange
That his mother was a cripple, and his father
Long way declined into the vale of years
When their son Hugh was born. At first the babe
Was sickly, and a smile was seen to pass
Across the midwife's cheek, when, holding up
The little wretch, she to the father said,
"A fine man-child!" What else could they expect?
The mother being, as I said before,
A cripple, and the father of the child
Long way declined into the vale of years.
But mark the wondrous change—ere he was put
By his mother into breeches, Nature strung
The muscular part of his economy
To an unusual strength, and he could leap,
All unimpeded by his petticoats,
Over the stool on which his mother sat,—
More than six inches—*o'er the astonish'd stool.*'—pp. 156, 157.

But the following, which describes James Rigg, after an explosion in a quarry in which he was working had deprived him of sight, is one which we think, with the exception of one or two lines, Mr. Wordsworth would not disclaim; and we think that the cold and heavy pleasantry of these lines are not enough to constitute a parody, and give no very favourable specimen of the author's turn for humour.

'On

'On that he lifted up his harden'd hands,
Harden'd by sun, and rain, and storm, and toil,
Unto the blasted eye-balls, and awhile
Stood motionless as fragment of that rock
That wrought him all his woe, and seem'd to lie,
Unwitting of the evil it had done,
Calm and serene, even like a flock of sheep
Scatter'd in sunshine o'er the Cheviot-hills.
I ween that, as he stood in solemn trance,
Tears flow'd for him who wept not for himself,
And that his fellow-quarrymen, though rude
Of soul and manner, not untouchingly
Deplored his cruel doom, and gently led
His footsteps to a green and mossy rock,
By sportive Nature fashion'd like a chair,
With seat, back, elbows,—a most perfect chair
Of unhewn living rock! There, hapless man,
He moved his lips, as if he inly pray'd,
And clasp'd his hands and raised his sightless face
Unto the smiling sun, who walk'd through heaven,
Regardless of that fatal accident,
By which a man was suddenly reduced
From an unusual clear long-sightedness
To utter blindness—blindness without hope,
So wholly were the visual nerves destroyed.
"I wish I were at home!" he slowly said,
"For though I ne'er must see that home again,
I yet may hear it, and a thousand sounds
Are there to gladden a poor blind man's heart."'—p. 182.

The imitation of Mr. Hogg follows: it is called the Gude Grey Katt; this gude grey cat, who lives in the 'Touir of Blain,' is a witch; but the story is written in a dialect, or rather a jargon, so uncouth and unintelligible that we cannot tell whether it is pleasant or sad, or whether Mr. Hogg will consider the author as a rival or a mimic.

Then comes 'The Lady Isabelle' and 'The Cherub,' in imitation of Mr. Colridge; the former, in evident allusion to 'the Lady Christabel' recently published, is quite as wandering and unintelligible as that long riddle, but it has none of those flowers of poetry which Mr. Colridge has scattered over the dark pall that covers and conceals the meaning of Christabel.

The imitations of the Laureate, which next follow, are, in our opinion, the worst of the whole; they have no resemblance, either grave or gay, serious or pleasant, to Mr. Southey; the first, which is named 'Peter of Barnet,' might, we think, with more propriety, be attributed to Mr. Wordsworth, or Mr. Colridge, than to Mr. Southey;

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Southey; though we hardly think that either of those gentlemen would have written such stuff as—

> 'D—n them! said Peter,—he thrust back his chair,
> Dashed one knee o'er the other furiously,
> Took snuff a double portion,—swallowed down
> His glass at once,—looked all around the room
> With wrathful eye, and then took snuff again.'—p. 240.

And the second, which is called Carmen Judiciale, imputes to that amiable man a tone of angry and impatient egotism, of which we certainly find no example in his works: as decidedly the best part of the latter poem, we will present our readers, for their amusement, with the following 'Curse' (imitated from that of Kehama) upon our brethren of the North, for their supposed injustice to the bard,—a curse which there are those, perhaps, who would not be unwilling, *mutatis mutandis*, to denounce against ourselves.

The Curse.

'May heaven and earth,
And hell underneath,
Unite to unsting thee
In horrible wrath.
May scorning surround thee,
And conscience astound thee,
High genius o'erpower,
And the devil confound thee—
The printers shall harass,
The devils shall dun thee,
The trade shall despise thee,
And C—t—e shun thee.
The judge shall not hear thee,
But frown and pass by thee,
And clients shall fear thee,
And know thee, and fly thee!
I'll hunt thee, I'll chase thee,
To scorn and deride thee,
The cloud shall not cover,
The cave shall not hide thee;
The scorching of wrath
And of shame shall abide thee,—
Thou shalt thirst for revenge
And misrule, as for wine,
But genius shall flourish!
And royalty shine!
And thou shalt remain,
While the Laureate doth reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain,
And Fame shall disown thee
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever!'—pp. 255—257.

The volume concludes with three supposed specimens of Mr. Wilson's poetry, which, like many of the former, are liable to the objection of leaving the reader in doubt whether the author is in jest or earnest. We do not profess to be intimately acquainted with Mr. Wilson's peculiarities, but we can hardly believe that he will consider the following address to the Moon as a disparaging imitation of his style.

> 'Come forth, sweet spirit! from thy cloudy cave,
> Far in the bosom of the starless night,
> And suddenly above the mountain-top
> Lifting thy placid beauty, all at once

Spread

Seemingly borne on to eternity,
So wild the hurried glimpses of thy face,
Perturb'd yet beautiful!'—p. 268.

Upon the whole, then, we hope the author of this little volume ill be satisfied with the judgment we pass upon him—as we are ire he ought to be—that his talents, as a parodist, are much in- erior to those which he could bring to original poetry, and that his ork would be, with a few trifling exceptions, read with more satis- action and applause if it professed a serious and original charac- er. He is like a painter, who should say, 'Come, I'll sketch you laughable caricature,' and who should end with producing a grave nd tolerable portrait of the person whom he professes to ridicule.

Art. X.—1. *Two Tracts intended to convey Correct Notions of Regeneration and Conversion, according to the sense of Holy Scripture and of the Church of England.* By Richard Mant, M. A. Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate; and late Fellow of Oriel College.

2. *An Inquiry into the Effect of Baptism, according to the sense of Holy Scripture and of the Church of England; in answer to the Reverend Dr. Mant's two Tracts on Regeneration and Conversion.* By the Rev. John Scott, M. A. Vicar of North Ferriby, and Lecturer in the Holy Trinity Church, Hull. London: Baldwin. 1815. 8vo. pp. 270.

3. *Baptism a Seal of the Christian Covenant; or, Remarks on Dr. Mant's Tract on Regeneration.* By Thomas J. Biddulph, A. M. Minister of St. James's, Bristol, and of Durston, Somersetshire; and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Dowager Lady Bagot; and late of Queen's College, Oxford. London: Hatchard. 8vo. pp. 255.

4. *The Doctrine of the Church of England upon the Efficacy of Baptism vindicated from Misrepresentation.* By Richard Laurence, LL.D. Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of

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to the authors who had endeavoured to instruct us. [illegible]
present instance, for reasons which press strongly upon ou
we feel an extreme unwillingness to entertain any discussi
necessary to the material doctrine in question; and wish to
the irritation as well as the labour of every syllable which
spared; not without some doubt whether our more perfect
might not be an entire silence upon it.

Under this forbearance, however, we wish openly to di
the officious service of labouring for an accommodation in op
between persons who may have their reasons for avoiding al
proaches to it. Because, first, we cannot pretend to the auth
which ought to go along with the assumption of such an of
and next, not being willing to concede any part of our own belief
could adopt no principle of accommodation between others, ex
the firm and temperate statement of our opinions; which coul
conciliatory only just so far as the grounds of them are convinc
and lastly, we are well aware that nothing is less welcome to p
sons strongly engaged in a debate, than the neutrality of a pea
maker, who is likely with many to provoke the anger he would d
arm, by his suspected censure of it. And therefore, as we have
special call, in our pages, to this offensive and ungracious mode
tion, we request that we may not incur the prejudice and c
report of it, with any description of men. In short, we addre
ourselves to the doctrine solely; being as far from seeking
silence the argument of any man by the assumption of a charact
as we should rejoice to persuade by our own fair and legitimat
deductions. Our hopes, however, do not look so high. We pr
mise ourselves no converts to our scheme of exposition, plain a
old as it is, from among those who may have previously taken
part against it. But we shall be contented with stating, wh
appears to us, the substance of serious truth, for the use of tho
who may wish to enjoy it in quiet, without engaging in a conflict
for it.

Controversy,

:d concern for the subject, should insinuate itself, we still should ırd that accident as a venial one, which may render the advo- :s, on either side, more alert, and quicken their research with- perverting their principles of judgment. The more severe jealous accuracy which we must be contented often to take n personal feelings may, in the end, produce that best of all ults, a more certain and a better reasoned apprehension of the th. In this light our infirmities may serve us better than our ties. They may give us a vigour of research, which those more dy motives might fail to supply: for we never hail the progress truth so much as when we hope ourselves to share her triumph. The tendency which controversy has, however, at the same time, overstep these limits, and at once to destroy charity, and perplex the ıth, is a topic which we do not mean now to enlarge upon. Witht adverting to so great an evil, it must be confessed, that while ven the more moderate warfare lasts, the truth itself is not unfreıently a sufferer:—we do not mean from the mistakes or injuiciousness of the parties, which is too palpable a thing to be oticed, but from the temper of the public mind, as affected by the xisting controversy. The direction of thought, at such a moment, s all turned towards the field of warfare, and not to the valuable nterest to be decided upon it. It is intent upon the proceedings of the debate more than the doctrine at issue. It becomes couroversial by habit, a temper most adverse to the love and improvement of that very treasure of doctrine, for the sake of which all are so hotly engaged, as no ground is less cultivated than that which is the scene of present and active hostilities. Nor is it uncommon to see many, who, having ranged themselves on the one side or the other, with a very imperfect knowledge of the reasons and merits of the case, make up in feeling what they want in information, and studiously aggravate the state of suspicion and unfriendliness in order to meet the need of being zealous opponents in a public and important cause.

We intend no allusion whatever to any supposed vehemence or strong language, in any single writer or person, who may have engaged in the present controversy; which vehemence, however,

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might be excusable in any one, under the apprehension that an important article of doctrine was in danger. But, penetrated by a sense of the inconveniencies which we have described, as attaching to all the most legitimate controversy, when it becomes earnest and general, we shall endeavour, as far as possible, to avoid the adding of one voice more to the debate. Without denying ourselves altogether the use of the argumentative form, we shall not be contentious, wishing to follow as nearly as we can that apostolic sentiment, ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.

Our proposed plan will be, first, to state precisely the doctrine of our church, on the subject of Baptismal Regeneration; next to endeavour to ascertain the style and language proper to be used, in respect of that topic, in the course of popular and practical instruction. This order is the natural and obvious one; viz. that sound theological opinion should precede and direct the form of Christian piety.

Our position is, that according to the doctrine of our church, baptismal regeneration is also spiritual regeneration, to all who, in mature age, receive baptism rightly: and in respect of infants, that baptismal regeneration is also spiritual regeneration, simply.

Now in order to obtain truly the sense in which our church understands and teaches the efficacy of baptism, at either age, it will be right to look, in the first place, to the office of baptism itself, as to the most sure and positive rule of her doctrine on that head; because in administering the rite, the church also professedly expounds it. The exposition given in such a place is direct and conclusive; the subject is fully in view; the judgment upon it is a solemn one, designed to express the value of the rite to the minds of those who receive it, if they be capable of understanding it, to those who minister in it, that they may be aware of the nature of their function, and to those who are present as witnesses of the sacrament. No occasion can be imagined more needful for the doctrine to be explained, than when the benefit of the sacrament is to be applied; and to the explanation afforded under such circumstances, we are bound therefore, as fair inquirers, to attend with peculiar respect.

With regard to adults, the service of baptism framed by our church shews, unequivocally, that in her sense, baptism is neither on one hand a kind of charm, nor on the other a mere ineffectual or external rite, but a certain medium of the grace of regeneration to the worthy receiver. It is not a charm to convert, by a ceremonial power, human nature from a fallen to a restored state; to infuse grace by a material miracle; or to call down from heaven a supernatural blessing upon prevarication; or to adopt into the privileges

privileges of the Gospel, those in whom no sincerity of mind towards Christian faith and amendment is to be found. This part of our position is demonstrated by the fact that certain special interrogatories, to be put to the person who is to be baptised, make a part of the service. For that an actual and a real faith and repentance are pledged by the answers given to those interrogatories, must be obvious to any one who considers, that a faith and repentance not real are nothing at all. And the nullity of the faith and repentance, when they are professed, but exist not, having only the superadded virtue of an hypocritical profession to improve them, are not likely to be raised thereby to the standard of qualification required by a church which has as honest and strong a meaning in asking who and what manner of person he is, who comes to be baptised, as in pronouncing him, after baptism, regenerate, a member of Christ, a child of God. The previous existence of his qualification, as connected with the efficacy of Baptism, is moreover expressed in these decisive words: 'Doubt ye not, therefore, but earnestly believe, that He will favourably receive the present persons, TRULY REPENTING AND COMING UNTO HIM BY FAITH.' The same exhortation in which these words are contained had previously quoted the words of Christ, 'He that *believeth* and is *baptised* shall be saved:' and also the words of St. Peter, '*Repent* and be *baptised* every one of you for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' The language of the Catechism is equally explicit: 'What is *required* of persons to be baptised? REPENTANCE, whereby they forsake sin, and FAITH, whereby they steadfastly believe the promises of God made to them in that sacrament.' So explicitly does the church connect the demand of qualification with the rite.—Nor less explicitly does she connect with the rite, so duly received, the gift of regeneration.

For on the other hand, baptism is not, in the sense of our church, a mere ineffectual, or ecclesiastical rite. It is not a rite of bare public admission unto communion; nor is it a simple declaration on the part of the church, setting forth the hopes and duties of the new disciple. These uses of ecclesiastical incorporation, though included in the service, are subordinate to the other higher purpose of the sacrament, viz. the assurance of federal communion in the blessings of the Gospel, with the gift of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, communicated in the sacrament, and sealed by it, through the instrumentality of the church, acting in the name of God, and under the warrant of Scripture.

This part of our interpretation is equally apparent from the very words of the service: 'Seeing that these persons *are regenerate*.'

It is also apparent from the assertion of the Catechism, that in a sacrament there are two parts, the sign and the inward grace. If then the grace be a part of the sacrament, it must be communicated in the sacramental rite. The grace peculiar to baptism is also asserted to be 'a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness.' A new birth unto righteousness, or regeneration, then, is by baptism.

We are not aware of any objection possible to be made to the construction which we have assigned to this office of our Liturgy, which relates to the baptism of those who are of riper years; either as not being the direct and obvious construction in each of its parts, or even as not being exclusively the single and necessary construction of the meaning of the office: so that no other can either be true or have the semblance of truth.

We are not aware indeed that, in *any* protestant country where the doctrine of the *opus operatum* is estimated as it deserves, there is any doubt among thinking men of the necessity of some qualification in the person receiving baptism in order to his spiritual benefit by it. Least of all do we suppose that any members of our church are inclined to such an error. If words have escaped any one, importing a doubt of that kind, we take them as a mere oversight of style, and nothing more serious. It has been therefore only with a view of making our statement complete in each branch of it, that we have gone through this part of the interpretation which we proposed.

Upon the whole, we affirm that the form of baptismal service, comprehending the ritual of the words of institution, as appointed by our Saviour, and the use of the symbol of water also appointed by Him, combined together, though it possess not by nature any regenerating power, nor has received that power by an unconditional or irrespective promise, does yet, in the doctrine of our church, constitute the appointed medium, through which the grace of regeneration is conveyed; that grace coming from the fountain of all purity and holiness, from the Eternal Spirit, whose emanations, assured to us by special promise, are to be thought of, as attendant upon that promise, and as verifying it. The church therefore, as the minister of God, proclaims the value of baptism, to all who are fit for it, and pronounces the efficacy of her ministration, for the beginning of their new and spiritual state. Did the church profess the doctrine of universal regeneration in those of riper age, without respect to their faith and repentance, those things would not be stated in the Catechism as *required*, nor would the strict demand of them be made in the service itself. Were the church able to discern the secrets of men's hearts, she would actually, and in form, limit the assurance of regeneration in the same extent,

extent, as under the absence of such knowledge, she virtually and implicitly does now limit it. But that her ministration may neither be void, nor presumptuous, may neither bless those whom God hath not blessed, nor reject those whom He will not have rejected, combining the defect of her knowledge with the certainty of the Evangelical promise, she speaks to the supposed faithful and penitent, a language, to them who are such, universally true; which to the impenitent and unfaithful, must be, according to her doctrine, as universally not true.

We proceed to the second part of our position: viz. that infant baptism is regarded by our church as conferring spiritual regeneration, simply, and without reserve. Here, as before, our first reference must be made to the office itself. The introductory part of the office for infant baptism deserves attention. It adverts to the discourse held by our Saviour with Nicodemus. The topic of that discourse is the necessity of a man's being born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, in order to his entering into the kingdom of God. *Spiritual regeneration* then is the first thing which is presented to our thoughts in the preliminary part of this office. And as it begins, so it continues. The same is the subject of the beginning of the office, and of the middle, and of the end of it. The same subject of spiritual regeneration is exhibited in prayer, interceding for it; in references to portions of Scripture, which relate to it; in positive affirmation of doctrine; in thanksgiving to God for the gift as actually given. The sacrament from first to last holds the doctrine of regeneration by the Holy Spirit enclosed and embodied in it. Its phrase is formed upon that doctrine: its purport and efficacy are explained by it.

Nor may we believe that the church intends to represent this sacrament as a type and symbol of spiritual regeneration, without possessing infused into it the very grace itself. Because the words employed on the occasion are not merely such as imply that the sacrament and the grace are combined together, but they are such as have been studiously selected to express that idea, and such as do most emphatically express it. They even shew an anxiety that nothing less may be supposed. '*Doubt ye not therefore, but earnestly believe* that He will likewise favourably receive this present infant; that He will embrace him with the arms of his mercy; that He will give unto him the blessing of eternal life, and make him partaker of His everlasting kingdom.' Again, 'Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child *is regenerate*, and grafted into the body of Christ's church, let us give thanks unto Almighty God for these benefits.' Again, 'We yield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it *hath* pleased thee to *regenerate* this infant *with thy Holy Spirit*, to receive

ceive him for thine own child by adoption,' &c. The words of the first passage are certainly remarkable as shewing an anxiety that we may receive the full doctrine on this head. The words of the passage corresponding with it in the office for those of riper years are as follow. '*Doubt ye not therefore, but earnestly believe*, that He will favourably receive these present persons, *truly repenting and coming unto Him by faith*.' The same pointed and earnest wish is shewn in both. And this clause in the latter office, 'truly repenting and coming unto him by faith,' which is wanting in the former office, is equally significant in the place where it is inserted to shew what is required in the one instance, as in the other place where it is omitted, to shew that in the other instance the absence of actual moral qualification does not vacate the benefit of the sacrament.—The insertion and the omission are alike from design, and that design is in both places obvious to be understood.

The office for the order of Confirmation comes next to be considered; and we shall see that it supports and illustrates the exposition which we have given. As the rite of confirmation is connected in design with the sacrament of infant baptism, and is a supplement to it, we might expect to find that which actually we do find, a connexion of doctrine in the two offices. The spiritual regeneration, as already communicated, and communicated in baptism, is thus recognised in the prayer which precedes the solemn act of confirmation. 'Almighty and everliving God, who *hast vouchsafed to regenerate* these thy servants by water and the Holy Ghost, and hast given unto them forgiveness of all their sins: strengthen them, we beseech thee, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost the Comforter, and daily increase in them thy manifold gifts of grace.' The most specific use of the Catechism is to qualify those who have been baptised in infancy to receive this rite of Confirmation, by instructing them in their Christian calling. It is their manual of instruction, and their knowledge of it is the testimonial whereupon they are admitted to be confirmed. The Catechism, then, informs them, that the inward and spiritual grace is a part in each sacrament, and that the grace of *baptism* is a death unto sin, and *a new birth unto righteousness*: for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are *hereby* made the children of grace. (The word *hereby*, we suppose, must refer grammatically to the sacrament. If it be referred to the more remote antecedent, 'a new birth unto righteousness,' logically the difference is nothing: for that new birth has previously been declared to be a part of the sacrament.) Moreover the answer dictated to the second question of the Catechism seems in itself equivalent to a volume. 'Who gave you this name? My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism, wherein I was made a member

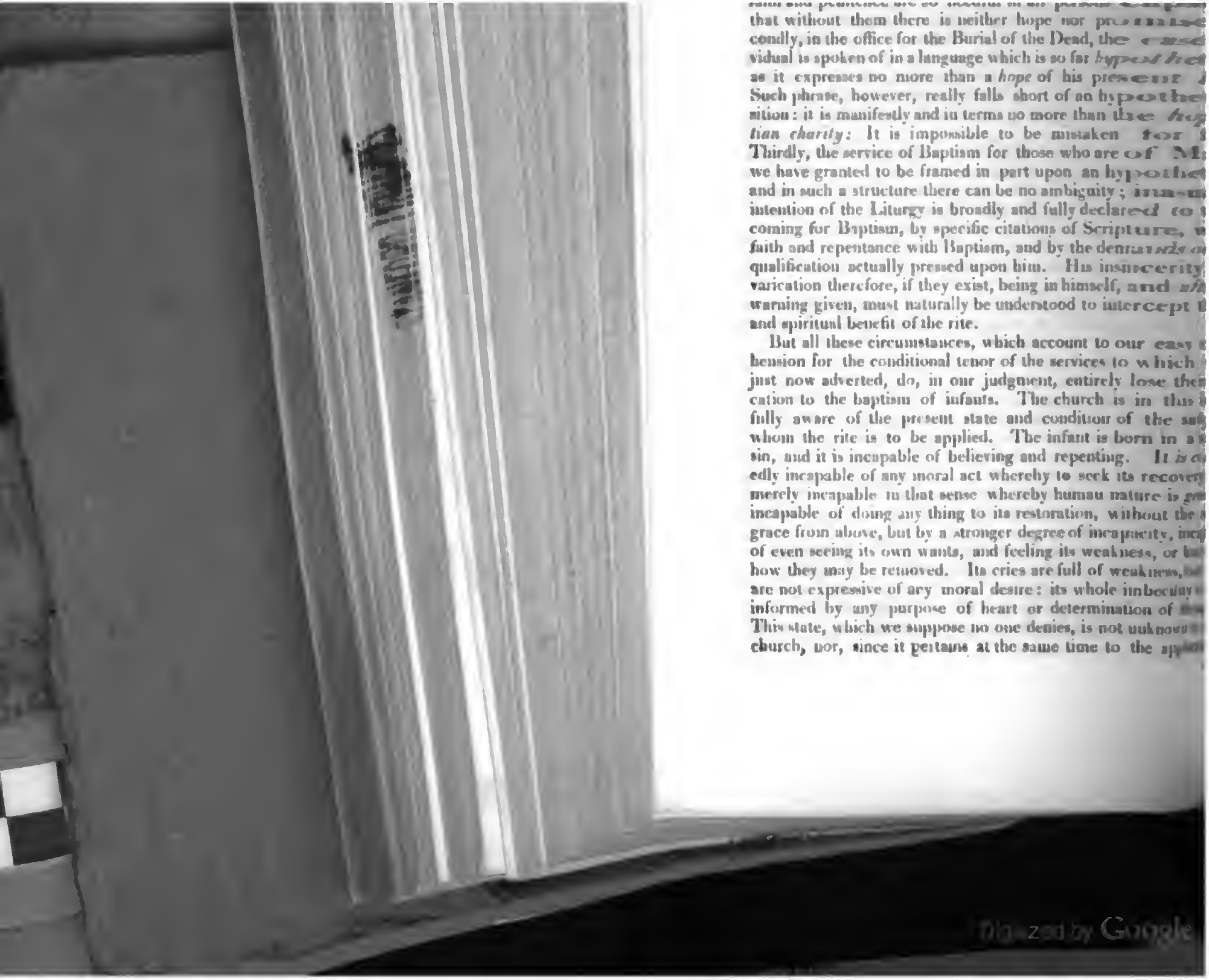
a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.' Such is the continued train of instruction provided in the three connected offices, of Baptism, the Catechism, and Confirmation, holding one uniform and consistent language.

We have said that Confirmation is a supplement to Baptism. We mean that it is a supplement to it inasmuch as it adds to baptism the actual attestation of the child, who had been baptised, to the covenant of the Gospel, with the seal of his own moral powers. But the church does not regard it to be such a supplement as may draw down from God the grace of regeneration: that grace is presupposed to exist, and is declared to have been bestowed 'by water and the Holy Ghost,' that is, in Baptism. Therefore Confirmation is not an adult baptism, but on the part of the child an adult recognition of the vicarious baptismal vow. It is a rational service, and its very name bears a meaning which implies a confirmation of that Christian state in which the child is found; a confirmation of good to him, as well as a confirmation made by him of his vows.

The plain and positive sense of these several offices ought not to give way to the refinement which a curious piety may contrive for them. Are they not offices for general use, addressed to the understanding of common men, who must understand by the ear, and be taught with simplicity? Are they not offices for young persons, (we speak of the Catechism and the office for Confirmation,) for young persons whose reason is just on the dawn, who know little and believe infinitely, and whose error must be charged to the account of those who, under plain and direct terms, have a reserve of hypothesis behind; that error which the young mind cannot avoid, of believing that a distinct affirmation contains a definite meaning, that strong words mean something positive, and that the assertion of a past event does not express a change future and contingent? These considerations are to us of great force, and literally conclusive.

But as the *hypothetical* meaning is urged by some whose sincerity in the search of truth we do not suspect, and whose error, as we suppose it to be, gives us no small pain, combined as it is with zeal, and ability, and learning; we shall not decline following this point a little farther, and separating the cases, in which, as it appears to us, an hypothetical sense may be admitted, from those in which it cannot be admitted.

An hypothetical sense then seems admissible only when the Liturgy is speaking *first* of individuals, as indeed is the case here, and when also, secondly, their individual state is impossible to be known in those respects wherein it bears upon the tenor of the special service relating to them; and when also there can be no ambiguity whether it



that without them there is neither hope nor promise
condly, in the office for the Burial of the Dead, the case
vidual is spoken of in a language which is so far *hypothetic*
as it expresses no more than a *hope* of his present
Such phrase, however, really falls short of an hypothe
sition: it is manifestly and in terms no more than the *hop*
tian *charity:* It is impossible to be mistaken for
Thirdly, the service of Baptism for those who are of M
we have granted to be framed in part upon an hypothe
and in such a structure there can be no ambiguity; its ma
intention of the Liturgy is broadly and fully declared to
coming for Baptism, by specific citations of Scripture, w
faith and repentance with Baptism, and by the demands o
qualification actually pressed upon him. His insincerity
varication therefore, if they exist, being in himself, and wh
warning given, must naturally be understood to intercept t
and spiritual benefit of the rite.

But all these circumstances, which account to our easy
hension for the conditional tenor of the services to which
just now adverted, do, in our judgment, entirely lose the
cation to the baptism of infants. The church is in this
fully aware of the present state and condition of the su
whom the rite is to be applied. The infant is born in a
sin, and it is incapable of believing and repenting. It is c
edly incapable of any moral act whereby to seek its recover
merely incapable in that sense whereby human nature is gr
incapable of doing any thing to its restoration, without the
grace from above, but by a stronger degree of incapacity, inc
of even seeing its own wants, and feeling its weakness, or ha
how they may be removed. Its cries are full of weakness, bu
are not expressive of any moral desire: its whole imbecility
informed by any purpose of heart or determination of
This state, which we suppose no one denies, is not unknown
church, nor, since it pertains at the same time to the ap

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...ligible in reason, and intolerable in good faith. We suspect ...ch dealing in the offices of our church: we rest therefore in ...conclusion, that, since the church, with an entire knowledge of ...present state of the individual, and with a strict attention to it, ...ves an infant into communion, by Baptism, and declares the ...t to receive a regeneration to life in that baptism, her sense is ...mple as her language, and that all honest subterfuge of suppo... by which that which is in terms absolute should be made ...urious, and that which is universal in the obvious meaning ...uld be made limited in the true meaning, is, in this present ques..., necessarily excluded. Moreover we apprehend that to depart ...m this direct admission of the obvious meaning of words which ...ry in them a kind of importunate perspicuity, is to introduce a ...ciple of universal and incurable scepticism into the interpreta... of doctrines; insomuch that if it were admitted, we should de...air for our own part of ever being able to say that any words ...uld ever express a certain and fixed doctrine, or that any doctrine ...uld ever be expressed in intelligible words.

Hitherto we have endeavoured simply to state the doctrine of the ...urch on the question of Baptismal Regeneration, as interpreters of ..., and to draw our interpretation from the public formularies of ...ur Liturgy, pertaining to the rite of Baptism itself. The persons ...hose works have occasioned these remarks are all members of our ...hurch, who profess to hold no new opinions of their own, nor any ...ot conformable, as they think, to the public national creed. It seems therefore that the question between them either resolves itself into the strict interpretation of our public doctrine; or at least, if that interpretation could be well made out, that the question, in its present shape, between them, would virtually be ended. We have intended, therefore, to offer our opinion in a way conformable to the need of the occasion, and to confine it closely to the actual range of inquiry. And further, since we think the public formularies of our Liturgy give the most authentic account of those solemn rites which are to be administered in our service, the sacraments are best explained by the offices appointed for them; and since plain and explicit and reiterated words do not need to be made plainer by any comment from without, we shall think that we have

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have now satisfied, in scope at least, the first end which we proposed, in extracting from the offices of Baptism the doctrine of the church as to its value.

We are aware that authorities are much sought for; that the judgments of divines are collected, and precedents of interpretation arranged, with more or less skill, on one side and the other. The force of such authorities cannot be denied. But we wish earnestly to insist upon the prudence of consulting *the original record* itself. If it speak a plain sense of its own, its own authority is the most competent to deliver that sense, and its perspicuity is the best pledge to us that we understand it. Other writings can hardly be said either to confirm or to explain it. The habitual reverence, however, which we feel towards great names, will always draw us to a leaning upon their authority; so that, without their concurrence, we shall scarcely trust the most sound and necessary conclusions of our own understanding. The divines of the Church of England, we apprehend, claim this kind of deference to them as justly as any leading men ever had a right to claim it of their profession, their church, or their country. In research, in ability, in luminous communication by their writings, they have set themselves as high among the learned of every age, as we believe they have set the standard of sound protestant doctrine in their country among the other churches of the Christian world. To such highly gifted men, we do not refuse any fair appeal; it being premised, however, that in the subject before us, the appeal to them is made only for gratuitous inquiry. For we repeat it, that our principles of judgment would be turned adrift, if we thought the point was one still reserved to be decided by their comment upon it.

Our divines are a library in themselves, various in kind, in learning, and in subject. It would be idle to consult them either very largely or at a venture. For, besides the anomalies of style, or the different characters and occasions of their works, we must be aware that the very liberty of the Protestant spirit has the effect of giving more fulness than uniformity to their writings, and that under such freedom, variously used, and according to the discretion of the writer, with a general agreement of doctrine there may be, there must be, a great diversity in the complexion of their works, and, in the detail of them, great latitude in the way of putting particular clauses and portions of doctrine. To proceed properly towards our object, we must make some selection among them.

The writers most worthy to be selected as witnesses to the doctrine of our church are those who combine these two recommendations; viz. who have been themselves most distinguished by the confidence and veneration shewn to them by their inferior brethren, and

and who have also written professedly upon the subject in question. The first qualification gives weight to their evidence, the second gives it what may be called authenticity. For no man's *casual* observation is to be put on a par with his distinct proposition; nor is one man's proposition as good as another's.

Had all the serious and learned divines of our church to give their voice in favour of the one man whom they would hold forth as the greatest light of the Reformation,—as the person whose mind had most fully comprehended and laboured upon the whole compass of Reformed truth, and whose writings do still preserve the most highly sanctioned memorial of it;—we know not whether they would name any other than him, who, having received from the great fathers of the Reformation the office of unfolding, complete in all its parts, that truth which they with their faithful voice had proclaimed among us, first reduced and recorded our whole national creed with its illustration and evidence—Bishop Jewel. He, with a more leisurely survey of the bearing of every doctrine than could be taken even by the leading reformers themselves, who, in the first effort and agony of their work, with rude and noble simplicity, threw down the fabric of error, and hewed the granite from the quarry, and brought it for the building, he, coming in the close of their labours, united and perfected all that they had prepared or done, as much as any one man can be said to have done it. To the theological inquirer, he is a master builder of the system of our doctrine. His formal and deliberate judgment, therefore, is of the greatest value.

The doctrine of the sacraments, as our readers know, was one which the reformers found among the most corrupted. The gross notions of the Romanists respecting them, disguised under the name of mystery, had compounded an ostentatious ceremonial and a faith in the power of the church, into a superstition which had nearly devoured the very soul of that religion which should teach the worship of God in spirit and in truth. The refutation of error so gross was easy; but at the same time it was hazardous, as not unlikely, by the provocation of the extreme folly to be set aside, to have driven the reform into the opposite extreme, that of stripping the two sacraments, that really were such, too much of their spiritual nature. In some churches, if we are rightly informed, the change of doctrine has been so carried to excess, that the temptation to it was strong. But we may admire, in this respect, the temper of argument wherewith our own patrons treated their subject. To make up their creed, they canvassed, compared, and adjusted. Under the leading infallible testimonies of Scripture, they took reason and antiquity to their aid; and made good their ground by a progressive analysis in their inquiries, instead of plunging into the fallacy

fallacy which would persuade them that the flat reverse of error is the truth. They reasoned as they proceeded for that which they assumed, as well as against that which they rejected. This is eminently the method of Bishop Jewel; and the method was favoured in no shall degree both in him and others, by the steady and leisurely march of the actual course of events, in our Reformation, which, under Providence, seems to have added to the fulness no less than to the moderation of our entire scheme of doctrine.

Individually he wrote much against the Romanists, on the sacramental question. And if such a service was likely to have made him think too low rather than too high of the sacraments, there is a force on the safe side, in his assertion of their value. The following are extracts from his works:—

'We confess and evermore have taught that in the sacrament of baptism, by the death and blood of Christ, is given remission of all manner of sinnes; and that not in half or in part, or by way of imagination, or by fansie, but full, whole, and perfect of all together; so that now, as Saint Paul saith, there is no damnation unto them that be in Christ Jesus.'—*Defense of the Apologie of the Church of England*, p. 219.*

'It is granted of all, without contradiction, that one end of all sacraments is to join us unto God, as Dionysius saith here of the Holy Communion, and Paul likewise of the sacrament of Baptisme: ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus; for as many of you as are baptised in Christ, have put on Christ.'—p. 20 *of Private Masse.*

'When in baptism our bodies are washed with water, we are taught that our souls are washed in the blood of Christ. The outward washing or sprinkling doth represent the washing and sprinkling which is wrought within us: the water doth signifie the blood of Christ. If we were nothing else but soule, he would give us his grace barely and alone, without joining it to any creature, as he doth to his angels; but seeing our spirit is drowned in our body, and our flesh doth make our understanding dull, *therefore we receive his grace by sensible things.*'—p. 262, *Treatise of the Sacraments.*—'What? are they nothing else but bare and naked signs? God forbid! They are the seales of God, heavenly tokens, and signs of the grace, and righteousness, and mercie given and imputed to us.——*They are not bare signs; it were blasphemie so to say. The grace of God doth alway work with his sacraments.*'

'Chrysostom saith,—in nobis non simplex aqua operatur: sed cum accepit gratiam Spiritus, abluit omnia peccata.—So saith Ambrose also,—Spiritus Sanctus descendit, et consecrat aquam.—So saith Cyril.—So said Leo, sometime a Bishop of Rome,—Dedit aquæ quod dedit Matri. Virtus enim Altissimi et obumbratio Spiritus Sancti quæ fecit ut Maria pareret Salvatorem, eadem fecit ut regeneret unda credentem.'—p. 263, *ibid.*

'I will now speake briefly of the sacraments in severall, and leave all idle and vain questions, and only lay open so much as is needful and

* In the edition of his works, folio. London. 1609.

profitable

profitable for you to know. *Baptism*, therefore, *is our regeneration or new birth*, whereby we are born anew in Christ, and are made the sons of God, and heires of the kingdom of heaven, &c.

'For this cause are *infants* baptised, *because* they are born in sin and cannot become spiritual, but by *this new birth of water and the spirit.*—They are the heires of the promise; the covenant of God's favour is made with them.'

'Infants are a part of the Church of God: they are the sheep of Christ, and belong to his flock. Why should they not beare the marke of Christ? They have the promise of salvation: why should they not receive the seale whereby it is confirmed unto them? They are of the fellowship of the faithful; Augustine saith,—*ubi ponis parvulos non baptizatos?* profecto in *numero credentium.* Why then should not they be partakers of the sacrament, together with the faithful?'—p. 265.

'Christ, saith the Apostle, loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it by the *washing of water through the word.* Again, according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of the new birth, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. For this cause is baptism called salvation, life, regeneration, the forgivenesse of sins, the power of God to resurrection, the weed of immortality. And yet are not these things wrought by the water; for then what need had we of Christ? what good did his Passion? what doth the Holy Ghost work in our hearts? what power or force is left to the word of God?'—p. 266.

Not different in kind or in force from the explanations of Bishop Jewel are those of Hooker, another divine of the same family and order among us. Did we know any more highly esteemed, we should apply to them first; since we do not, we shall take these writers for our guides, till greater can be found. Hooker too has written professedly on the sacraments, in his memorable work, the Ecclesiastical Polity;—that work which having been composed to defend the fabric of our church, both without and within, its doctrine as well as its order, may now instruct us what it is that we have to defend. Our extracts from this author shall be shorter, as his work is more generally known and read. Those who may wish to see the whole of his very copious dissertation on the subject will find it in the fifth book of the Eccles. Polit. cap. 57 to 66.—After specifying some other kinds of use in the sacraments, he adds,

'But their chiefest force and virtue consisteth not herein, so much as in that they are heavenly ceremonies which God hath sanctified and ordained to be administered in his church. First, as marks whereby *to know when God doth impart the vital and saving grace of Christ to all that are capable thereof;* and secondly, as means conditional which God requireth in them unto whom he imparteth grace.'

'It may be hereby both understood that sacraments are necessary, and that the manner of their necessity to life supernatural is not in all respects as food unto natural life, because they contain in themselves no vital force or efficacy—they are not physical but moral instruments of

of salvation; duties of service and worship; which unless we perform, as the Author of grace requireth, they are unprofitable. For all receive not the grace of God, which receive the sacraments of his grace. Neither is it ordinarily his will to bestow the grace of sacrament on any, but by the sacraments, which grace also they that receive by sacraments, or with sacraments, receive it from him, and not from them.

'Yet then doth baptism challenge to itself but the *inchoation of those* graces, the consummation whereof dependeth upon mysteries ensuing?' —p. 273.

'We answer, that the fruit of baptism dependeth only upon the covenant which God hath made; that *God by covenant requireth in the elder sort faith and baptism; in children*, the *sacrament of baptism alone*, whereunto he hath also given them right by special privilege of birth, within the bosom of the holy church;—that infants, therefore, which have received baptism complete, as *touching the mystical perfection thereof, are, by virtue of his own covenant and promise, cleansed from all sin*—p. 285.—*Baptism*, wherein the mysteries of our *regeneration is wrought*—p. 287. And till we come [from infancy] to actual belief, the very sacrament of faith is a shield as strong as after this, the faith of the sacrament, against all contrary infernal powers; which whosoever doth think impossible, is undoubtedly farther off from Christian belief, though he be baptised, than are these innocents, which, at their baptism, although they have no conceit or cogitation of faith, are notwithstanding pure, and free from all opposite cogitations; whereas the other is not free. If therefore, without any fear or scruple, we may account them and term them believers only for their outward professions' sake, which inwardly are farther from faith than infants, why not infants much more at the time of their solemn initiation by baptism, the sacrament of faith, whereunto they not only conceive nothing opposite, *but have also that grace given them, which is the first and most effectual cause out of which our belief groweth?*—p. 292.——For when we know how Christ in general hath said, that of such is the kingdom of heaven, which kingdom is the inheritance of God's elect, and do withal behold how his providence hath called them unto the first beginnings of eternal life, and presented them *at the well-spring of new birth, wherein original sin is purged*; besides which sin, there is no hindrance of their salvation known unto us, as themselves will grant; hard it were, &c. p. 293.—The ancient custom of the church was, after they had baptised, to add thereunto imposition of hands, with effectual prayer for the illumination of God's most Holy Spirit, *to confirm and perfect that which the grace of the same Spirit had already begun in baptism*.'—p. 302.

Hammond has written in form upon the subject of infant baptism. Speaking of the reasons of it, he says,

'One sort of those reasons I suppose myself to know, viz. that by the promises of God, signed to them in that sacrament, they may be more *solemnly secured of a right in the inward assistance of the spirit of Christ*, &c. To these I may farther add, that as baptism is to infants an institution of Christ, so it gives a virtue to the external act and words

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words pronounced of the minister, so far as to make them *members of Christ*, and *children of God*, and *heirs of his kingdom; and this hath been the doctrine of the Church of God.*'—p. 618. vol. i. of his works, ed. 1684.

The admirable Bishop Taylor has given a full and precise treatise upon it in his Life of Christ.

'Infants receive many benefits by the susception of baptism. 1. The first effect of baptism is, that in it we are *admitted to the kingdom of Christ*, offered, and presented to him. 2. Children may be adopted into the covenant of the gospel, that is, *made partakers of the communion of Saints*. 3. In baptism we are *born again*. 4. Baptism takes off the evil of original sin. 5. The baptism of infants does to them the greatest part of that benefit which belongs to remission of sins. 6. The next great effect of baptism which children can have is the spirit of sanctification: and if they can be baptised with water and the Holy Spirit, it will be sacrilege to rob them of so holy treasures. 7. That baptism, which doth consign men and women to an holy resurrection doth also equally consign infants, hath nothing, that I know of, pretended against it. 8. And after all this, if baptism be that means which God hath appointed to save us, it would be well if we would do our parts towards infants' final interest.'

This author has enlarged on each of these heads with his usual exuberance of thought and matter. Let us recollect that he is the author, who, above all others, has made theology practical: every doctrine with him is a homily, every speculation with him ends in piety, and prayer, and the personal interests of a holy life. Let us recollect on the other hand that he is the author of 'The Liberty of Prophesying,' a work which shews what were his high principles of theological inquiry. A man so intent upon practical holiness, and the energy of a right faith in every action of life, and, at the same time, who had so absolute and independent a grasp of protestant principles, is not soon to be suspected of laying more stress upon the virtue of any rite, than his church, or the reason of the thing, required.

Barrow's testimony to the general consent of the Catholic church, in believing that every Christian is a partaker of grace, as a consequent of baptism, is as follows.

'In fine, whatever some few persons, or some petty sects, (as the *Pelagians* of old, the *Socinians* now,) may have deemed, it hath been the doctrine constantly, and with very general consent, delivered in the Catholic church, that to all persons by the holy mystery of *baptism* duly initiated to Christianity, or admitted into the communion of Christ's body, the grace of God's Holy Spirit certainly is bestowed, enabling them to perform the conditions then undertaken by them.'—*Sermon* 45, vol. iii. p. 526.

There can be no doubt, we suppose, that, in ascribing this doc-

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trine to the Catholic church, he meant strongly to affirm, that it is also the doctrine of our own.

We believe also that, generally, the most learned of our divines, for a century after the Reformation, in treating either of regeneration or baptism, considered internal and spiritual regeneration to be so connected with baptism, so to spring from it, and to be communicated in it, as well as be signified by it, that, unhesitatingly, and without any argument, when they are simply stating their creed, they assume this connexion as a principle of their divinity, and proceed to justify it only when they are writing to meet the objections of persons without the church. Within the pale of their communion, it is, as far as we are acquainted with the best writers of our church, an acknowledged article. As the great body of Christians to whom they wrote, and of whom they wrote, were such as had been baptised in infancy, it follows that their theology did not leave infants who had been brought to baptism in an unregenerate state. The rite is spoken of by them as the fountain of Christian life, not partially, but in unrestricted terms. Its value was both comprehensive and spiritual: it was the beginning of a new life, that new life a Christian one, and the beginning of that new life to *all*. As an example of this prompt and immediate reference of regeneration to baptism, without any question or suspicion as if the point needed to be made out, we shall quote a passage, among many others, which might be taken from other eminent writers, from the learned and accurate Joseph Mede. In a discourse upon these words, διὰ λουτροῦ παλιγγενεσίας καὶ ἀνακαινώσεως πνεύματος ἁγίου, Titus iii. 5, he begins, '*These words, as it is easie to conceive upon the first hearing*, are spoken of baptism.'—*Works, folio*, p. 62.*

The writers whom we have hitherto quoted are all subsequent to the Reformation. Since they wrote *after* the time when the Liturgy and Articles were published, they are the most fair expositors of the sense of what was published. In this view, they are to be preferred to the first reformers themselves: for it is not every thing which those reformers wrote, or maintained, that passed into the formularies of the church. They made some changes in their separate opinions; and it is not to be believed that ultimately they were in absolute agreement, on every single point, with each other. But that which, with joint consent, and by authority, they framed and published as the standard of our national faith, that is the thing we have to examine. And since a text must be written and fixed, before it can be expounded, we consider the most severe and exact of the divines, who wrote with the text of the church doctrine before them, immediately after the final promulgation of the Liturgy and

* The object of the discourse is to shew that the ἀντίτυπον, or thing signified by water in baptism, is the Holy Spirit, and not the blood of Christ.

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Articles, and who were entirely in the confidence of the cause, (such were Jewel and Hooker, the one the defender of it against those whom we had left, the other those who left us,) as the most distinct and best informed expositors of that which had previously been promulgated.

The promulgation to which we refer was that made at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign by the Act of Uniformity, when the Book of Common Prayer was set forth, revised, and improved, including the Office of Infant Baptism, and the Catechism, as they now stand, excepting that, in the Catechism, the part which treats separately of the sacraments was not then compiled, but was added after the Conference at Hampton Court, in the reign of James I.* The Common Prayer was set forth in the first year of Elizabeth's reign, anno 1559. Jewel's Apologie was published in 1562,† in Latin. In 1564, in English, (by a translator worthy to be classed with the excellent Lady Jane Grey.) It was a work originally undertaken at the request of Archbishop Parker and his colleagues; was reviewed by them, and came out, as Strype says, 'to the abundant establishment of this reformed church upon antiquity—Fathers and Councils, and the word of God.' The 'Defence' of it, from which we have quoted, was published within a few years after, and this Defence may be reckoned, perhaps, the most accurately digested system of reformed doctrine, as far as it goes, the most scrupulously and deliberately worded, which our church produced in its debate with the Church of Rome. His treatise on the Sacraments was gathered out of sermons delivered by him from the year 1559, in his cathedral. The exactness of Hooker, as a competent witness to the meaning of our church, needs not to be insisted on. With these two may be joined another writer, contemporary with each of them, and equally worthy of our confidence as an explainer of our authorised doctrine, Alexander Nowel. His Catechism, published in 1570, had the express sanction of convocation.‡

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* The Office of Baptism for those of Riper Years was added after the Restoration, in 1661.

† The Articles were agreed upon by the Synod of 1562, and published in the following year. Jewel's Apologie was written therefore and published just *before* them. But his Defence of the Apologie, which is a more extended commentary upon his former work, and a vindication of it, came out a few years *after* the Articles. His first work is concurrent in time with the Articles, and approved by those persons who digested the Articles, his second is a commentary upon both.

Burnet in his History of the Reformation places the publication of this work in the year 1560. See his account of that year, vol. iii. p. 211. But this is an oversight, as may be seen by consulting Jewel's own letter in the records, and Strype's Life of Archbishop Parker, p. 99.

‡ Strype says of it, 'But now in June, in this year, (viz. 1570,) by the diligence of the archbishop, such a catechism (a Latin one) came forth, dedicated, for the more countenance of it, to the archbishops and bishops of the realm. The author was a very learned

erit, &c. &c.

' M. Perge adhuc.

' A. Cum infantes nostros vim et quasi *substantiam baptismi* communem *nobiscum habere certum sit*, illis injuria fieret, si signum quod veritate inferius ipsis negaretur, &c. Itaque æquissimum est ut parvulis *divinæ gratiæ atque salutis* fidelium semini prominæ, *hæredem se esse*, baptismo, impresso quasi sigillo, testatum fiat.'—p. 142—145. ed. 15[illegible] p. 214—218. ed. Oxon. in Enchirid. Theol. 12mo.

It has been with the wish of taking such testimony only as is most in point, and most precise, that we have selected writers who *came immediately after* the Reformation was established; and we have selected for that purpose the three who are confessedly the most distinguished and the best accredited writers of that age.

The appeal to writers preceding that æra would not give us as evidence quite so conclusive. The great earlier fathers of the English Church do, however, agree very much, as far as we have examined the detail of their works, in speaking the same sentiments as those we have already adduced. They say the same thing, only with more strength of language, which is their manner.

Cranmer in his Catechism of 1548.

' The first of the sacraments is baptism by which we *be born again to a new and heavenly life*, and be received into God's church and congregation, which is the foundation and pillar of truth.

' 2d. Without the word of God water is water and not baptism. But when the word of the living God is added and joined to the water, then *it is the bath of regeneration* and baptism water, and the living spring

man, viz. Alexander Nowel, Dean of St. Paul's, London. It had passed through the review and corrections of that Synod, and had their full approbation. The Dean sent the copy at first to Secretary Cecil to whom he had dedicated it; and in his hands it lay till it was offered into the bishops, assembled in the said convocation, as men most meet to judge and allow, or disallow of such matters. They allowed it, and so did the Lower House, who subscribed it, as Nowell himself writ, in a letter to the said secretary, when he sent him the Catechism printed.'—*Life of Archbishop Parker*, p. 301.

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of eternal salvation, and a bath that washeth our souls by the Holy Ghost, as St. Paul calleth it, saying, God hath saved us through his mercy by the bath of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, &c.'

'1st. And *the second birth is by the water of baptism*, which Paul calleth the bath of regeneration, because our sins be forgiven us in baptism, and the Holy Ghost is poured into us as into God's beloved children, so that by the power and working of the Holy Ghost we be born again spiritually and be made new creatures. And so by baptism we enter into the kingdom of God, and shall be saved for ever, if we continue to our lives end in the faith of Christ.'—*Sermon on baptism in the Catechism*, p. 291. Octavo. London. 1809.

Lancelot Ridley in his Commentary on the Ephesians is equally strong and explicit.—chap. v. 25—27.

Bradford, although some of his opinions may sound another way, yet says, 'Now to the question: a man regenerate, (which we ought to believe of ourselves, I mean that *we are so by our baptism,) the sacrament thereof requiring no less faith*,' &c.

We are aware at the same time that among the earliest Protestant teachers in our country, there are some who do not treat of this subject in the same manner; but their separate opinions are not binding upon us, and so far as those opinions differ from other doctrines actually incorporated into the Liturgy, and Articles, they are not only null in authority, but must be considered, in our present inquiry, as erroneous.

We shall conclude this part of our statement, respecting the belief expressed by our church of the spiritual value of baptism, by a brief notice of those words subjoined to the baptismal office. '*It is certain by God's word* that children who are baptised, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved.' Now if they are *undoubtedly* saved, it should seem, prima facie, that they are *undoubtedly* regenerate. For although it be possible that some shall be saved who are not regenerate, (as infants not brought to baptism, or within the covenant,) yet to affirm as an *undoubted* truth, that baptised infants will be saved presupposes a certainty of their *present* state being *essentially* different from that of infants in general. If they are unbaptised they *may* be saved: if they are baptised, and freed from the evil of original sin, they *may* be saved. But to make it impossible that they should not be saved, all our divinity would lead us to suppose they have the entire gift of that renovated being, which is not only absolved from sin, but quickened to eternal life.

The rigorous certainty of this inference may be questioned: and we wish not to rely upon subtilties of explanation. We put it therefore only as a fair and probable one, to be accepted or not as any one may choose.

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By way of corollary to this part, we shall add a few extracts from the Confessions of some of the foreign reformed churches. It is unnecessary for us to say that we do this neither to shew what the doctrine of our Church is, nor to place it upon a stronger ground of authority. We do not require any foreign aid either to ascertain or uphold our own belief. It may be natural to ask how other churches have thought, or determined, on any given point: but the inquiry is one of a reasonable curiosity, and nothing more. The communication of our own reformers with foreign divines might have a great influence in making up their mind on many questions. We know also that some parts of our earliest books of public reformed instruction were copied from works adopted abroad. Still, it is the actual decision, put into form, and established by authority among us, that is the one exclusive standard of our uniformity. Who would venture to judge of the meaning of any man's distinct affirmation, by collecting what other persons had said to him before he made it? And we speak of the creeds of foreign churches under this reserve, not because of any great discrepancy between theirs and ours on the subject now before us, but simply to assign to them their proper place, which is a very retired one, when we are inquiring into the sense of our own tenets. They are members of the universal church, and they have the substance of reformed truth among them. On that account they deserve to be held in esteem among us. Many of them were in the truth of Christ before us: on that account, too, they must always be mentioned with honour. They instructed our infant church, and they gave a home to its dispersed members, in persecution and exile. This is another claim to them upon our grateful memory. Far from wishing to undervalue them, we have cause to thank the Giver of all truth for those exertions which they made to restore the purity of the Gospel among themselves, and for the services of support, counsel, instruction, and encouragement which they afforded to us while labouring in the same cause. But this kind of regard does not lead us to accept them as arbiters or witnesses in our own doctrine.

One of the most venerable of the foreign creeds is that which was presented by the Protestant German Princes and States to the Emperor Charles V. in the year 1530, at Augsburg, drawn up by Melancthon, in their joint name; and commonly called the Confession of Augsburg. One article of it is this:—Ecclesiæ magno consensu apud nos (which is the common formula prefixed to all the articles) ix. *De Baptismo* docent, quod necessarius sit ad salutem, tanquam ceremonia a Christo instituta. Et quod per baptismum offeratur gratia Dei: et quod infantes sint baptizandi: et quod *infantes per baptismum Deo commendati, recipiantur in gratiam*

gratiam Dei, et fiant filii Dei, sicut Christus testatur, loquens de parvulis in Ecclesia, Matt. xviii. *Non est voluntas Patris vestri qui in cœlis est, ut pereat unus ex parvulis istis.*

Damnant Anabaptistas qui improbant Baptismum infantum, et affirmant infantes sine Baptismo et extra Ecclesiam Christi salvos fieri.

In the Saxon Confession, the Article XIV. de Baptismo is long: the last clause of it is as follows.

Retinemus et infantum baptismum: quia *certissimum est, promissionem gratiæ etiam ad infantes pertinere* et ad eos tantùm qui Ecclesiæ inseruntur. Quia de his dictum est; *Sinite parvulos ad me venire, quia talium est regnum cœlorum.* Et Origenes scribit in 6 cap. ad Rom. Ecclesiam ab Apostolis accepisse morem baptizandi infantes. Nec judicamus hunc morem tantùm otiosam cæremoniam esse, sed *vere tunc a Deo recipi et sanctificari* infantes: quia tunc inseruntur Ecclesiæ, et ad tales promissio pertinet. Extant autem de hac re multa scripta in nostris Ecclesiis edita, quibus refutantur Anabaptistæ. This Confession was presented in the name of the Saxon Churches, at the Council of Trent, in the year 1552.

The Heidelberg Catechism: art. 73. Cur ergo Spiritus Sanctus *Baptismum* appellat *lavacrum regenerationis,* et ablutionem peccatorum?

Deus non sine gravi causa sic loquitur: videlicet, non solum ut nos docent, quemadmodum sordes corporis aqua purgantur, sic peccata nostra, sanguine et Spiritu Christi expiari: verum multo magis, ut nobis hoc divino symbolo ac pignore certum faciat, nos non minus vere a peccatis nostris interna lotione ablui, quam externa et visibili aqua abluti sumus.

74. Sunt ne etiam infantes baptizandi?

Omnino. Nam cum æque atque adulti ad fœdus et ecclesiam Dei pertineant, cumque eis per sanguinem Christi, *remissio peccatorum, et Spiritus Sanctus fidei effector, non minus quam adultis promittatur,* per baptismum discernendi, itidem ut in veteri fœdere per circumcisionem fiebat, cui in novo fœdere substitutus est baptismus.

The *Helvetic Confession, published in 1556, concludes its article De Sancto Baptismo, thus: Damnamus Anabaptistas, qui negant baptizandos esse infantulos recens natos a fidelibus. Nam juxta doctrinam Evangelicam, *horum est regnum Dei et sunt in fœdere Dei:* cur itaque non daretur eis signum fœderis Dei? *Cur non per sanctum baptisma initiarentur,* qui sunt *peculium* et *in Ecclesia Dei?*

* It expressed the consent of the ministers of the following churches: Zurich, Berne, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, the Grisons, Milhausen, and Bienne; to which was added, that of Geneva.

These several Confessions present to us a very general agreement with our own. The preface to the last of them adverts to this agreement.*

Last of all, we ought perhaps, in this train of secondary illustration, to add some part of the evidence of agreement between our church and the primitive fathers on the same head. But this we shall decline: we have been too prolix already. The theological reader (if any such should look at these pages) who may desire to see that evidence, will have no great trouble in finding it—it is both abundant and clear. Perhaps he may think their language rather too strong. He certainly will have no cause to think that the Church of England, in asserting spiritual regeneration by baptism, has said more than they have done.

We have hitherto not entered into any consideration of the scriptural grounds upon which this doctrine is maintained by our church, and we shall not now do it, because we have no desire on this occasion to do more than ascertain and state the doctrine itself. The debate upon it has been between members of our communion; and unless a question be raised of the truth and soundness of the Baptismal service, the argument does not require that those grounds should now be considered and defended: and if it did, it were a service worthy of a more dignified vindication than could be given to it in our fugitive journal. Some light, however, on this distinct subject also, may be had in those stores of theological learning to which we have already referred—the works of Jewel, Hooker, and Taylor; or in the older works of Cranmer, Philpott, and L. Ridley, reformers. To a fair and candid person, who wishes for the simplest and not least satisfactory information, without creating controversy either to himself or others, we should beg to recommend a perusal of the Baptismal Office. Without presuming to say that he must see in that Office a sound scriptural character, or ought to see it, we yet shall hope that such may be his conviction.

We have observed that in the course of the agitation of this question, two or three causes of doubt have occurred to some who perhaps would never have doubted what was the sense of the Service, had they considered it by itself, and not adverted to those surmises of objection from without. We profess not to attempt the regular investigation of them; yet a most sincere desire to contribute, if by our hasty remarks we could contribute any thing to the satisfaction of any single person's mind on such a subject, induces us to bestow a few words upon them: addressing our-

* Colligent itaque et illud (sc. æqui lectores) nos a sanctis Christi Ecclesiis, Germaniæ, Galliæ, Angliæ, aliarumque in orbe Christiano nationum, nefario schismate, non sejungere, atque abrumpere: sed cum ipsis omnibus et singulis in hac confessa veritate Christiana, probe consentire, ipsasque charitate syncera complecti.

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selves not to the distinguished writers, whom if we wished to convince or assist with materials of thought, we ought to be furnished with more elaborate matter; but to more ordinary persons, who may catch a doubt from the speculations of others, and may also not be disinclined to take a fair suggestion along with them.

It is said, if such be the benefits of baptism, if infants be regenerated in it, how happens it that in many of them when they are grown up, the signs of such a change are not more visible? A question keenly put, and which seems to reduce us to a necessity of giving up our first persuasion, unless we can give such a particular proof of it. The case, however, does not reduce itself to that dilemma. We hold it to be most dangerous to our own charity and humility, to be inclined to take up the cognizance of the state of others under a very precise rule, by signs of their regeneration; and that which is adverse to those duties in ourselves, cannot be sound in divinity. Let us be severe in examining our own state, and demand the proofs of it: but to presume against others, because we do not see the marks of their Christian character written in language which we can understand, that therefore they are lost, is to judge where we are not required, and by an insufficient criterion. And further, since those who believe that infants are regenerated in baptism, may not think that if they live to years of moral agency, they will, by a necessary consequence, also lead a Christian life; since they are not required to conceive of the first regeneration as either inducing a present habit of moral holiness, or as determining the formation of it, afterwards—it must appear that the benefit of baptism may to their conception be entire, even when actual holiness afterwards is not merely not visible, but where it absolutely does not exist. For unless they state it to be a part of their belief that sanctification once communicated in any degree is not only indelible but also progressive, and progressive into the habits of a good life in every instance, they may believe most consistently in the regenerating influence of baptism, and yet neither see the permanent and outward effects of it, nor expect to see them expressed in a Christian life. They do not commit a great error in reasoning who say, we see no signs to-day of any given event, and yet we think it happened yesterday. There is indeed a certain system of theology which makes the gift of grace once bestowed, necessarily efficacious to a good life. We are not now contending either for or against that system of theology, but we think we may assume it as a certain and very obvious position, that to argue backward from the absence not only of the real effect, but of the visible signs of grace, to the proposition that therefore grace has not been bestowed, is a part of that system; and is a mode of argument absolutely untenable in any other system; and therefore that

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to press other men with the obligation of so reasoning, is, indirectly, to constrain them to the acceptance of that system. And to represent them as inconsistent if they do not so argue, is to make out their inconsistency by one principle taken from their own creed, and another principle which possibly is neither theirs, nor true in itself. We are wishing not to argue against that system, much less to inveigh against it, or those who hold it. Our knowledge of many eminent divines who have taught it, and of excellent men who have lived in it, forbids the thought, even if we had the disposition so to do. But in canvassing this point of baptismal regeneration, when we see that in order to obviate the force of those simple words put by our church into the mouth of every child that has been baptized, 'Wherein I was made a member of Christ a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven,' it is attempted either to reduce them to a sense below that of a real spiritual change, or to do away the plain affirmative tenour of that proposition, by making it conditional and dependent upon the future life, it seems to us, that we see in this proceeding a mistake of the following nature:—either a determination of the sense of a proposition in some way distinct from a perception of the force of the terms of which it consists, or a determination of its sense through the medium of a questionable hypothesis, and an hypothesis which we cannot assume to have entered into the framing of the proposition. In the first instance, we should separate the terms of the proposition from its sense; in the second, we should be arguing through a system to the meaning of a proposition: which is itself most unsound, much more when the system is our own, the proposition another's. And therefore it should seem to us that the most correct view of the subject is to say, that since the obvious and incontrovertible meaning of the words (for that meaning is incontrovertible which can be evaded only by the process we have described) is a meaning inconsistent with a certain hypothesis; and since the meaning of each proposition must stand good for itself, and make against that which is inconsistent with it; therefore the words of the Baptismal service which we have quoted do oppose and contradict the hypothesis, and that therefore when the object is to enforce their meaning, the hypothesis must be silent and retire.

The inquiry, what is the extent and the specific nature of the benefits derived from Infant Baptism, if they are not such as to ensure future piety and obedience, is another cause which seems to have occasioned a doubt in the minds of some, who do not coincide in their general opinions with those to whom we have last alluded. This inquiry is not hard to be answered in a clear and positive way, if we are intent only upon a right perception of general Christian principles: exceedingly hard, perhaps impossible, to be answered,

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answered, if we give the reins to an excursive curiosity, or press the question into terms of great rigour and preciseness. Looking at the whole dispensation of the Gospel, as a method for the restoration of man, we have one simple end, and one simple cause of that end, before us. Dividing a little farther, we perceive that this gracious purpose is wrought out among the several individuals who are made partakers of it, under a great diversity of degrees in the benefit; that the new creature is as various and multiform as that which was to be renewed; and that one man is no more exactly the same as another in the kingdom of grace, than in his first nature. Taking the individual for our subject, and judging of him, by the light of Scripture, the analogy of reason, and the most probable notices of the actual experience of things, we should say that this restoration takes place in him, not complete at once, but by many degrees of uncertain progress, according to the will of the great new Creator, and the improvement made under his gracious discipline. If we might so apply the words of the Apostle, they are descriptive of what we mean; 'all these worketh that one and the same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.' The covenant of the Gospel is the offer of this restoration; some shall profit by it, and to others it will prove their greater condemnation, so far will they be from availing themselves of its truth, and its manifold assistance. Baptism is the beginning of this state of restoration, according to the positive terms of the covenant. Now it is easy to understand that nature, weak and corrupt in itself, is one state; and the state of grace, with promise of pardon for sin, and aid of heavenly power continually at hand, is another. And it is not difficult to understand, that infants are as capable of being translated into this better state as their elders: for since they have that, which we call their human nature within them, though its faculties be not yet unfolded; and since it participates of those accidents in its present condition, which the fuller disclosure of itself will not vary, but only exhibit; there appears to be no more reason for doubting the capacity of regeneration in an infant, than there is in one of full years, nor have we any cause at all to doubt the need of it, in the one more than the other. The influence of a sanctifying power may as certainly be communicated to the infant mind as to another; the grant of release from its inherent corruption may be as certainly conveyed. Do we doubt in infants the principle of a corrupt nature?—We do not. Then by every analogy, since the abstract nature of contraries may be understood the one by the other, we have no cause to doubt the activity of that new principle, in such way and order, as it may be given; no cause, we mean, on account of the difficulty of conceiving it. Looking to all the accidents, we mean not fortuitous, but arranged accidents of moral

moral influence which make up the whole of life, we may apprehend with perfect consistency, how the use or abuse of conscience, and other moral powers, when they begin to act, the good or evil of example, the benefit of instruction, the improvement of Christian communion, or the neglect of it, shall subsequently make such an arrangement among the several members of a community, who had all of them the original grace bestowed, that we may despair of ever reducing each case by itself to its strict account, but may be contented with knowing the sum of the matter in this, as in many other instances; viz. with knowing the principles by which we and others may be made better or worse; by which we may improve or desolate our Christian hope; and we may leave the rest to His unerring wisdom and justice, in whose hands we and all our hopes are, protected by the mercy of the covenant under which we are placed. But in the observation of life we repeat it, that as there are infinite degrees of that faith and obedience which shall ultimately be made perfect in heaven, as we have no means of approach to discern the operation of that principle of life which yields them, our belief of its existence is not to be made dependent upon that which we may be able to see, but upon those large assurances of its co-operation with the members of the Christian church which are given in Scripture. And much less ought we to stay till we can state definitely, and under adequate terms, the very process of its influence, or measure by a rule and line the extent of the gift before we believe it to have been actually given.

Another cause which appears to have suggested a doubt, as to the sense of the church doctrine, is a doubt as to the meaning of a very emphatic passage of Scripture, supposed by some to be not necessarily applicable to baptism; the words in St. John's Gospel, 'Unless a man be born of water and the Spirit,' &c. The interpretation which would detach these words from any reference to baptism, is not our's. Moreover we think it not only an erroneous one, but so entirely groundless, so manifestly unsound, that we should have the most serious apprehensions of that judgment in the interpreting of Scripture which should follow such a latitude in it. The last commission of our Saviour to his apostles was, '*to make disciples in all nations, baptising them.*' The first actual preaching of the Gospel, on the day of Pentecost, was, '*Repent and be baptised every one of you.*' The promise was, 'He that *believeth* and is *baptised*, shall be saved.' And yet there is a doubt whether the text, 'except a man be born of water and the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God,' relate to that method of entering into his kingdom which our Saviour commanded, which by his apostles was applied, and to which the promise of salvation is

is joined. We are unwilling to speak severely of any mistake; but we should not speak truly, if we did not request any person who may entertain this surmise of interpretation, to consider it again. We think it has not the shadow of a foundation to rest upon.—But there are two authorities on this point much better than ours. The first is the authority of the Liturgy itself, in the Baptismal Service, where the regeneration by water and the Spirit, spoken of in the gospel of St. John, is distinctly applied to baptism, the water to the baptismal water, the Spirit to the gift of the Spirit. And this *very relation of the text to the baptismal rite* is made *the ground work of the service*, and of the doctrine expressed in it. It is clear to demonstration, that the compilers of the Liturgy applied the text to the rite of baptism; and that they did so apply it, must be granted even by those who still may doubt, whether the same compilers understood 'the water and the Spirit' to be always joined together.—The other authority is that of Hooker, who speaks not only his own sense, but that of all antiquity also, in explaining those words of the Gospel to apply to the rite of baptism. His severity of animadversion upon those who would strain it to any other meaning is greater than any common mistake could have extorted from him. The expositors who had so strained it, in his time, seem to have added some degree of unfairness to their error. For he says of them, they had recourse to the disguise of a fact which they knew: and the fact was this, 'that of *all the ancients there is not one to be named* that ever did otherwise either expound or alledge the place, than as implying external baptism.'*

Another

* The whole of his comment upon this 'licentious and deluding' exposition, as he considers it, may deserve the attention of every fair inquirer into the meaning of Scripture.

'For by water and the Spirit, we are in that place to understand *(as they imagine)* no more than if the Spirit alone had been mentioned, and water not spoken of. Which they think is plain, because elsewhere it is not improbable, that the Holy Ghost and fire do but signify the Holy Ghost in operation resembling fire; whereupon they conclude, that seeing fire in one place may be, therefore water in another place is, but a metaphor: Spirit, the interpretation thereof; and so the words do only mean, that unless a man be born again of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. I hold it for a most infallible rule in expositions of sacred Scripture, that where a literal construction will stand, the farthest from the letter is commonly the worst. There is nothing more dangerous than this licentious and deluding art, which changeth the meaning of words, as alchymy doth or would do the substance of metals, maketh of any thing which it listeth, and bringeth in the end all truth to nothing. Or howsoever such voluntary exercise of wit might be born with, otherwise; yet in places which usually serve, as this doth, concerning regeneration by water and the Holy Ghost, to be alledged for grounds and principles, less is permitted. To *hide the general consent of antiquity*, agreeing in the literal interpretation, they *cunningly affirm*, that *certain* have taken those words as meant of material water, *when they know*, that *of all the ancients there is not one to be named that ever did otherwise, either expound or alledge the place, than as implying external baptism.* Shall that which hath always received this, and no other construction, be now disguised with the toy of novelty? Must we needs at the only shew of a critical

Another occasion of doubt has been the use made by many divines of the word Regeneration, when they were not speaking of baptism. There needs be no embarrassment from any such cause. Every act of the Holy Spirit upon the mind of the Christian, conducing to form in him the new life, is an act of regenerating power: every advance of the Christian in that new life, is an increase of his regeneration. The first gift of new life in baptism is most properly called regeneration, because it is the first: setting aside that accident of its being the first, the reason of man shall never be able to pronounce wherein it differs from any subsequent gift conducing to the furtherance of the same state. To have life, and to have it more abundantly, is the privilege of the Christian: he may have life from his birth, whether of nature or of grace: he may have it also from that which sustains him and aids him to form the perfect man within him. That which is increased, say the old logicians, must be made greater by the continual addition of parts similar to itself. Making allowance for the difference of subjects, we do not perceive any difficulty in understanding how men may be regenerate in baptism; and yet divines be continually speaking of another and subsequent regeneration. The use of discriminating terms is always of service; but for the credit of our whole body * of theology, we wish to say, that the promiscuous use of the word is strictly correct, though it has proved inconvenient. For the circumstance of priority in time is not a sufficient ground of making two terms for a subject otherwise agreeing in itself. It is one of the differences, which the analysis of language seldom attends to. But considering the importance to our feelings, in the distinction

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critical conceit, without any more deliberation, utterly condemn them of error, which will not admit that fire in the words of John, is quenched with the name of the Holy Ghost; or, with the name of the Spirit, water dried up in the words of Christ? When the letter of the law hath two things plainly and expressly specified, water and the Spirit; water as a duty required on our parts, the spirit as a gift which God bestoweth; there is danger in presuming so to interpret it, as if the clause which concerneth ourselves, were more than needeth. We may, by such rare expositions, attain perhaps in the end to be thought witty, but with ill advice. Finally, if at the time, when that baptism which was meant by John, came to be really and truly performed by Christ himself, we find the apostles that had been, as we are, before baptised, now baptised with the Holy Ghost; and in this, their later baptism, as well a visible descent of fire, as a secret miraculous infusion of the Spirit; if on us he accomplish *likewise the heavenly work of our new birth, not with the Spirit alone, but with water thereunto adjoined*, sith the faithfullest expounders of his words are his own deeds, let that which his hand hath manifestly wrought, declare what his speech did doubtfully utter.'

* A passage from Barrow may shew the extent of the synonimy which has been used in this case. Speaking of the Holy Spirit he says, 'both these operations (enlightening our minds, sanctifying our wills) do constitute and accomplish that work which is stiled the regeneration, renovation, vivification, new creation, resurrection of a man, the faculties of our souls being so improved, that we become, as it were, other men thereby.' —Works, vol. ii. p. 505. And hence one of the English reformers says, that a Christian man's life 'is a coutinual baptism.'

between

between the beginning of the Christian state, and our confirmation or progress in it; considering that the first dawn and dayspring from on high will always be hailed by the attentive mind with a becoming earnestness; and considering the absolute and eminent virtue which this solemn rite derives from the institution of Him who enjoined it, as the beginning of our new life; it would be more prudent to divide the phrase, and prevent ambiguity in the reader's mind, even where there is none, or need be none in the writer's: and as we are apt to honour the day of our birth, above all others, in the short period of our mortal existence, so to distinguish the day of our Christian birth by an appropriate acknowledgment of it in our ordinary language.

It will be seen that we do not adopt the inference intended to be drawn from the production of inconsistent language, in the use of this term, to inconsistent doctrine. Writers who describe a baptised infant as unregenerated may not mean that he never had the grace of regeneration given, but that he has not improved it; that it has been resisted; quenched in him. We have observed some passages where the *same* writer has described the regenerating efficacy of baptism; and yet, in his practical discourses, has spoken of some of his hearers as unregenerate.—All this is sufficiently consistent.

Again, some stress has been laid upon the analogy between circumcision and baptism. It has been said, that they are corresponding rites in the two covenants, each being only an admission into the exterior and visible church. They are corresponding rites; but the two covenants are essentially different; and according to the difference of the covenants, will be the difference of the analogous parts in each. Otherwise, since there is a very extensive analogy between the two covenants, if there were no difference in correlative parts, the two covenants would be one and the same; which they are not. One great difference between them, is in the actual promise of the Holy Spirit, in the latter. Moreover, Christians are baptised *in his name*, importing, no doubt, the covenanted relation between Him and them. This was not so in the law of Moses, nor the covenant with Abraham. The greater effusion of mercy, in every way, after the exaltation of the Redeemer, is a characteristic difference between the Gospel and every thing besides.

These considerations, however, lead us to the second thing which we proposed: viz. to endeavour to ascertain the proper style and tenour of instruction to be used in popular discourses, with respect to this topic.

Since the very object of this second inquiry is to attempt that most hazardous duty of giving advice, we entreat the candid interpretation

interpretation of our readers to the few hints which we wish to offer towards such a purpose; being aware that it is in itself not very easy to find the true character of sound evangelical instruction, as we may perceive by the great differences, perhaps defects, in the manner of many who are charged with the duty of dispensing it; and that, in proportion to the uncertainty of the right method, and the consequent need of advice, may be our inability either to discern it, or describe it. We are not presuming now to speak of preaching in general, but only of preaching on the single topic of Christian regeneration.

Christian privileges, like that great one of being born of Christian parents, who were the instruments of bringing us to God by baptism, and auspicating our life in the covenant of His Son, may be enforced as a topic of thankfulness, and of encouragement; of thankfulness for past mercy, and encouragement to hope the continuance of it.

These privileges may also be a topic of most just reproof. Where the advantage has been great, and no proficiency made; reason makes the condemnation more severe, in proportion to the height of the favour neglected, the calling disobeyed, the heavenly influence resisted.

Such is the constant voice of Scripture also. Indiscriminate exaltation of the mercy of God, as already displayed in any manner, whether in our first calling by baptism, or by his other gracious acts or promises, may produce confidence, ingratitude, indifference to the hopes and terrors of the life to come. But the energy of warning truth calling for improvement, for faith, for affection, for gratitude, upon the ground of an actual participation in the grace of the mediatorial covenant, is as wise as it is just, and may strike the heart of every Christian who has not actually renounced the terms of the baptismal covenant, and ceased to feel the power of it, by disbelieving it.—So much for the application of this doctrine to the use of ordinary instruction, if we begin by considering baptism in itself.

Beginning at the contrary end of the subject, which indeed is the point which presses most strongly upon the preacher's notice, because it is for ever present to his own mind, and meets him perhaps with still more importunate notoriety in the world about him, the actual abundance of sin among those who have been baptised into the Gospel, and have lived professing it, he has here another kind of exercise for the strain of his duty. His work is different, so must be the execution of it. Lethargy, confidence in sin, want of all semblance of Christian charity, disregard to moral and religious obligation, a selfish and worldly mind, can only be pampered by the insinuation of security in the privileges of the baptismal

baptismal state. It is not for the preacher to say that men have forfeited them irrecoverably, and fallen into the interdicted state, where peace and hope can never come. But the terrors of the judgment to come, the danger of the *unregenerate*, that is, the unreformed life, the fearful condemnation of knowing the Gospel and not living by it, seem not only salutary topics, but strictly necessary: because they are the topics which excite trains of thought and feeling directly adverse to the existing habits; which plant the evil of the sin and the evil of the danger against each other; which shew the person to be warned what he is by the anticipation of what he may be. On such a subject it would be less useful to speak of what God hath done for him, than what he has not done for himself: less useful to speak of what God hath done for him, than what He may do against him hereafter: less useful to tell him of the sanctification he has received, than of the sanctification he wants.—Not only is there the need of this adaptation of doctrine to different views of the respective condition of those who are to be instructed, but the same individual will require the interchange of support, and reproof, and consolation, and alarm, to sustain him in his Christian course, or to recal him from his deviations from it. We do not divide our congregations into two classes, as regenerate and unregenerate, so known unto us, though, in the eyes of Infinite Wisdom, they may be separated into parts as widely different from each other, as those terms import; but knowing that there is a continual struggle between the principle of nature and the principle of grace in the church of God, and that each and all need the edification which is to be drawn from all the doctrines of revealed truth; that not only sinners must be checked, and the faithful encouraged, but also that all are sinful, and all may have the fire of grace still burning unquenched within them from that altar from whence it was first taken; and that the minister of truth is to dispense the whole counsel of God; it should seem that the compass of his labour in ministerial doctrine is to preach to men as well that they are regenerate, as that they are comparatively not regenerate, to advance and set forward the kingdom of God among them by the display of their past blessings, and of the threats pronounced upon their present sins; and to vary and combine his application, so that all may find their case depicted to them, and may live by his dispensation of the heavenly word, leading them on to perfection, or recalling them to their first principles, as seasons may dictate, or his judgment advise; or, in the energetic language of the Apostle, to preach the word with fidelity in all its forms, 'in season, and out of season:' for such is his charge. In a word, if he wish to advance the just estimation of the sacraments, let him set them forth in the fulness of the Gospel promises, as appointed means for

the initiation and progress of the Christian, in his communion with God. If he wish to encounter the wickedness of the world, let him remind his hearers of 'the debt of baptismal obligation; of the renouncing the life of sin, of the belief of the christian faith, of the keeping of the commandments,' and of the sanctions by which these claims are bound upon him in the records of eternity. To omit the one would be to do despite to the institution and promise of Christ; to omit the other would be to hazard the souls of men, to his own cost and theirs. Both kinds of preaching are true; both necessary. The one is neither more true nor more necessary than the other; but under various emergencies of his cure, and various needs of every member of it, each will have its place, each may produce its good. The duty is his, the concern is theirs, whom he has to instruct, the event is in the hands of Him whose commission he bears, a commission full of wisdom beyond his comprehension; of responsibility, not for that which he may have effected, but for that which in the fidelity of obedience he may have laboured to do.

The variety of address in the Gospel itself, and in the Epistles of St. Paul, which have been set forth, in a recent work, with so much justness of elucidation, in their system and connexion, as a model of Apostolical preaching, must dictate to our minds the necessity of this comprehensive and combined arrangement of discourse, by which all may be taught their whole concern of religion, and each may find his present state accurately described to him in its mixed nature, through the illumination of the word of God, which 'is sharper than a two edged sword, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' If he has been once regenerated, daily renovation is still wanted; and by whatever name that renovation may be called, it is the right object of his prayers, and his endeavours, and must be the theme of his reiterated instruction. The belief, with thankfulness, that he has been once aided with the Spirit of God, neither supersedes the duty of prayer for the increase of it, nor of his watchfulness to improve by each accession of it. Commensurate with the hearer's wants and duties must also be the range of the preacher's instruction.

Whatever relates to the style of practical instruction addressed to the people is of the greatest consequence. For it is by such instruction that the principles of the Gospel are applied to them, are put to use, are made what they were intended to be, the very mode, if we may so speak, of our existence. It is the ultimate incorporation of them into life, which makes the difference in a person, between being a creature of the world, and a creature of the Gospel. Doctrines themselves may be considered in two ways. The first perfection of them is that they be true; the second and greater perfection of them is that, being true, they be also edifying.

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edifying. On the other hand, error is always obnoxious, simply as such; but it is of the worst kind when it corrupts. There may be sterile truth, and harmless error. It is not therefore the speculative perfection, nor the mere logical consequence, that makes the great concern in doctrines addressed to the people, but joined with them the stress and bearing which the error or the truth may induce into men, not as reasoning beings only, but made such as they are, that is, to act and be influenced in many other ways according to their mixt nature and their popular character. A sense of this importance in the style of the doctrines addressed to them seems to have originated this whole controversy. Some persons called for another, and, as they thought, a better mode of preaching than they said was prevalent among the Clergy: among other improvements they wished the doctrine of Regeneration to be preached, and the need of it to be urged. Now this precise term does not, we suppose, contain in it the very essence of the Gospel. We are not speaking of the thing implied by it, which is that very essence, but of the word and symbol. We are aware that some words by association and habit have a positive virtue in them, which makes them unexchangeable. But in argument, a correct synonym, or an equivalent phrase, is, when substituted, as good as the original term. Let us assume then, that the thing itself intended by that word is a change of life to Christian holiness: or let any other correct definition of it be given. The one party and the other, in this question, agree in the necessity of urging men to Christian holiness, to a new life, to a new heart. The one say, it is all to begin; the other say, it was begun in baptism. Both agree in the need of inculcating it now. If the belief that it was begun in baptism be likely to check the actual and necessary attainment of it, the doctrine which teaches that belief may be *dangerous*. But if those who believe in its communication in a certain degree to the soul in baptism press the consciences of baptised persons with the need of daily and continued increase of holiness; and tell them, as, in conformity with that belief, they ought, that without such moral renovation, in act, and principle, and life, the grace of baptism will only bring them into heavier guilt; then they seem to be doing the same thing which the others wish them to do, who affirm that the entire work is still to be done; for they both allow that the preacher must urge holiness, and the people labour for it.

The principle of practical doctrine admitted by both, is, so far as we have just now considered it, coincident and commensurate on each side. We do not persuade indifference to the severe truth, but it may be of use to shew that both opinions, both systems in the point of regeneration, when they come to meet the consciences of men, take nearly the same scope and direction, and have the

same matter in common. Those therefore who have been animated to the assault of an existing doctrine, upon the motive of a regard to practical holiness and active christianity, may perhaps see that those whom they oppose may be pursuing the same business as themselves, although they do not set out from the same tenets, nor speak in the same language. The interest of religion may not be absolutely dependent upon the peculiar view which they take of regeneration: much less upon the very word itself. We know, however, how much men are divided and governed by words, and it is because of their dominion in giving an impulse to the mind that religion and morals are so much concerned in the due appropriation of them. If 'Regeneration' be an efficacious word, there is a fair reason for insisting upon it. If others lead to the same effect, the practical interest is saved, and one motive for controversy is so far abated. The accuracy of a right faith may be made a separate question if it should be necessary. But men may be taught the Gospel, safely, and effectually, *in great measure*, upon the same grounds by those who think differently of baptismal regeneration. At any rate, a high esteem of the value of baptism does not, either in rigid or in popular argument, undermine the practical reasons for any kind of exertion towards a Christian life. If it be so preached as to operate to this pernicious effect, the wrong belongs to the teacher and not to the doctrine. In discussing the doctrine therefore there is no sufficient cause for aggravating the discussion with the charge and alarm of an evil tendency on one side to abuse the consciences of men, and blind them with the confidence of a false security. And if there be no sufficient cause for that apprehension, and the controversy be entirely discharged of the burden of it, perhaps the distinct and fair reasons may obtain a more disinterested hearing. For it must be confessed that a zeal for practical religion, mixing itself with the infirmities and misapprehensions of men, may be as injurious to sound religious truth, as it is possible for an erroneous faith to be injurious to the efficacy of religion.

A question sometimes put, which of certain disputed doctrines is most conducive to a Christian life? is premature and unfair, as long as there is any hope of ascertaining which is the true one. For that only which is true, is to be maintained. But among truths, the most improving are to be preferred for the more constant use, and more frequent inculcation. And this is the true province of zeal, in the range of its exertions to spread a living piety in the world, viz. not to make doctrines, but select and apply them. Upon the supposition, therefore, that our view of baptismal regeneration is correct; and with the further knowledge that a daily and present change is still to be made in the hearts and lives of baptised persons: we may account for a fact which we do not wish to disguise;

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guise; that many of our best divines, such as Tillotson, when they are not writing professedly of baptism, still make regeneration the great theme of their discourse, by which they intend the present conversion of men from sin to holiness. Their judgment and feeling probably was, that the more useful topic to be sounded in the ears of their people, was the present debt of their Christian calling. From which judgment and feeling we probably should not dissent.

But when the demand, whether just or invidious, was made upon our clergy to preach the doctrine of regeneration, it certainly was some answer, to reply, that regeneration was given in baptism, and therefore the Liturgy itself took care of the doctrine. It may be, however, that there was too much stress laid upon this one part of the reply, as if it met the whole challenge of the complaint preferred. For the conversion of the man to Christian principles in act, in habit, and in practice, by whatever name that may be called, was not strictly included in the regeneration of baptism. If it were included, then so many divines would have mistaken their way, who continued to call men to such conversion, even after they were baptised. Nay those divines are often silent as to the fruit of baptism, when they are most strongly inculcating the topics of spiritual improvement. The answer, therefore, was in some sense a partial one. So far as it related to baptism, it was correct. But more remained to be said. It has indeed been said, but has lost something of its proper force and prominence, by the comparative stress laid upon the baptismal doctrine. Our hope is, that the clergy of our church will be found faithful in propounding, with a sincere and enlightened labour, the whole of that truth which is confided to them; and will so furnish a correct and substantial reply to any complaint made against them. If there were any failure in this discharge of their trust, it is neither the refutation of an ill-worded or acrimonious censure, nor the exposure of doctrinal error in those who stir the complaint, which would make amends for a defect fatal to interests too great for controversy.

ART. XI.—1. *Journal of Travels in Sweden, Russia, Poland, &c. during the Years* 1813 *and* 1814. By the Rev. J. T. James, of Christ Church, Oxford. 4to. 1816.

2. *Die Koningin Luise: der Preussichen Nation gewidmet.*—pp. 224. 8vo. 1814.

IN the language of Iceland the same word is employed to describe the ignorant man, and him who never enjoyed the advantages of travelling abroad;—and in one of the metrical composi-

tions of that country we find a bard most pathetically lamenting 'the hardship of his fate in being compelled to live eternally in the remote island of his birth, without any intercourse with the rest of the world.' A similar complaint for some years prevailed in this country; the danger to be apprehended at present is, lest too many should avail themselves of the opening for foreign excursions now so widely afforded, and claim the merit of wisdom by running post.

One of the merits of the Journal before us consists in the unambitious style of the narrative, and the care which the author has taken not to crowd his pages with minute details of his own personal adventures, to the neglect of more material statements: and when we consider how much has been said and written of late respecting the greater part of the countries which he visited, we are agreeably surprized at the variety of new matter which his volume contains; though it is impossible not to notice a few slight inaccuracies and an occasional specimen of a taste somewhat mistaken.

It is curious now to reflect for how long a period Gottenburgh was the nearest friendly port on the Continent to which an Englishman had access. Here Mr. James, like all other travellers of that day, first landed; and we shall at once conduct our readers to those parts of his tour to which the circumstances of the time lent a peculiar interest.

We should do him injustice were we to describe in other words than his own the state of his feelings on entering Prussia.

'We passed again into the Brandenburg territory near Hohenzieritz, and a marked difference became immediately visible in the face of the country. On every side it bore the silence and solitude of a deserted land: swept off for the exigencies of war, not a man capable of bearing arms was to be seen, and the village cross or the well, the usual haunts of the gaping rustic, was every where alike forsaken. The corn stood ripe in the fields without hands sufficient to gather the harvest. Here and there were scattered a few groups of old people, women and children, who were exerting their feeble efforts in the fields by the wayside; their cottages meanwhile tenantless but for the tutelary stork, that, nestling on the chimney top, seemed to bewail the loneliness around. Filled with these dreary images, we drew near the border of a forest, where our attention was arrested by a monument erected to the memory of the late queen. It was here, while on her journey, she was seized with that inflammatory complaint, whose violence baffled all attempts at relief, and in a few hours terminated her existence in a neighbouring cottage. During the present eventful epoch we needed not to call in aid the solemn character of this sequestered spot to heighten those impressions, chivalrous as well as melancholy, which a reflection upon the fate and virtues, the sad reverses and premature death of this beautiful

tiful and amiable princess will never fail to excite in every honourable and feeling mind. We travelled through the gloomy forest in silence, and with sensations hardly to be exceeded by the gallantry and loyalty of a Prussian bosom.'—pp. 29, 30.

In a former Number we adverted to the German work which we have taken this further opportunity of noticing. It is attributed to Madame de Berg, who accompanied the Duchess of Cumberland to this country. She has given us apparently a very faithful outline of the life of the Queen of Prussia, with some interesting particulars relative to the illness of which she died. We observe that her account of the last moments of the Queen is at variance with that given above; and from her intimate connexion with the Prussian court, her authority cannot well be disputed. It is probable that the 'monument' noticed by Mr. James may serve to mark the spot where, whilst on her journey to visit her father, she experienced the first attack of that complaint which afterwards proved so fatal: but she lived upwards of three weeks after her arrival at Hohenzieritz; and though princely mansions, we know, are occasionally styled 'cottages,' we apprehend that Mr. James was not aware that the Queen ended her days at the palace of the Duke, her father. She died on the 19th July, 1810, and her body was finally deposited at Charlottenburg on the 23d December following, the anniversary on which seventeen years before she first made her appearance in Prussia as a bride. Had she lived in more tranquil times, she would probably only have been known to us as a beautiful and engaging woman; but the days were eventful in which her lot was cast,—she was placed in most trying circumstances, and her conduct during the whole of her career will bear a comparison with that of the greatest of her sex, either in ancient or modern times. As Madame de Berg's work is little known in this country, and no translation of it has yet appeared,—that part of it which relates to the most curious period of the Queen's life will not, we think, prove unacceptable.

'The armistice which then took place was soon after followed by a meeting between the two emperors, and subsequently with the King of Prussia. Negociations for peace were entered into, and the head-quarters of the Emperor Alexander, as well as of the king, were removed to Tilsit, where Napoleon then was; so that the three Powers had their head-quarters established in the same town. Prussia was now also negociating for peace, but it was against this power that the rancour of the French Emperor was chiefly directed; and it was most severely felt. The rectitude and moderation of the king's character stood him in no stead when opposed to the overbearing and contemptuous treatment which was manifested to him by his enemy on every occasion,—for

Buonaparte scrupled not to employ to the utmost all those advantages which his power and good fortune had placed in his hands. This stirred up in the breast of the king that noble species of pride which boldly fronts adversity, nor would he condescend to humble himself before the Emperor of the French; and Buonaparte, who had been accustomed to such homage from others, did not conceal how grating he felt the conduct of the king. In this state of things, those who were about his majesty thought it probable that the presence of the queen might have the effect of smoothing the way to negociation, and of rendering more favourable the conditions of peace. She was sent for, and she came. She set out on her journey to the head-quarters with all that devotion, and that readiness of disposition which led her, in every situation of life, to strive to fulfil to the utmost the duties of her station. A woman of an ordinary cast of mind would probably have considered it beneath her dignity to appear as a suppliant before the man who had insulted her in so personal a manner; but the queen, from the uprightness and purity of her character, had a fair right to suppose that her appearance alone would compel her enemy to feel some degree of shame for his conduct, however foreign to him it might be to entertain sentiments of this sort. Judging from the goodness of her own disposition, she was ignorant that there are men who exert themselves to add to the injuries which they commit, in proportion as they are deficient in that generosity which should lead them to acknowledge their errors, and in those good qualities which would enable them to make reparation for their offences. It was impossible for her to foresee that her journey would prove altogether fruitless, and without any beneficial result whatever. Whilst she exerted her voice as the wife of the king—as the mother of her children and of her people—she could without any degradation whatever submit to become a petitioner to the Emperor of the French. Yet, however painful the sacrifice might be to her, strong affection, and the advantages which she hoped would arise from it, overcame all that disinclination to the journey which she must naturally have felt. The resolution with which she embarked on this expedition, and the feelings which she experienced on the way from Memel to Tilsit, are detailed in her Journal. Those who have seen this book, describe it as being couched in terms at once affecting and dignified. She could not but feel satisfied with her own conduct in the steps she had taken.

'As soon as she had alighted at the lodgings prepared for her, the French Emperor waited upon her. To receive with dignity a first visit of this kind was, to one in the queen's situation, no easy task. She received her visitor, however, with great judgment, and that tact which belongs alone to superior minds. She took occasion to express her concern that he had been obliged to come up so steep a flight of stairs in order to see her, and asked him how the climate of the North had agreed with his health. It was some time before the queen mentioned to him that the object of her journey was to request of him less unfavourable terms of peace: the result has shewn how this confession was

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received. The French Emperor has not a chivalrous feeling belonging to him,—in this he fails more than in any other quality; so that all the efforts of a noble-minded woman, exerted for the noblest of purposes, could not be otherwise than fruitless. It would be difficult, nay, impossible, to relate the various questions which were put by Buonaparte, and the different points to which he adverted in the course of the conversation, as it purposely to increase the embarrassment of the queen: they all shew in the strongest manner his arrogance, the littleness of his soul, and his complete want of moral principle,—whilst the answers of the queen mark at once her dignified and upright way of thinking. It will be sufficient for our purpose to mention the following reply given by her on this occasion.—The French Emperor, among other questions, asked the queen, "But how could you think of entering upon a war with me?" (and there was something contemptuous in the tone in which this was said,) to which her majesty replied—"Sir, some allowance must be made for us, if the glory of the Great Frederic has led us astray in regard to the actual state of our resources, even if we have been deceived in regard to them." This answer was retained in memory by Talleyrand, who was present, and related by him in the presence of several people afterwards.

'After a stay of three days, which the Queen passed partly in Tilsit, and partly in Piktupoehnen, (a village on this side Tilsit, where the king had his quarters,) she returned to Memel, and peace was signed between Prussia and France on the 9th July. In the annals of the Prussian monarchy it can never be forgotten; for by it the power of France appeared to have attained to the highest pinnacle of greatness.

'The following letter was written by the queen very shortly afterwards:—"Peace is concluded; but at how painful a price! Our frontiers will not henceforth extend beyond the Elbe: the king, however, after all, has proved himself a greater man than his adversary. After the battle of Eylau, he could have made an advantageous peace; but then he must, by so doing, have voluntarily entered into terms with the evil spirit, and become connected with him. Now, it is true, he has been compelled by necessity to negociate with his enemy, but no alliance has taken place between them.—This will one day or other bring a blessing upon Prussia. After Eylau also he would have been compelled to desert a very faithful ally: that would he not do. Again I say the king's just dealing will bring good fortune to Prussia: this is my firm belief."—The queen did not conceal how painfully she felt the peace of Tilsit. She often called to her recollection that part of English history which states that Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII., after the taking of Calais, which had so long been an appendage to the English crown, and which had often been attempted in vain by the Duke of Guise, during her reign, and its subsequent cession to France,—was accustomed to say, "That if her heart could be opened, the name of Calais would be found traced there in characters of blood." The same might be said of the Queen of Prussia in regard to Magdeburgh.'

We make no apology for the length of this extract; for, whether we

we consider her as a public or private character, no name will be remembered in the history of her times with deeper interest than that of the late Queen of Prussia: our tears may flow for her, when they are dry for others; and if, in the midst of the triumphs of later days, a sigh has sometimes escaped us, that she, with some of the master spirits of her age, has not been permitted to witness the successful issue of the great cause which they supported, we trust that pardon will be extended to us for indulging such unavailing regrets.

If the slumbers of Napoleon are ever disturbed by the visions of the dead, the form of this ill-fated queen must occasionally haunt his imagination; for, with a blackness of heart peculiar to himself, he still continues to calumniate her, though dead, who, whilst living, was the object of his slanderous abuse. We know from good authority that since his captivity he has on more than one occasion amused those English officers into whose society he fell, with the grossest falsehoods to her disadvantage. He has asserted that the King of Prussia's imperial ally was the object of his jealousy and suspicion; that it was a strong feeling of this kind, on the part of the king, which made him extremely unwilling to allow the queen to appear at the conferences at Tilsit;—that his wish to gratify what he knew to be the Emperor's penchant, had inclined him to lend a favourable ear in deciding upon the fate of Prussia; and that he had even carried his complaisance so far as to become the pander to the pleasures of his imperial brother, by conveniently occupying the attention of the king, and thereby giving Alexander an opportunity of accomplishing without interruption the object he had in view. We must reluctantly confess, that the Emperor of Russia, by the familiar terms in which he condescended to live with Buonaparte whilst at Tilsit, afforded him a plea for such insinuations; and we cannot but think that it would have been more consistent with his dignity, had he imitated the conduct of the King of Prussia, by preserving a more distant behaviour in his intercourse with his new ally: familiarity but too often begets contempt, and great men should, of all others, be the most cautious in not exposing their weaknesses to those who may have the ability, as well as the inclination, to profit by them hereafter. That the King of Prussia was exposed to every species of mortification and insult at the hands of Buonaparte is, unluckily for those who are desirous of exciting our commiseration for the fallen hero, but too evident. Madame de Berg, as we have seen, does not pretend to conceal it; and we find in Mr. James an anecdote which strongly marks the littleness of soul which belonged to him who affected to place, as models for his conduct, the great examples of the Grecian and Roman histories.

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'Among other opinions of Moreau,—for now every word he had uttered was carefully treasured up,—his last advice to the King of Prussia is on record: it was a recommendation that he should act with more reliance on his own judgment in the conduct of military affairs, in which he had frequently given proofs of that talent which is sometimes accompanied by an amiable but injurious diffidence of mind. Buonaparte himself, from what is said to have fallen from him, had lately made a similar estimate of his merits. It is worth while to place in opposition to this fact, an anecdote that displays the contemptuous light in which he had formerly affected to regard him. At a conversation during an interview appointed by him with his majesty and the Emperor of Russia, he addressed, by way of compliment, some few questions relative to military matters to the emperor, such as in what time a certain regiment of his hussars could charge over so much ground? and so on; then turning suddenly to the king, "And how many buttons," said he, "do your good men wear on their pantaloons, and how many on their skirts behind?"'—pp. 70, 71.

'Yet, however Buonaparte might profess to depise the man whom he had so completely humbled, there was at all times a dignity, a calmness in the king's distress, which ought to have excited feelings of a far different description; and this unbending conduct, however grating to Napoleon, did in fact extort from him, at a subsequent period, a confession which proved clearly that the king was not the object of his contempt, although he certainly was of his peculiar hatred.

'Since the death of the queen, the king has acquired a fresh claim to our interest—the settled melancholy which appears to oppress him, proves but too clearly how irreparable he feels the loss he has sustained, and the falsehood of Buonaparte's calumnies. She was, indeed, every thing to him—his chief solace and support in all the trying circumstances of his fate:

'The rainbow to his sight,
His sun—his heaven—of lost delight.'

'There is perhaps nothing more affecting than the despondent reply of this unhappy monarch to some one who endeavoured to comfort him with hopes of the queen's recovery a short time previous to her end. 'Ah!' said he, 'if she were not mine, she might prehaps recover; but as she is my wife, she is sure to die.'

'Those who remember the grief displayed by the queen at Memel, when sent for to appear as a suppliant before Buonaparte, will know how to treat the reports to her discredit which we have already noticed. They will be able also to corroborate the truth of the statement which her biographer has given of the extreme mortification which she endured at the failure of her attempts to preserve Magdeburgh to Prussia. As this was the chief object of her visit

visit to Napoleon, all her powers during the whole of her stay were exerted to overcome his reluctance to concede this point to her. He, on the other hand, like a subtle politician, contented himself with general and evasive answers, with compliments on her dress and the beauty of her person.—' Ah! Madame, vous êtes si belle, je n'ose pas négocier avec vous; ce n'est pas moi qui exige tant, c'est le gouvernement François.' ' Mais tout cela,' as he now tells the story with a smile of self-applause at his own powers of withstanding such blandishments and solicitation, ' n'étoit pas Magdebourg;'—and he at that time, when talking on the subject, said that he had granted much out of private friendship to the emperor, but that he would not give up more even to the beaux yeux of the queen.

At the first dinner given by Buonaparte to her majesty, none but the crowned heads who were present, and Madame de Voss, and Murat, then Grand Duke of Berg, were allowed to sit down, the rest of the company remained standing. We remember to have heard much at that time of the agreeable manners of the latter, of the splendour of his dress, and of his having expressed disapprobation at some harsh language employed by Napoleon to the King of Prussia.

The queen never lost sight of the object she had in view, but continued to urge her suit with all the address and persuasion which her powers of fascination could supply; so that Buonaparte, to put the matter out of all doubt, gave directions for the signature of the Prussian Treaty, early the next morning, before the second visit of his fair petitioner, which was to take place on the following afternoon. Being aware of what had happened, she in the most dignified manner preserved silence the whole of the afternoon on the subject which affected her so deeply, until, at the moment of her departure, when, as Buonaparte was handing her to the carriage, she could not refrain from expressing her extreme disappointment at the refusal she had received from him; and sending afterwards for Duroc, the Grand Marshal of the palace, she burst into tears, complaining at the same time of the manner in which she had been deceived in the character of his master, and of his conduct towards her. A beautiful woman, and a queen, foiled in the object next her heart, may surely be pardoned for giving way to her feelings on such an occasion; and in no instance has Buonaparte shewn more conspicuously the unfeeling and groveling texture of his own composition, than in the language and tone which he at times assumed in his conversations with this interesting person.

In a paltry publication on the life of Buonaparte, professing to be ' by one who never quitted him for fifteen years,' we have noticed the following account of an occurrence that passed at the interview between

between him and the queen, and we insert it chiefly to shew the fallacy of such statements even when given with such semblance of authority.

'At Tilsit the Emperor had an interview with the Queen of Prussia: on the eve he said to one of his generals: "They say she is a fine woman." "It will be," said the courtier, "a rose with a bunch of laurel." 'The beginning of this interview was polite, even delicate. "I expected, madam," said Buonaparte, "to have seen a beautiful queen, but you are the most beautiful woman in the world."—There were some roses in a vase; he took one, and presented it to her. "We know each other very little," she said, timid and confused; "may I be made acquainted with your majesty's meaning?" "Accept it, madam, accept it; it is a pledge of the friendship which I shall henceforward bear you, as well as your husband." The queen took the rose: she was pale and trembling; her women were alarmed. "Do not alarm yourself, madam," said the emperor: "I am wholly your's. If there be any thing that I could do to oblige you, do not deprive me of that pleasure."—The queen was silent: he repeated the same sentiment several times. At length, with a hesitating voice, she requested the town of Magdebourg for her son. "Magdebourg!" exclaimed the emperor, starting from his seat; "Magdebourg! you do not know, madam, what you ask: let us hear no more of it;" and he hastily took his leave. This anecdote has been differently related: phrases of the most gross kind have been imputed to the emperor, but what I have given here is the truth; it was written down upon the spot.'

Now, although the testimony of the man may, for aught we know, be fully as good on most subjects as that of the master, yet as we happen to have heard that the latter tells the story differently, it is fair to give his version of it. He says that on presenting to the queen at dinner a rose which he had taken out of a vase that happened to be near him, she, on accepting it, asked 'whether it might be considered by her as a token of friendship, and a proof of his compliance with the request she had made in regard to Magdeburg;' that he parried this attack with a general answer, and some civil speeches, and studiously avoided during the rest of her stay holding out any expectations which might render her sanguine as to the success of her solicitations.

By one of the articles of the treaty, the French troops were bound within a certain period to evacuate part of the Prussian territory. The time elapsed, but the hapless Prussians saw no symptoms of the departure of their odious visitors; and when Prince William, the brother of the king, was sent to Paris to remonstrate on the nonfulfilment of the treaty, and to point out the distress which was occasioned by the delay, his representations were met by all the political chicanery of the Corsican's school, and 'he was detained at the court of the French emperor,' says Madame de Berg,

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'like another Arminius at the camp of Varus.'—But that gallant prince, like his German prototype, has nobly assisted in redeeming the tarnished lustre of the Prussian arms, and witnessed the full measure of revenge which his countrymen have wreaked upon the authors of all the calamities which they had for so long a period endured. In most of the capitals which Buonaparte had entered in triumph, some decency and order had been observed by his troops, but in Berlin their brutality and insolence exceeded all bounds. Let those who are disposed to reprobate the conduct of Blucher in the harshness of his behaviour to the people of Paris, and in his evident anxiety to leave behind him some lasting memorials of his talent for destruction, read the following extracts from Mr. James's work, and then blame the veteran, if they can.

'Prussia, at the end of the above-mentioned war, was curtailed of one half of her dominions and population, reduced to the rank of a second-rate power of Germany, subjected to the privations of the continental system, and to the insults of French commissioners sent to execute its decrees. She was drained of men and money by her imperious conqueror; and yet to complete her humiliation, the year 1812 saw the governor of Berlin, and his commandant d'armes, superseded by a French general and his aide-de-camp, while the troops of the king were marched under foreign banners to assist in the subjugation of his former generous ally.'—p. 74.

'As the Russian army were advancing upon Berlin, the king, though narrowly watched by the French, contrived to make his escape by night, and fled to Breslau. The wretched citizens were now placed in the most awkward dilemma; their wishes and feelings were more than suspected by the French garrison and its commanders. The lower classes, incapable of restraining their expressions of hatred, instigated still more by the daily appearance of the Cossacks at their very gates, seemed every instant on the point of committing some daring act of open revolt against their oppressors; while they, on the other hand, conscious of the rancorous feeling they had provoked, redoubled their menaces of vengeance, and at one time in so high a tone of insolence, as publicly to declare that the first act of aggression on the part of the inhabitants should be followed by the explosion of the military magazines in the Place de Guillaume, which would infallibly have involved in their destruction more than one half of the city. The atrocious temper of the soldiery was well known, and every day seemed big with the threat of some dreadful catastrophe. After a few weeks spent in this fearful state of suspense, at length the French retreated: the gates were instantly thrown open, and the Russians took possession of the place, where they were received as deliverers. Long tables were spread in the streets, hospitality of every sort was profusely lavished on the welcome strangers; and, to complete the general satisfaction, the king, complying with the voice of his country, issued a manifesto declaring war against France.'—pp. 75, 76.

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An association which was formed in Germany, under the name of the Bond of Virtue (Tugendbunde), for the laudable purpose of rousing the spirit of opposition to the tyranny of Buonaparte, has, as it appears from some pamphlets lately published on the subject, created some little alarm in Berlin, lest, since the original cause of their union is happily removed, this associated body might turn its attention to a less legitimate project of political interference. There is no danger, we fully believe, to be apprehended on this score. 'The Prussians are a people,' as Mr. James observes, 'if properly treated, neither factious nor designing;'—and it is alone to the unfortunate policy of the court, which was so long persisted in, contrary to the wishes of the majority of the nation, that we are to attribute the germs of those parties which have lately appeared, and which may prove of dangerous consequence to the state, if not properly dealt with.

'Had Prussia,' says he, 'been blessed with a representative system,' had the feelings of the people been consulted, she would long since have decided, at a single blow, that war in which Europe was now engaged for the sixth time.

'Had Austria been so constituted—had a proper spirit of inquiry and activity thoroughly cleansed and purged the several parts of her political frame, that country, possessing the greatest national resources, and the finest troops in the world, would not have to lament the fatal reverses that have arisen from a disorganized government, administered by the hand of imbecility.'

'A pure monarchy is found wanting in a defensive war. Buonaparte never failed to take advantage of this form of government where it existed, and where it did not, introduced it himself in order to abet his schemes of universal domination, prohibiting in every state in Germany the accustomed meetings of the landstande, or parliament, and investing the sovereigns with despotic power.'

That policy which he so prudently adopted in practice, Buonaparte, we understand, now supports in theory. Germany, according to him, is not calculated to bear a representative form of government, any more than France, to which he only offered the semblance of one, in order to gratify the public feeling; and we doubt not that some of the dull hours of his banishment are cheered by anticipating the difficulties which may arise among the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, from the disposition which their subjects have shewn to demand higher privileges than they at present enjoy. In spite, however, of such authority, we are inclined to think with Mr. James, that the rights of the lower orders in Germany might be more attended to, and the rigid aristocratic ideas prevalent in that country lowered, without proving detrimental either to one party or the other; and, indeed, as he observes, 'the steadiness with

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with which the poisonous principles of the French Revolution were universally rejected by the Germans, shews, in the strongest point of view, that they are of a temperament fit to be entrusted with the advantages of a well regulated freedom.

Mr. James reached Berlin at an interesting period; it was at the close of the armistice between the allied powers and the French; and the first hostile movement, on the part of Oudinot, who advanced with 80,000 men to within ten English miles of the gate of the town, was of a nature to cause no little consternation among its inhabitants. The impending evil, however, was ably warded off by the battle of Gros Beeren, which our author appears to have witnessed, and which he describes in a very interesting manner; here too he comes in contact with the Crown Prince of Sweden, who no doubt displayed much military talent in covering Berlin, and a degree of energy which was never manifested by him afterwards, except for the sake of his own private advantage.

We regret that Mr. James's excursions did not extend farther in this direction. He quitted Germany for Sweden at a time of great public interest, and had he not left the seat of war, we might, with other events, have gathered from him much desirable information respecting a warrior more after our own hearts, and one whose exploits we are in some degree pledged to illustrate. We allude to Prince Blucher, and we gladly seize the only notice of the veteran which the work before us presents, and which is so creditable to the character of all parties concerned.

'The gallant Blucher was the idol of the whole army, and now the more held up to their notice, as having been the constant mark of the persecuting and vindictive spirit of Buonaparte: he was ever adverse to the insidious schemes of France in peace as in war, and having refused to accept a command in one of his expeditions, the ignoble upstart had the meanness to demand that Blucher should be dismissed from the post with which the king had rewarded his long-tried fidelity. The affection borne him by the soldiery was eminently conspicuous in the late affair: the same rains that swelled the stream of the Katsbach had rendered the roads almost impassable, and some battalions, exhausted by the fatigue of their long marches, halted, declaring themselves unable to proceed farther. Blucher rode up to address them, "Are you wearied, my children?" said he. "Are you drenched with rain? Are you pressed by hunger? And am not I, in my old age, subjected to all these sufferings alike with every man amongst you? But the enemies of my king are in the land, and I have sworn to take no rest—follow me." They instantly rose as if his words had wrought a miracle on their jaded bodies; they continued their march without a murmur, nor rested till they reposed on the field of victory.'—pp. 67, 68.

We have understood by some recent accounts from Berlin, that the King of Prussia, with that attention to those who have served him

him faithfully, for which he is so distinguished, had prepared to receive this invaluable servant on his return to Berlin, with every possible mark of military honour. The whole garrison was to be drawn up to receive him before the gates of the town, the Princes of the Blood were to advance to meet him on the road, and the cannon were to fire without intermission from the moment of his appearance till he was lodged in his own quarters in the town; but to the inexpressible disappointment of all the citizens the general was too unwell for so much parade, and the fête was given up. The wound in his arm from which he was suffering obliged him to keep his room for some time, and lowered him considerably. We are glad to hear, however, that, in the opinion of the medical men, no serious change in his health is now to be apprehended.

Mr. James is very successful in his descriptions of picturesque scenery, and we should instance his account of the opening upon the view of the Lake Wettern, and of the effect produced by the first sight of Stockholm, to prove that he sees with the eye of a painter.

'Uniting every beauty of wild nature with the charms attendant upon the scenes of more active life; echoing the clamour of the bustling populace amidst rocks, that have not yet ceased to ring with the woodman's axe; rivalling at one display the boasted cliffs of Edinburgh, the broad lake of Geneva, and the streets and shipping of Venice: its view presents a romantic vision, that not even the highest powers of the art of description could ever attempt to delineate.

'The examples of architecture within the town, if we except the mansions of the royal family, are not of a style at all corresponding with these delightful environs. The private houses make little show; and the general air of the public buildings is not of the first style of magnitude, or in any way remarkable for good taste. One point may be selected, that exhibits in a single prospect all that the capital can boast, of this description. There is a long bridge of granite, connecting the city in the centre with the northern quarters of the town: immediately at one extremity rises the Royal Palace, a large square edifice, with extensive wings, and of the most simple and elegant contour: the other extremity is terminated by an equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, forming the chief object of a square, that is bounded, on the sides, by handsome edifices of the Corinthian order; one the palace of the Princess Sophia, the other the Italian Opera-house.'—p. 112.

Nothing certainly can be more romantically striking than this northern capital in all its parts; and so singular an assemblage of the wild beauties of nature, capriciously combined with the finished productions of art, can no where else be found, as far as we know. There is something very imposing in the position and the solidity of the Royal Palace, and we think that Mr. James has not attributed

to this massy building its due share of importance in adding to the grandeur of the scene.

Whilst on the subject of the picturesque we shall notice the following observations, which Mr. James introduces in speaking of Falcrantz, a painter of some eminence in Sweden.

'It is not enough in modern days that a man should design and execute with taste and spirit; our ideas of excellence are formed on certain fixed models, and our prejudices are become by association so strong, that any recent production, whatever its intrinsic merit, is disregarded, if it does not savour in some respect of the style of the old masters. Nor is this a mere outcry of fashion, but a fictitious feeling which has grown upon us by habit, till it has entirely overpowered the natural bias of our minds. The arts, we say, are lost to our days, that is, they have flourished in times past, and for this very reason they never will or can attain again the same degree of excellence. The great masters of the several old schools of painting have left nothing to their successors but imitation: and the necessity of following the beaten track lays a restraint on the efforts even of the most daring, and effectually suppresses the experimental ardour of native genius.'—pp. 122, 123.

Nothing is more true than the remark here made respecting the fictitious feeling in regard to ideal beauty, which the study of the old masters in painting is too apt to create, and the despondency which is often produced by too high a veneration for their most celebrated works. We do not go so far as to say, with some, that a large collection of pictures of the greatest painters may prove detrimental to the young artist by encouraging in his mind a feeling of inferiority on turning to his own unsatisfactory performances; but it is not impossible that native genius may be materially depressed by too servile an imitation of the ancient professors of the art, and too enthusiastic an idea of the excellence of their works.

The account by Mr. James of the elevation of Bernadotte to the rank he at present holds in Sweden, corresponds with the statements which we have before heard from those who were likely to be best informed on the subject. Buonaparte, it is clear, had no hand in his election; and it is equally evident that it was no part of Bernadotte's project in joining the coalition against France, to remove his former master from the throne; for so long as he continued Emperor of the French there would always exist a stubborn instance of successful usurpation which would blind the world to the weakness of the Crown Prince's title. We know that in discussing the probable issue of events, at the opening of the campaign, with those who were empowered by this country to negociate with him, Bernadotte spoke largely (a failing to which he is addicted) of his intended operations, which, he announced with confidence, would compel Buonaparte to cross the Rhine by the month of March following,

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lowing, and ultimately to grant peace to Europe. Here his prophecies ended, though after all they far outstripped his performances; and it is fortunate for the good cause that the other members of the grand alliance were guided by a more disinterested policy than that which marked the career of this successful adventurer. Throughout the whole of the campaign it was visible, that if victories were to be gained, the allies must suffer him to achieve them at the expense of any troops but his own; and his tardy co-operation in the advance through Germany produced more than one angry and uncourtly message from Blucher, whilst zealous in the pursuit of the enemy. At Leipsic, as is well known, his conduct was so equivocal as to call forth the strongest remonstrances from more than one of the allied powers concerned; and from that period he appears to have thought it unnecessary longer to assume a virtue which he did not possess, and to have devoted himself entirely to the accomplishment of those objects which were immediately of importance to him for the support of his new character in Sweden.

The Crown Prince certainly deserves well of the Swedish people; he has obtained Norway for them, which adds materially to the security of the kingdom, and he has rendered the lower orders of greater consequence by taking from the nobles some of the exclusive privileges which they have hitherto enjoyed. The conscription introduced by him is now extended to all ranks, and a more equitable system of taxation is in general established. Upon the question of his eventual succession to the Swedish throne, we shall not offer any conjectures; for, as his royal highness is the only survivor of that spurious brood of kings which sprung up under the wing of Buonaparte, some uneasy sensations may, perhaps, cross him when he reflects on the fate of his great luminary, and most of his satellites. 'Murat—'he of the snow white plume' —is gone! Jerome and his red boots, and his cavalry—Louis and his novel—Joseph and——but we cannot pursue the track of extinct meteors!

Though our author confesses his inability to foresee the future destinies of the present ruler of Sweden, 'such persons,' he says, 'as are desirous of looking into what is to come, may be amused by the following narrative of an extraordinary vision of Charles XI.'— We cannot, any more than Mr. James, pretend to explain it; it contains, however, so curious a specimen of the mind and manners of one of the greatest Swedish monarchs, that we are unwilling to withhold it from our readers. It is taken from an account written with the king's own hand, attested by several of his ministers of state, and preserved in the Royal Library.

'Charles XI, it seems, sitting in his chamber between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, was surprised at the appearance of a light in

the window of the hall of the diet: he demanded of the grand chancellor, Bjelke, who was present, what it was that he saw, and was answered that it was only the reflection of the moon: with this, however, he was dissatisfied; and the senator, Bjelke, soon after entering the room, he addressed the same question to him, but received the same answer. Looking afterwards again through the window, he thought he observed a crowd of persons in the hall: upon this, said he, Sirs, all is not as it should be—in the confidence that he who fears God need dread nothing, I will go and see what this may be. Ordering the two noblemen before-mentioned, as also Oxenstiern and Brahe, to accompany him, he sent for Grunsten the door-keeper, and descended the staircase leading to the hall.

'Here the party seem to have been sensible of a certain degree of trepidation, and no one else daring to open the door, the king took the key, unlocked it, and entered first into the anti-chamber: to their infinite surprise, it was fitted up with black cloth: alarmed by this extraordinary circumstance, a second pause occurred; at length the king set his foot within the hall, but fell back in astonishment at what he saw; again, however, taking courage, he made his companions promise to follow him, and advanced. The hall was lighted up and arrayed with the same mournful hangings as the anti-chamber: in the centre was a round table, where sat sixteen venerable men, each with large volumes lying open before them: above was the king, a young man of 16 or 18 years of age, with the crown on his head and sceptre in his hand. On his right hand sat a personage about 40 years old, whose face bore the strongest marks of integrity; on his left an old man of 70, who seemed very urgent with the young king that he should make a certain sign with his head, which as often as he did, the venerable men struck their hands on their books with violence.

'Turning my eyes, says he, a little further, I beheld a scaffold and executioners, and men with their clothes tucked up, cutting off heads one after the other so fast, that the blood formed a deluge on the floor: those who suffered were all young men. Again I looked up and perceived the throne behind the great table almost overturned; near to it stood a man of forty, that seemed the protector of the kingdom. I trembled at the sight of these things, and cried aloud—"It is the voice of God!—What ought I to understand?—When shall all this come to pass?"—A dead silence prevailed; but on my crying out a second time, the young king answered me, saying, This shall not happen in your time, but in the days of the sixth sovereign after you. He shall be of the same age as I appear now to have, and this personage sitting beside me gives you the air of him that shall be the regent and protector of the realm. During the last year of the regency, the country shall be sold by certain young men, but he shall then take up the cause, and, acting in conjunction with the young king, shall establish the throne on a sure footing; and this in such a way, that never was before, or ever afterwards shall be seen in Sweden so great a king. All the Swedes shall be happy under him; the public debts shall be paid; he shall leave many millions in the treasury, and shall not die but at a very advanced

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vanced age: yet before he is firmly seated on his throne shall an effusion of blood take place unparalleled in history. You, added he, who are king of this nation, see that he is advertised of these matters: you have seen all; act according to your wisdom.

'Having thus said, the whole vanished, and (adds he) we saw nothing but ourselves and our flambeaus, while the anti-chamber through which we passed on returning was no longer clothed in black.—" *Nous entrames dans mes appartemens, et je me mis aussitôt à écrire ce que j'avois vu: ainsi que les avertissements, aussi bien que je le puis. Que le tout est vrai, je le jure sur ma vie et mon honneur, autant que le Dieu m'aide le corps et l'ame.*

" *Charles XI. aujourd'hui Roi de Suède.*"

" *L'an* 1791, 17 *Dec.*

" *Comme témoins et présents sur les lieux nous avons vu tout ce que S. M. a rapporté, et nous l'affermons par notre serment, autant que Dieu nous aide pour le corps et l'ame. H. L. Bjelke, Gr. Chancelier du Royaume,—Bjelke, Sénateur,—Brahe, Sénateur,—Ax. Oxenstierna, Sénateur,—Petre Grunsten, Huissier.*"

'The whole story is curious, and well worth attention; but unless the young king's ghostly representative made an error in his chronological calculation, it will be difficult to reconcile the time specified with that which is yet to come. I can offer no explanation, and bequeath the whole, like the hieroglyphic in Moore's Almanack, " to the better ingenuity of my readers." '—pp. 160—163.

The Swedes are certainly partial to the French, who have always had a strong party in that country, and the Crown Prince will, in all probability, owe his security more to this circumstance than to any steadiness of public feeling in the people of Sweden. Mr. James appears to think the higher orders less subject than they were formerly to the influence of foreign powers; and the fact may be so, for there appears no reason to suspect that two of the most striking events in the Swedish history, which have occurred of late years, are at all to be attributed to it:—we mean the deposition of the king, and the assassination of Count Fersen. We have only, therefore, to hope that the Swedish nobility will cease to imitate their forefathers by transplanting to Stockholm the vices of Paris, and that it will become their pride to adopt habits and manners more akin to that simplicity for which the lower orders amongst them are so peculiarly distinguished.

The practice of keeping up a Swedish regiment constantly at Paris, which was the case before the Revolution, will of course not be again adopted. To entertain any fear, indeed, on this head, would be inexcusable, for the Crown Prince seems most cautiously to have avoided hitherto all chance of contamination, by keeping his troops at a most respectful distance from the French capital, even at the risk of some loss of personal reputation.

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The Swedish annals, as observed by Mr James, do, indeed, detail a series of misfortunes which have happened to their kings, and which is only to be paralleled by the melancholy history of the House of Stewart; and the ominous title of the pieces which he notices, 'Swenska Konungars olycks Oden,' (Calamities of the Kings of Sweden,) would fairly justify his opinion, that a sanguinary turn of mind has been predominant in that country from the earliest times. The cold-blooded apathy which belongs to those northern people is, when roused, the most difficult to appease; but it is due to their character to remark that the deposition of Gustavus IV. was carried into effect without bloodshed.

Carlscrona, as the chief naval depot of Sweden, is an object of peculiar interest to an Englishman, and the covered docks, for which it is celebrated, are described by Mr. James as edifices of no ordinary grandeur, and far more striking in appearance than the covered ships in the arsenal of Venice. There can be no doubt of the advantage which arises from carrying on the operation of ship-building under shelter from the weather. A partial covering to the ships and docks in our naval yards is all that we have as yet been able to afford; and we have nothing in this country so perfect in its kind as those docks which the Swedes have completed; they are excavated from the solid rock, secured at the top by a roof resting on twelve square massive pillars, and are capable of containing a second rate ship of the line. It appears, however, that out of ten which it is intended to construct, in addition to the original dock, two only are yet finished; and we should doubt whether the continuation of such expensive works would at present suit the state of the Swedish finances, nor do they appear to be required for the reception of so small a naval force as that which Sweden now has afloat.

The supposed subsidence of the Baltic Sea has of late been canvassed by many philosophers, and Mr. James, in touching upon the subject, states, as a proof of the fallacy of the opinion, that no diminution of water, in the port of Carlscrona, has ever been observed, nor has the old dock sustained any injury from it; circumstances which tend strongly to prove that the hypothesis is as chimerical as he considers it to be. Wherever a decrease has been observed in the waters of this inland sea, it will probably be found to have arisen from the long continuance of the wind in one quarter, or the accumulation of sand from the ocean, or of detritus from the shore; and this phenomenon will then resolve itself into one which may be remarked in many parts of our own coast, as well as in other quarters of the globe; and these instances ought only to be produced as proofs of the retirement of the sea from particular spots,

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spots, owing to accidental causes, and not as tending to confirm the idea that there has been any gradual depression of its level.

The cold during our traveller's stay at Stockholm was more intense than any that had been experienced for sixty years, and all the striking appearances which attend the severity of winter in the northern regions are most accurately described—the compactness with which the smoke rises, like a dense cloud, from the chimney tops; the heavy aspect which the atmosphere assumes, particularly at the rising and setting of the sun; the hasty salutations of those who are traversing the streets; and the dead white patch which might be observed on the cheek, the ears, or the noses of the lower orders who are not provided with the necessary guards against the effects of the frost.

Grisleham is a small town on the Swedish coast, from which travellers generally take their departure to the opposite coast of Finland. Mr. James was indebted to the extreme severity of the season for the singular spectacle which awaited him on his arrival at this place.

'It was,' says he, 'an extraordinary sight: although the streights lying between the islands and the coast of Finland are frozen every year and made passable to travellers, yet this grand channel of the Häf, that separates the Aland group from Sweden on the west, is very seldom completely covered: being upward of forty miles (English) in breadth, and of a great depth, it is not probable that such a circumstance should often occur except by chance from the accumulation of masses of ice floating down from the north: this year, however, in consequence of the severity of a single night, the whole surface at once became fixed, and was congealed, a phenomenon that had hardly ever happened before in the memory of the oldest man living. Being spread over by the falling weather that succeeded, it was now to appearance a smooth immeasurable desert of snow, gradually changing its hues from the sparkling white beneath the feet, till it faded on the horizon with tints of azure exquisitely delicate. One spot only appeared on this spacious waste; it was a caravan of peasants bound with their cargoes of wood for Stockholm, whom, on our meeting afterwards, we discovered to our surprise to be near thirty in number. We enjoyed a still, quiet day, without a breath of wind, and felt the ray of a bright sun that raised the thermometer* some few degrees above the point of congelation. The line of our road, from the tracks of former travellers, remained visible in almost every part, nor were we at any time obliged to have recourse to our compass for the sake of ascertaining our bearings. These circumstances amply compensated in pleasurable sensations for whatever the scene wanted in more romantic accompaniments, and made a strong contrast with the strange accounts we had previously heard relating to this part of our journey.'—pp. 197, 198.

* Of Celsius thermometer 5° + in the sun, 5° − in the shade. The population of Sigulscar consists of about 9 souls.

There is something which approaches to the sublime in traversing the face of the deep, while in this state of repose and tranquillity, to see it arrested as it were by that invisible Hand, which at another season bids its waves to roll and swell in uncontrolled majesty; and to witness the mountains of ice which have been stopped in their progress to warmer seas by the icy hand of winter!

It would be matter of surprize, if those who are constantly subject to the rigours of such a climate had made any considerable improvement in habits and manners, since the earliest accounts of these frigid regions which have been handed down to us. The Fins, however, are considerably more civilized than the Laplanders or the Samoyedes, and we are glad to find from the work before us, that the annexation of this country to the Russian dominions is considered by the better class as an improvement of their condition. A greater freedom is allowed to their trade and commerce; they are delivered from the constant dread of seeing their country become the seat of war; and they participate in all the advantages of the Russian subject, with some peculiar immunities, such as being exempted from furnishing recruits for the army, a temporary freedom from taxation, &c. &c.

It is stated by Mr. James, that it was not the original intention of Peter the Great to fix the imperial residence in its present situation; and that this is proved beyond a doubt by a plan which is preserved in the archives of the empire, which details a scheme for building a great city at Nisni Novgorod, as the future seat of empire. Many commercial advantages would have arisen from the selection of that spot, which St. Petersburg never can enjoy: it would have been less removed from Mosco, which is, without doubt, for all the purposes of government, the fittest abode for the Czar of Muscovy; and the Swedes would not have been able (as has more than once been the case) to alarm the capital by a sudden movement. But one great object of Peter's ambition was to establish himself as an European sovereign, and hence the pertinacity with which he persisted in the determination to overcome all the difficulties which nature had thrown in the way of the establishment of a town on the banks of the Neva.

Though the statesman may find fault with his decision, the traveller, after journeying for some days through the uninteresting woods of Finland, will not, we apprehend, be disposed to do so. The rapidity of the transition from nature in her wildest moods, to the life and splendour of civilization, is particularly striking, on the approach to the Russian capital from this quarter.

'A wild uncultivated tract was now traversed for about twelve versts, when on a sudden we found ourselves ushered into the *fauxbourgs* of the town,

iptuous edifices, rose on either side over the quays of granite, and
d the long perspective till it was almost lost in the distance. Their
ours were varied but harmonious, and the white surface of the river
ig between them was spotted with a thousand figures, which flitted
rapid succession before our eyes. To add to the pleasure arising
m this spectacle, we were fortunate in the state of the weather; it
s a serene and tranquil sunset, the departing ray glancing through
e avenue of a lofty colonnade that rose in our front, shed a blaze on
e gilt spires and domes around us, and brightened with fresh lustre
e gloomy splendour of a winter evening.'—(pp. 226, 227.)

'There is but a step, we have been lately told, from the sublime
the ridiculous; and he whose projects may in one age be looked
pon with admiration and wonder, may in another be reduced to
ie common level: thus has it fared with Peter the Great. Read
'oltaire's romantic History of the life of this extraordinary man, and
ou see before you a hero who, like the demi-gods of antiquity,
brought order out of chaos, and, by his single efforts, did more for the
civilization of his people, than all his predecessors through succes-
sive ages: turn to those who have visited Russia of late years, and
you will find this same man described as a mere savage, though of a
powerful and energetic mind, who imagined that nothing but an
Imperial Ukase was requisite to place his subjects on a par with
the nations of Europe; and who by premature and abortive at-
tempts at reformation, retarded the natural progress of improve-
ment in his empire. The truth, we believe, lies here, as in most
instances, between the two extremes. A nation so sunk in bar-
barism as Russia, at the period of Peter's accession to the throne,
was not to be reclaimed by ordinary methods; his people were in-
capable of tasting the blessings of that liberty, without which all
efforts at civilization must prove abortive; and all the compulsory
measures adopted by the Czar for the attainment of this desirable
object have only tended to prove that there is no royal mode of
new organizing a people, any more than of learning geometry.
The Reformation, which called into their highest exercise the
thinking powers of man; the art of Printing, which enabled him to
promulgate these sentiments; the discovery of a new hemisphere,
and

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and of unknown paths to commerce and greatness, which have all contributed to the advanced state of refinement which the greater part of Europe has for some time enjoyed, were gradual in their effect, and nothing short of their joint operation was required to produce results so striking and beneficial. In the efforts of Peter, on the contrary, we see all the imperfections most strongly exemplified which, in some degree, attach to the greatest projects that have at different periods been conceived by the mind of man. The object he had in view was one which the lapse of years alone could realize; and he would, for its accomplishment, overleap the ignorant present time: thus a state of exhaustion has succeeded to his exertions; and thus we find in Russia at the present day, a strange combination of the refinements and vices of civilized life with those incidental to the savage state.

Whether, as Mr. James is inclined to believe, the Russian empire, by 'a more quiet and natural order of things,' would have in the end become a more formidable power, is a subject upon which our limits will not permit us to enter; she certainly would not, under the rule of less enterprizing sovereigns, have so rapidly advanced to the pitch of greatness which she now enjoys; but an empire brought forward by a slower process would doubtless possess far greater stability, and her government would not be reduced at this early period, as, in the opinion of Mr. James, it is, to a state of political debility, from which she cannot be expected to recover, even by a total change of system, without some great convulsion. That intestine divisions will arise—that in proportion as Russia extends her already too widely extended dominions, the chance of retaining the whole under her sway will be unavoidably diminished, we are not by any means disposed to deny; but as great part of her territories in Asia own only a sort of nominal allegiance, it is clear that whatever tends to render her empire more compact, must conduce materially to its strength; and when Mr. James states it to be his opinion that 'Russia has reached, in the present reign, the highest pinnacle of rank and power which her circumstances can ever admit her to attain,' we conclude that he only means to imply his belief, that Russia will never be more formidable than she has proved herself already. We know from late experience, to what her means are equal, in spite of all the defects inherent in her government. She should be watched with care, but not with jealousy and suspicion; and should the course of events unhappily tend to weaken the ties of amity which at present subsist between the two countries for their mutual advantage, it is right to bear in mind, as Mr. James observes, 'that the dissolution of so mighty a mass is not of itself to be viewed with unconcern,

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for its fall may involve many others also in destruction, and encumber all Europe with the ruins.'

Though alive to all the defects of the Russian policy, and of the national character, we are happy to find in Mr. James a freedom from that illiberality which has too much prevailed in the writings of those English travellers who appear to have borrowed their ideas of Russia from the French.

'Having here,' says he, 'alluded to the progress of civilization, I must add, that it is not intended to convey any undue satire upon the Russian people, who have been already calumniated more than enough, both by English and French writers. General conclusions have been drawn from particular instances of misconduct or meanness; habits common to all the continent have been quoted as peculiar to them alone; and manners and usages that really were their own, and from that circumstance deserved a milder judgment, have been exaggerated into heinous crimes, with the most indecent acrimony. In other instances different ranks have been confounded, and sketches of high life given by those who appear seldom to have mixed with even the better classes of society; while facts which only appeared in a bad light from the temporary irritation of the traveller's mind have been misquoted and applied as evidences of the real Russian character; although nothing could be more out of place than the idea of *generalising* on the subject.

'Besides this, allowances are to be made for the unintentional errors which even the most accurate observer is liable to make, in consequence of the singular spectacle which the inhabitants of this country afford. They are a people, half European, half Asiatic, who, from a state of barbarism, have been forced into immature civilization, and whose frame of society has been injudiciously reorganized on principles borrowed from nations of the highest refinement and polish. Under such circumstances, the same laws are frequently productive in their operation of a totally different, perhaps opposite effect; and their results manifested in a shape not always intelligible to the eye of a foreigner. Were they a race of savages, one might reason on their moral condition as philosophers; if a community perfectly refined, as politicians; but their present state baffles the usual modes of inquiry, and is referable to no scheme of analytical rule whatsoever. Many of the laws and customs appear, at first sight, contradictory to themselves, and repugnant to the general system of order and policy, and certainly they do not correspond to the idea we form upon such subjects; but upon more mature observation, when even a short residence has given some little insight to the nature of things, we shall find these regulations admirably calculated for the genius and character of those to whom they are addressed, and to contain the only principles that are in fact well suited to their condition.' (pp. 235—237.)

To an Englishman's ear, the notion of slavery involves in itself every possible evil, nor will he easily be led to believe that any alleviating circumstances can soften the lot of him who is subject to the

the arbitrary will of another. Hence, we suspect, has arisen the tone of commiseration that pervades most of the accounts we have seen of the Russian peasantry, and the pictures which have been drawn of the wretchedness of their condition. By some they have been represented as scarcely to be envied by the unhappy negroes in our West Indian possessions; and Mr. James, we think, does not appear sufficiently to appreciate the comforts which they enjoy perhaps in a greater degree than the lower orders of any other country, and which go far to counterbalance the numerous vexations to which they are doubtless unavoidably subject. We have been in the habitations of the poorer sort, as well in the more northern as in the southern parts of Russia; and we freely confess, that in contrasting their situation with that of the poor in Ireland, in Scotland, or even in England, we could not but feel, (and it was with regret that we were compelled to admit the conviction) that in all the points which contribute to soften the hardships of life amongst the labouring class, the Russian had the decided advantage: a warm house over his head, good clothing, fuel in abundance, and plenty of food, all, in fact, that the rustic state requires—the Russian peasant enjoys.

The examples too of many who, though still continuing in a state of slavery, have realized considerable fortunes, and carry on lucrative employments, sufficiently prove the mildness of the bondage to which they are subject. Buonaparte appears, throughout the whole of his career, to have entertained the mistaken idea, that the lower orders of other countries would be as easily cajoled by his professions, as the French. To satisfy the army was the object which occupied his chief attention, the people as a body never entered into his calculation. The Poles he had flattered and deceived; and he imagined that the Russians would be equally alive to his promises of freedom; but here, as in Spain, he shewed his ignorance of the national character: the bigotry of the Spaniards proved one of the chief means of their salvation, for it was the very priests whom Buonaparte despised, who were the most active in keeping up the spirit of patriotism; and all the tempting offers of emancipation at the hands of France were entirely thrown away upon the Russian serf who witnessed the horrors and desolation with which the march of his deliverer was attended.

The scene presented by Mosco at the time of Mr. James's arrival was such as might be expected at so early a period, after the tremendous visitation which it had suffered. Few but the houses of the poor had been rebuilt, and nearly two thirds of the town still lay in ruins. We perceive that he is inclined to attribute the conflagration entirely to the enthusiasm of Russian patriotism; a confession,

a confession, however, so painful to the national feeling is, as he states, not unnaturally withheld, and it is invariably ascribed both at Petersburg and Mosco, to the malice of the French army. We have in a former number given our reasons for doubting the statement made by the French, in regard to the havoc made by the flames amongst the Russian wounded, who are said by Mr. James to have amounted to 7000 or 8000; it is probable that the greater part perished for want of surgical assistance, and the deficiency of the necessary instruments, which were carried off for the use of the army.

Amongst the tales of horror which the disastrous retreat of the enemy furnished in abundance, the following became known to Mr. James from his visit to the Foundling Hospital at Mosco. We have heard from other quarters, that an extraordinary degree of attachment and self-devotion was manifested by the Spanish women who accompanied this ill-fated expedition, for they invariably preferred to follow the fortunes of their unhappy countrymen, and resisted all the offers of better treatment which was held out to them by the Russians.

'We were interested extremely by the appearance of two Spanish children among the number, who were, as far as could be ascertained from their account, the offspring of a chaplain from Madrid, accompanying the division of Spanish forces employed in the French service during the late invasion of Russia. He, however, died at Moscow, and their mother, who had been delivered of an infant during their stay, fearing to hazard the vengeance of the inhabitants in their return to the city, endeavoured with her little family to accompany the retreating French army. Her strength seems to have been very unequal to the attempt; and when they last saw her, she was lying on the road-side unable to proceed, her body doubtless perfectly exhausted, and her mind, as might be gathered from their description, in a complete state of delirium. The daughter, though only eleven years of age, took charge of her brother as well as her infant sister, whom she carried on her back for many leagues. This little party followed the troops during all the severity of the weather without any other provision than the few scraps of horse-flesh or offal which the half-starved soldiers could spare from their meals. After many escapes, they at length reached Krasnoi: but during the action which there took place they were frightened at the appearance of a squadron of Cossacks, and fled to conceal themselves in the forest; here they staid for two days without any food, and were at last accidentally found by a Russian soldier, crawling as well as their little remaining strength would permit them along the snow. Their feet were entirely bare, and being seized by the frost, had become useless: their language was not understood; and had they even been skilled in the Russian tongue, their voices, feeble and inarticulate, could have availed them nothing: their appearance, however,

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ever, was sufficient to proclaim their situation, and to ensure them commiseration in this country. The Grand Duke Constantine happened to fall in with them after their discovery by the soldier, and ordered them to be well taken care of, finally giving them a place in this asylum. They were of an intelligent countenance, and were said to possess some talent; and we must hope the singular story of the first part of their lives will be followed by a more happy career in the land that has adopted them.'—pp. 269, 270.

From Mosco Mr. James pursued the line of the French retreat. The field of Borodino would naturally occupy much of his attention. Even at that time it was still strewn with the melancholy tokens of the carnage which had taken place, and he was fortunate enough to find a sad historian of the eventful day, in a wounded Polish officer who was returning from captivity, and had paused to contemplate the spot where he had fought.

Mr. James appears to have passed rapidly through Poland, and we regret that he did so, for little is known of the interior of the country, and we admire the people, though as fully convinced as Buonaparte could be, of their actual unfitness for any thing approaching to political freedom. The cause of independence is so dear to the Poles, that Mr. James is of opinion, that the creation of the Duchy of Warsaw under the Vice-Royalty of Russia will be gratifying to them. He is probably correct in this idea; but we understand that the arrangement is by no means popular at St. Petersburg.

The Russian tariff has been a good deal talked of lately, and our readers will find in Mr. James's book much useful matter on the commerce of Russia, the state of her manufactures, the obstacles which stand in the way of their improvement, the depreciation of her paper money, &c.; and though we touch slightly upon these, as well as on several other satistical points here noticed, they are not the less worthy of attention from the sensible manner in which they are treated.

We cannot close this instructive and entertaining volume without noticing the excellence of the plates.—The subjects of them are in general highly interesting; and those etchings with which Mr. Legge appears to have taken the most pains would by no means disgrace the efforts of the artist whose attention had been more exclusively devoted to this branch of his profession.

ART.

ART. XII. 1. *Letters from Albion to a Friend on the Continent, written in the Years* 1810—1815. 2 vols. 12mo. 1814.

2. *Letters from London. Observations of a Russian during a Residence in England of Ten Months, &c.* Translated from the original Manuscript of Oloff Napea, Ex-officer of Cavalry. 8vo. 1816.

3. *Londres, la Cour et les Provinces d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse et d'Irlande, ou Esprit, Mœurs, Coutumes, Habitudes Privées des Habitans de la Grande Bretagne.* 2 vols. 1816.

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8. *England and the English People.* By Jean-Baptiste Say, Professor of Political Economy, &c. Translated by John Richter. 1816.

9. *Quinze Jours à Londres, à la fin de* 1815. Par M. ****. 1816.

THE first and second of the works upon this list are of home manufactory: they are imitations of Espriella's Letters,—but the writers have not knowledge enough of Germany and Russia to support the characters which they have assumed, and have not always thought it necessary to visit the places which they venture to describe. It is neither safe to travel by the map, nor to write travels by it.—The third in order is an account of English manners, written by a man who never was in England;—some merit, however, is due to him on the score of industry, for having collected anecdotes and jests out of number, and thereby enriched his own language with apothegms from the work of that great English grammarian, Master Dyche, and with good things culled from the Collectanea of Mr. Joseph Miller, of facetious memory. The other works are what they pretend to be—the genuine observations of foreign travellers who have seen more or less of England. From such books a judicious reader may derive a double advantage; by the hasty conclusions which are drawn from misapprehended facts, and the many errors which he cannot fail to detect, he will learn not

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not to rely implicitly upon the unfavourable accounts which his countrymen may publish of other countries; and by seeing things in the light wherein they are seen by strangers, he may sometimes be taught more justly to appreciate his own.

It is to be regretted that the custom of writing travels should have begun so late, and that among the earlier travellers so few should have visited England. Hentzner gives us a bad character in Elizabeth's reign;—he says that the English are good sailors and famous pirates; cunning, deceitful, and thievish,—*sunt boni nautæ et insignes pyratæ, astuti, fallaces et furaces.* The first part of the character, as belonging to the age of Drake and Cavendish, must be taken for better for worse, as in both parts just. The cunning which is imputed to them agrees ill with the opinion of old Philippe de Comines, who * tells us that King Edward and his people went bluntly to work in their treaty, and could not understand the dissimulations which were used in France and elsewhere, being naturally choleric:—'but a man must have patience with them.' Our national character had ripened under the Tudors, and the *astuti* of whom Hentzner speaks were probably the long-headed statesmen of Elizabeth's court. There was some foundation also for the worst part of the character which he gave our ancestors; the religious revolution had not then subsided; it had produced the opposite extremes of profligacy and hypocrisy, and the lower classes, owing to the great change in society which was taking place, were in a frightful state. He says that more than three hundred criminals were annually executed in London; and the population of London must at least have quintupled since that time. Yet that we were not worse than our neighbours, is manifested by the astonishment which the German expresses at seeing how the goldsmiths in London exposed their precious wares; and we had a character also for cleanliness and comfort—*pro regionis more bene et lauté fuimus habiti* is the account which he gives of his treatment at the inns. These were perilous times: more than thirty heads were exposed on London Bridge (1598), and the scaffold at the Tower was permanent. This was the natives' concern: to a foreigner, the most unpleasant circumstance was, that the roads about Dover were dreadfully infested by—ghosts.

* *Le Roy Edouard ni ses gens n'estoient point prattiquez les gens de ce royaume et alloient plus grossement en besogne, pensans ne pas avoir affaire à dissimulations dont on use deçà et delà. Car ils sont naturellement fiers, et aussi sont jamais partis d'Angleterre, sont fort colériques, comme aussi sont toutes les nations de pays froids.* And again: *Sans point de doute, comme j'ai dit ailleurs, les Anglois ne sont pas si subtils en traités et en appointemens, comme sont les Français; et quelque chose que l'on en dise, ils sont assez grossiers en leurs façons, mais il faut user un peu de patience, et ne debattre point de trop près.*

A few

A few years after the Restoration, M. Sorbiere published his Voyage to England. He travelled from Dover to London in the waggon, that he might not take post, or be obliged to make use of the stage coach; why the waggon was preferable to the stage coach he has not stated; possibly it travelled faster. In a subsequent journey he was two days going in the stage from London to Oxford. His lodgings, 'one pair of stairs near Salisbury House,' cost him a crown a week; he lived in good company, and has preserved some interesting anecdotes of Hobbes, and of the Royal Society then recently established. M. Sorbiere does not represent our national character in flattering colours. 'The people,' he says, 'are very lazy, which I can very well affirm without offence, for they do perhaps glory in their sloth, and believe that true living consists in their knowing how to live at ease.' 'They have a natural inclination to laziness, presumption, and a sort of extravagance of thought, which is to be met with in their best writings; but after they have subjected these inclinations,' for which,' he candidly adds, 'I do not blame them, because they proceed from the nature of the climate, they are endued with very excellent qualities.'—'When they have once obtained the necessaries of life, their idleness makes them careless of any more; their pride keeps them back from pushing after superfluities, which others take so much pains to pursue.' They are haughty toward strangers, capricious and melancholy, very suspicious, and full of hollow heartedness. Their insolence, however, need not be regarded, for a 'worthy French gentleman, who travelled in the coach with him to Oxford, and "snubbed a student," informed him, that there were no people in the world so easily frightened into subjection as the English; for as soon as ever you repress their insolence, you do the same by their courage, and all that they have is a sally of pride to cover their faint-heartedness and cowardly dispositions.' They are mutinous subjects, and yet may 'easily be brought to any thing, provided you fill their bellies; let them have freedom of speech, and do not bear too hard upon their lazy temper.' These remarks seem to have excited great indignation in England, and in no person more than in Sprat, who published, in consequence, some observations upon them, which both in bulk and in liberality were nearly upon a par with the work. The few descriptions which Sorbiere had introduced of the scenery and costume of England excite his wonder and contempt; and he sneers at him for speaking 'romantically of the vallies, the hills, and the hedges of Kent;' for Sprat, though the friend of Cowley, was incapable of conceiving that such things could excite pleasure or admiration. The Frenchman had affirmed that 'there was a mixture of all sorts of government in the composition of our state;' 'notwithstanding,' says the courtly churchman,

in Mr. Pinkerton's collection, without any suspicion of its
ticity; but it is manifestly the work of an Englishman, not
bably of Defoe. The 'Londres' of M. Grosley appeared
beginning of the present reign. His English, his credulity,
his mistakes may frequently excite a smile; while on the other
the occasional wisdom of his remarks the felicity of his lang
and the good spirit and good temper which pervade the book
ciliate the reader's good will, even when they do not commo
respect. His English is not a little curious; the light, he te
which our great church windows admit, is *nécessaire sans*
sous un ciel communément embrumé, mais éblouissante dans
glorious dai.' He describes the fashionable amusement of '*le*
lugrin,'—and in the letter of his correspondent, M. Condam
we learn that the boys in London will sometimes call a *French*
son habitch. '*Le tost*,' M. Grosley informs us, 'is that por
the day in England in which, when the cloth is removed *after d*
ner, when the ladies have retired, and when the dining-room
been *suffisamment garnie de pots-de-chambre, chacun, les co*
sur la table, se faisant passer de l'un à l'autre les bouteilles, bo
arrange l'état. When the members in the House of Comm
would direct the attention of the opposite party to what is said
the debate, they exclaim *Ha! ha!* and the orator of the House
called in English *Le Spik*.' Our language seems to consist wholl
of monosyllables; for however long the word may be, the firs
syllable only is strongly pronounced, and the rest of the word, half
eaten, dies between the teeth. By way of illustrating this remark
he tells us, in another place, that the English pronounced the name
of Cromwell as though it were spelt Caramuel. In this point, how-
ever, there were great hopes of us, every person learnt French, our
villainous native tongue would soon be removed—*bientôt le Fran-
çois sera par choix la langue du peuple Anglois*. John Bull
being thus disposed to parley-vous, M. Grosley no doubt hoped
that

that the general introduction of a sprightlier form of speech might counteract the predominant melancholy of the nation—*cette triste affection*, the causes of which he makes the subject of deep and serious inquiry: they were to be found, he thinks, in our fogs; in the humidity of our climate; in our beef, which, being mingled in the stomach with beer, must produce a heavy and viscous chyle, which can only convey bilious and melancholic juices to the brain. Pit-coal is another cause of English melancholy; and our method of observing Sunday after the Judaical manner is a certain specific for making a melancholy people. In proof of this he relates, that a young English officer, with whom he travelled from Ham to Calais, refused to sing a song one Sunday, because it was not the proper day; and in like manner refused to sing a psalm, because it was not the proper place: good proof that the English are a melancholy nation! Very possibly, he thinks, this melancholy making the people habitually indifferent to life may have contributed greatly to their military exploits. So prone are they indeed to suicide, that there is a particular prayer in the Liturgy against it. High balustrades are placed upon all the bridges to prevent it, and the banks of the Thames are, as far as possible, carefully blocked up: yet he himself saw eight and twenty sculls taken up from that part of the river where the new bridge was then building; and as this was a chance sample of the whole river, if eight and twenty were found in that line, the bed of the Thames may be said to be paved with them!

Perhaps this extraordinary assertion may have originated in ignorance of the language, and in that improper licence of speech wherein travellers and story-tellers are apt to indulge, expressing themselves as having seen that of which they have only read.—There are persons who take a mischievous pleasure in giving false information to such travellers as are collecting materials for a 'Tour,' with less judgment than industry. Instances of this may be found in the splendid quartos of living authors; and M. Grosley seems occasionally to have been deceived in this manner. Indeed if we mistake not, it was in a first edition of his work that a charge of scandalous immorality was brought against the Londoners;—whenever he approached the water-side, the writer said, men came running out of the public-houses and crying to him, *Oars! oars!* which word, not being well acquainted with English orthography, he interpreted into the very worst sense which the sound can bear, and concluded that the watermen were persons employed thus coarsely and broadly to invite him into a brothel. The story of the *sculls* is perhaps of the same nature,—a mischievous friend may have told him that he had seen eight-and-twenty *sculls* lying at Blackfriars bridge, and he, taking sculls, like oars

in the wrong acceptation, may have fallen into the unhappy error of making himself the spectator and drawing the prodigious conclusion that the bed of the Thames was lined with human bones. It is beyond all doubt that he was sometimes thus wantonly imposed upon, or, to use a word which seems now to be naturalized, thus *mystified*.—For he tells us that mothers in England made it a part of the education of their children to take them to executions, and flog them when they returned, by way of imprinting the lesson upon their memory! And to exemplify the love of uniformity for which the English are remarkable, he tells us, that a man having lost a leg by an accident, chose to have both cut off, that he might have a pair of wooden legs instead of an odd one. The public papers, he says, recorded this fact with admiration,—and this foolish story is repeated as authentic, in some of the recent publications upon England! We have dwelt only upon the errors of this writer; but with no intention of detracting from him:—with all his credulity and his blunders,—and notwithstanding the presumption of writing an account of a country in which he had only passed two months, Grosley is an amusing and sometimes a sagacious writer; a Frenchman would lay down his book with a kindly feeling toward the English,—and an Englishman may be well pleased with the temper and disposition of the author.

In the year 1782, Moritz, a Prussian clergyman, made a seven weeks' visit to England, and published an account of his adventures there. He came over with a warm heart, an ill-furnished purse, and as large a stock of simplicity as Parson Adams himself. After remaining three weeks in London, he set off for Derbyshire, with a book of the roads and a map, Paradise Lost, no more linen than he could carry in his pocket, and four guineas. Of course he journeyed on foot; innkeepers were not so much accustomed to see pedestrians in those days as they are now; and he sometimes felt the hardship of his lot in being obliged to travel in a manner that exposed him to the scorn of a people whom he wished to respect. The inhospitable and even brutal manner in which he was frequently treated was perhaps in some degree occasioned by suspicion, and it is as much to the credit of his good sense as of his good nature, that he never, in a moment of resentment, casts any imputation upon the national character for the ill usage which he experienced. Being pressed for time on his return, he determined to take the stage for part of the way,—a portion of his travels which is so curious, that it can only be given with due effect in his own words.

'This ride,' says he, 'from Leicester to Northampton, I shall remember as long as I live.

'The coach drove from the yard through a part of the house. The inside passengers got in in the yard; but we on the outside were obliged to

to clamber up in the public street, because we should have had no room for our heads to pass under the gateway.

'My companions on the top of the coach were a farmer, a young man very decently dressed, and a blackamoor.

'The getting up alone was at the risk of one's life; and when I was up, I was obliged to sit just at the corner of the coach, with nothing to hold by but a sort of little handle, fastened on the side. I sat nearest the wheel; and the moment that we set off, I fancied that I saw certain death await me. All I could do was to take still safer hold of the handle, and to be more and more careful to preserve my balance.

'The machine now rolled along with prodigious rapidity over the stones through the town, and every moment we seemed to fly into the air; so that it was almost a miracle that we still stuck to the coach and did not fall. We seemed to be thus on the wing and to fly, as often as we passed through a valley or went down a hill.

'At last the being continually in fear of my life became insupportable, and as we were going up a hill, and consequently proceeding rather slower than usual, I crept from the top of the coach and got snug into the basket.

'"O Sir, Sir, you will be shaken to death!" said the black; but I flattered myself he exaggerated the unpleasantness of my post.

'As long as we went up hill, it was easy and pleasant: and having had little or no sleep the night before, I was almost asleep among the trunks and packages; but how was the case altered when we came to go down hill! then all the trunks and packages began as it were to dance around me, and every thing in the basket seemed to be alive, and I every moment received from them such violent blows that I thought my last hour was come. I now found that what the black had told me was no exaggeration; but all my complaints were useless. I was obliged to suffer this torture nearly an hour, till we came to another hill, when quite shaken to pieces and badly bruised, I again crept to the top of the coach, and took possession of my former seat. "Ah! did I not tell you that you would be shaken to death?" said the black, as I was getting up; but I made him no reply. Indeed I was ashamed, and I now write this as a warning to all strangers who may happen to take it into their heads, without being used to it, to take a place on the outside of an English post-coach,—and still more, a place in the basket!'

Moritz, however, left England in perfect charity, notwithstanding his ill-treatment, and the adventure of the basket. Every thing which he saw seemed to impress him with a sense of the happiness of the English. The country appeared to him beautiful as Paradise, and he observed with astonishment that the roads in the vicinity of London were far more alive than the most frequented streets in Berlin. The footway in London, he says, 'paved with large stones on both sides of the street, appears to a foreigner exceedingly convenient and pleasant; as any one may then walk in perfect safety, in no more danger from the prodigious crowd of carts and coaches, than if one was in one's own room, for no wheel dare

tributital liberty,' warmed his heart.

'Yes, my friend,' he says, 'depend on it, when you see her this happy country the lowest and meanest member of society equivocally testifies the interest which he takes in every thing he nature,—how high and low, rich and poor, concur to their feelings and their conviction that a carter, a common scavenger, is still a man and an Englishman, and as such rights and privileges defined and known as exactly and as well king, or as his king's ministers,—take my word for it, you yourself very differently affected from what you are when staring soldiers in their exercises at Berlin.'

Without any pretensions to wit, sentiment, philosophy, writing, the simple story of this Prussian Parson Adams has its way into popular collections in England, and perhaps few have ever communicated to the reader a more distinct concep of the author's character. A more comprehensive and methodical account of England was published at the same time by one Wendeborn, author of a German grammar,—a book of solid matter heavily corrected, but collected with industry, and arranged for the purpose of conveying accurate and impartial information to his countrymen. Most of the later French travels have been written with a very different feeling; a spirit of envious dislike is more or less apparent in all; to what an extent this spirit may be carried, *the reader* of this Journal will remember by the specimens which were given on a former occasion from the L'Angleterre of M. le Marechal de Camp Pillet, Chevalier de St. Louis, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Grand Liar, and Knight of the Hulks. This indeed is a flagrant instance, and worthy of punishment as an audacious libel upon human nature; but the best accounts of England which the French have yet published are as little favourable to this country as they are little honourable to the national spirit which displays its unabated hostility.

M. Jean Baptiste Say is one of the least unfriendly of these writers, —he even says he should rejoice in the prosperity of England as much as in that of France, and for this valid reason, which it is

to be wished all statesmen of every country would bear in mind, that 'the prosperity of one country so far from being incompatible with that of another, as the generality of men imagine, is, on the contrary, favourable to it.' Yet it would be difficult to believe that M. Say's opinions have not been coloured by his wishes when he affirms that our taste for the arts has been by little and little corrupted, in consequence of our long exclusion from the classical ground of Europe; that for this reason our vases, candelabra, and furniture have neither neatness, lightness, nor elegance; we have fallen back into a Gothic and unmeaning taste of heavy and complicated ornaments; and in the patterns of stuffs and choice of colours we are now behind the rest of Europe. At home, he says, the government possesses the means of making the English pay for things more than their value, 'but it does not, thank God, possess the same power over the French, the Germans, or the Brazilians.' This same ejaculation of thanksgiving is no doubt to be understood when he assures us that our manufactures obtain little success in the great markets of Europe;—that if corn does not rise in price the agriculturists and the landholders must be ruined, and if it does, that in that case commerce and manufactures will be destroyed; in short that we are reduced to this alternative,—to borrow for our annual expenditure,—which is impossible, because it is already difficult to pay the interest of the existing debt,—or under some shape or other to cease to pay the interest, and 'thus create a bankruptcy more or less disguised.' In this opinion M. Say is supported by the Morning Chronicle, a journal which for becoming national feeling, and felicitous political predictions, may vie with the Northern prophets; but M. Say is neither so senseless nor so dishonest as to dissemble that this would be an act of political suicide, which would bring the whole system to the ground. There might, however, he adds, be a third alternative,—'to lessen the expense by ceasing to embroil and agitate Europe, Asia, and America: but this is not likely to be adopted.' The French have repeated against us this charge of embroiling the world till they really seem to believe it! But we must not wonder at hearing it from them, when there are men in our own country wicked enough and traiterous enough to repeat month after month, and week after week, and day after day, the same impudent and detestable falsehood!

The anonymous author who has laid Dyche's Spelling-book under contribution, and compiled so largely from Joe Miller, does not venture upon prophecy, and deals but little in political matter, —that little however is rich in its kind. 'O Frenchmen, O my dear compatriots,' he repeats after some Frenchman as sage as himself, 'once for all, beware of those who are incessantly citing

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England to you as a model! Your laws and your government are far superior to the laws and administration of Britain!' In England, he tells us, every thing is decided by money; it is money that makes our judges, our magistrates, our members of parliament, generals, admirals, and ministers! Every thing in England is venal: our county members are the slaves of the minister's will and the instruments of his passions. Generally speaking, we are an ignorant people; in the provincial towns the people hate learning, and yawn at the sound of Latin. And as for our national courage, it is a great mistake to suppose that the English are a brave people—that which is mistaken for courage in them, is a certain strength of character which perhaps is not found in the French, but which is only a disease of the mind, occasioned by excess in beef, and by the high duties upon wine, and leading to suicide. Suicide and consumption, as we learn from this judicious writer, were not known in England before the battle of Agincourt; but Henry V. thought proper after that battle to enact, that no Englishman should drink wine without mixing it with water; why this enactment should have been made, or in what archives the writer has discovered it, he has not thought fit to impart;—but so it was, and from that time the English character became *triste*, taciturn, melancholic; consumption became the national disease, and suicide the national form of madness. The philanthropic author has kindly pointed out the means of delivering ourselves from these rooted evils;—it is but to plant vines in our colonies, and import their produce in great quantities,—to allow of balls and spectacles on Sundays,—and to have organs and good musicians in the churches;—'*Alors l'atmosphère changerait dans dix à quinze années; la fureur du suicide serait arrêté; le peuple deviendrait gai, sociable et heureux.*' Excellent as this is, it is not entirely original; the writer seems to have pursued a happy discovery of M. Grosley: (upon whom, indeed, he has drawn largely for materials:)—that earlier observer suggests that nothing would be so beneficial to the interests of England, physical, moral, spiritual, and political, as the free use of wine; it would make the English, he affirms, more active and less speculative—more addicted to gaiety, and less to reasoning—fonder of life, less atrabilious, less occupied with politics, and therefore better subjects—less theological, and therefore more religious. The political interests of England, and the financial interests of France, are alike concerned, as he shews us, in reducing the duties upon wine,—*il seroit, en effet, très-singulier que la chaleur des esprits et des révolutions en Angleterre y eût une progression graduée, en raison de l'augmentation des droits d'excise sur le vin.* Consumption, jaundice, suicide, heresy, and sedition, all to be prevented by lowering the duties upon wine! Look to it, Mr. Vansittart!

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sittant! and ask yourself if, as a man and a minister, you can conscientiously suffer the continuance of these evils when the remedy is so easy.

Concerning the courage of the English, derived as it is from beef, and still more from mutton, the world has been greatly mistaken; though the truth upon this point was long ago seen by Sorbiere. In Louis XIVth's time, says the anonymous compiler, the French sailors used to say—if they are Dutch, we shall fight them; if they are English, we shall beat them:—*s'ils sont Hollandais nous nous battrons; s'ils sont Anglais, nous les battrons. Cela était passé en proverbe.* A stranger, we are told, lands at London; in that city *parfaitement libre* he meets the press-gang ten times in an hour pursuing the passengers to make sailors and soldiers by blows with a bludgeon. The next day he goes to Portsmouth, goes on board a ship, and finds half these involuntary heroes in chains below deck. On the day after, he arrives at Brest;—the sailors who are hastening thither without constraint and without guards, are disputing with each other the honour of embarking first. The enchanted traveller goes from vessel to vessel; he sees every where, in animated colours, the stamp of courage and of liberty. So far so good: but why does this enchanted traveller proceed no farther? Why does he not tell us how the gay volunteers on the one side, and the melancholy pressed sailors on the other, behaved when they were in battle, and in what plight they entered Portsmouth together after the victory? The name of the British Channel sounds ill in the ears of the Duc de Levis, and he asks, Who shall ensure proud Albion, that an enemy's besom shall not again be displayed in the Thames? So much for our navy. As for our army, the reader may be assured, upon the competent authority of a French peer, that though the English troops yield to none in courage, they are inferior to almost all in evolutions and military spirit; and that the age of our Edwards and Henries is past. Doubtless it is: but in the way of military character, the age of Wellington has placed us upon as good a footing with our neighbours. But it seems we have less reason to plume ourselves upon our Edwards and Henries than has generally been supposed;—a new salve has been discovered for the old sores of Cressy, and Poictiers, and Agincourt. We ought to speak with less pride of these victories; because the principal force of our armies, if we believe the Duc de Levis, consisted in soldiers drawn from the French provinces.—Poor England!—There are Portugueze, who tell us that they won for us all our battles in Spain; and in due time we shall probably be informed that it was the Belgians who won the day at Waterloo!

Much should be forgiven to national feeling; and it is as much the

the virtue of the French to love their own country, and feel a lively sense of her triumphs or reverses, as it is the vice of our oppositionists and *Ultra-Whigs* to take part on every occasion against England. When the Duc de Liancour, travelling as an emigrant in Canada, and being received there not merely with hospitality, but with the respect due to his rank, and character, and misfortunes, gives vent to a strain of bitter and even hostile reflections against the country by which Canada was conquered from France, his English readers respected the principle on which those feelings arose, whatever they may have thought of the prudence or propriety of thus manifesting them. The Duc de Levis also touches upon Canada, and tells us that it adds little to the glory of our arms, and proves this by a notable piece of secret history, which, it must be admitted, comes upon high authority. In the battle wherein Wolfe fell, the command of the French, after Montcalm's death, devolved upon the Chevalier, afterwards Maréchal de Levis, father of the present writer, and he—beat the English;—yes, reader, beat them in a pitched battle;—*but*—oh, most unfortunate conjunction disjunctive!—*but*, in the very midst of his success, a total want of ammunition compelled him to yield to those whom he actually had defeated!* The son of the commander who so unluckily lost the battle which he won may naturally be excused for believing that this was the case, and that the glory of that bloody day belongs to France not England—to the Chevalier de Levis, and not to Wolfe. He, like the Duc de Liancour, observes with cordial hope that the Canadians have preserved their religion, their manners, and their language, and that they are still French in heart; and he points out, among the other advantages which France would derive from the possession of her former colony, the ascendancy which it would give her over the councils of the United States.

The Duc de Levis cannot begin his 'History of London' without comparing it to Carthage. Carthage, he says, was a golden Colossus with feet of clay, which the sword of the Romans overthrew, *et Londres est peut-être chancelante sur ses monceaux de guinées.* And supposing that France would be permitted to keep that extent of coast to the North and South which Buonaparte had annexed to the French empire, this union, he says, will perhaps suffice to re-establish the equilibrium of the seas. The spirit which such opinions, or rather such wishes, indicate, is more broadly ex-

* 'Lorsqu'après des succès balancés, le Chevalier (depuis le Maréchal de Levis) succédant au brave mais trop ardent Montcalm, eut pris le commandement en chef des troupes, il battit les Anglais dans une bataille rangée, et ce fut le milieu de ses succès que le découragement total de munitions de guerre toujours interceptées, le força de se rendre aux vaincus.' Tom. i. Chap. 15. p. 508, London Edition.

pressed

pressed in a comparative essay between Richelieu and Pitt, by M. le Chevalier Gilibert de Mezlhiac. A peroration to the praise and glory of the Duc de Richelieu explains the author's motives for chusing such a subject; but it would augur ill for France, if the favour of a French minister were to be obtained by the publication of such absurd falsehoods, and the avowal of such bitter and rooted enmity towards England. It is declared in this book, that the world will one day be too narrow to contain France and England at once; and that one of the two must fall. Richelieu, it seems, foresaw this, and the whole of Mr. Pitt's policy proceeded upon a conviction of this truth! The author says that the name of Pitt excites more admiration in France than in England, and that the circumstances of the times are somewhat *delicate* for the avowal of such opinions, and he professes *la plus grande estime* for the British ministry, and in particular for the British nation, whose generous conduct in these latter times, he says, has delivered France from the most hateful yoke: but these considerations need not deter him from writing impartially concerning Mr. Pitt. So he assures us that Lord Chatham, perceiving that the ruin of England sooner or later must inevitably be accomplished by France, sought to prevent it by ruining France; and instilled into his son William, as Hamilcar had done into Hannibal, an implacable hatred against the French. In pursuance of his father's plans, Pitt conceived the hope of blotting out France from the map of nations, and making this destruction her own work, by internal commotions which would tend to a general subversion of all principles and all social order, and then leave to England the commerce of the whole world. Such a plan could only be carried on 'by the dark tortuosities of a consummate Machiavelism;' and having vowed in his heart an exterminating war to accomplish this end, he became—the author and fomenter of jacobinical principles in France! No money, no artifices, no crimes were spared;—the demagogues were encouraged and paid by him,—the Duke of Orleans was his creature,—the revolutionary leaders his agents,—the Revolution his work. M. Mezlhiac does not go quite so far as the egregious General Sarrazin, who writes his last incomparable history upon the hypothesis that Buonaparte also was the agent of England, and that the battle of Waterloo was fought upon a plan concerted between him and the British cabinet, and lost upon his part according to agreement, by combinations of greater skill and greater exertions than he had ever displayed in gaining a victory; so much more difficult was it to be defeated with such soldiers, than to conquer with them—to play the losing, than the winning game! M. Mezlhiac is somewhat more modest in his theory; yet so little is he acquainted with the public and notorious transactions of the age

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age concerning which he writes, that he praises the Prince Regent for having, at the commencement of his government, declared that he would never treat with France till the odious tyranny of Buonaparte were overthrown. The Prince Regent and his ministers deserve every praise for their conduct towards France—except this.

Pitt's plans against France succeeded, because so many accidental circumstances favoured it. Such were the writings of the infidel philosophers who laboured so successfully to poison the morals of the French people; but as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Helvetius, &c. &c. could not very conveniently be agents of Pitt, most of these persons having died while he was a child,—they were accidental co-operators: such was the decayed state of the French finances, the Chancellor of the English exchequer could have no controul over them,—but they were in such a state as *accidentally* to facilitate his projects: such was that *Anglomania*, 'pas pour faut l'appeller par son nom,' that caprice, that ridiculous madness which turned all the heads of France—a people who till then had served as a model for the rest of Europe, by the delicacy of their taste and the elegance of their manners, hastening to abandon their flattering empire, by denaturalizing their character in imitating Albion, and the rude and almost barbarous manners of their neighbours. In a word, 'Athens (to wit, Paris!) disdained the grace and politeness of Pericles and of Aristophanes to intoxicate itself with the Thracians, and to imitate the savage life of Sparta.' This also proves *accidentally* favourable to the atrocious plans of Mr. Pitt, which were assisted still more by the *accidental* consequences of the American war. Louis le Martyr, we are told, professed a declared and calm hatred of the English, and carefully pursued the great object of annihilating the British power; he found resources enough in the national energies to strike the terrible blow of 1778, and by a glorious, but fatal vengeance, deprived us of America; but the destructive principles which were scattered abroad by this war took root in France, and thus also *accidentally* contributed to the success of Mr. Pitt! The feeling of national hatred must have been fostered till it acquired the strength of personal passion before a writer of common sense would utter absurdities like these. In reality, M. Mezlhiac hates England as heartily as General Pillet. Our Parliament, he tells us, is a ridiculous Colossus, raising its head in a civilized æra, while its feet rest in the mud of barbarous ages: our Government is a paper government; our liberty consists in the vain privilege of saying and writing what we please, whether right or wrong, under an actual and unlimited despotism; and for our commercial prosperity and maritime power, the voice of ages raises itself to teach kings and people that of all scourges which men dread the most, that which inspires them with the greatest horror—

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horror—that which at all times they have combated with the greatest rancour, is—a commercial and maritime monopoly. As often as a people has sought to arrogate to itself this odious right, the cry of death and of vengeance has resounded among all its neighbours! the hatred of all nations has overwhelmed it,—its fictitious prosperity has vanished like a shadow. The formidable ramparts, the numerous fleets which protected the seat of its power, have been thunder-stricken and annihilated under the avenging blows of an hundred irritated nations. Opulent Tyre has not even left its traces upon the shores of Syria; scarcely can any ruins of the flourishing Carthage be found under the sand of the desert; and the sword of man seems to have engraved upon these deplorable ruins, that the Eternal created the ocean to be the common property of mankind. 'The system of England is so much beyond its natural and intrinsic strength, that it bears within it the germ of death, and its factitious resources for its self-preservation must vanish before the first well-directed attacks of French energy.' It might have been thought that the gratuitous restitution of so many and such important colonial conquests might have convinced France of the moderation of England, and silenced for ever the senseless cry concerning maritime and commercial monopoly;—it might also have been thought, that if any Frenchman dared even to *dream* of the conquest of England, the recollection of Waterloo would have awakened him.

It is indeed manifest that in the French writers of the present day, the feeling which generally prevails concerning England is not less hostile than that which was proclaimed from the tribunes of Robespierre and *bureaux* of Buonaparte. Waving, however, for the present, the reflections which would naturally occur, some estimate may be formed of the power and judgment which these writers possess, by observing the general accuracy of their knowledge respecting the country whose secret policy they affect to understand, and whose downfal they are so willing to prognosticate. It may amuse the English reader to be informed that physicians wear long swords, and are always dressed in black; that our gentlemen who walk the streets on account of the accommodation which our pavement affords, wear boots and spurs in the winter; that sugared meat appears regularly at our tables; that the Lord Mayor has whole turtles served up in their shells; that on Christmas-day every person has at his table a *potage détestable*, composed of dry raisins and boiled prunes; that in 'the Bacchanalian exercise of toasting,' the lover gives his mistress, the merchant his correspondent, the clergyman his bishop, the bishop his primate, and the primate the Protestant cause,—*et l'on s'enivre ainsi de la façon du monde la plus polie*; that when you dine at an Englishman's

lishman's house, you know his politics by his dinner:—a ministerial man gives you French rolls; at a patriot's you get only stale bread: the ministerialist gives soup in his first course, and made-dishes; at an oppositionist's table you have an enormous piece of boiled beef, flanked with carrots boiled in water, and with cabbages seasoned with the same sauce!—a huge hare, with gooseberry sauce, is an excellent patriotic dish: ministerial men drink French wines; an oppositionist and a friend of liberty would be disgraced were he not to prefer Port to Claret or Burgundy; and a good republican ought to get drunk with nothing but what is of home manufactory. The Presbyterians and malcontents dine always upon calve's head on the 30th of January, at the sign of the John the Baptist. Every body knows the fondness of the English for pugilistic exercises: *ces sortes de combats s'appellent* boxes; women, as well as men, crowd to see the *box*. The author of the Quinze Jours witnessed one of these exhibitions, at which many well-dressed women were present. It is, however, due to this author, to say that he sets down nothing in malice, and has no other object in his inventions, (for such many of his adventures are,) than to excite a laugh. The *box* is an indispensable part of education—fathers and mothers make their children fight in their presence; the *professors* do the same at schools and at the English colleges; and the boxers begin by butting like rams. Highway robbery is so common, that a purse is regularly prepared for the highwayman; about twelve guineas is the common sum; it is a sort of duty which custom has established in favour of the robbers. The highwaymen, however, are well bred and gallant; and a handsome woman is usually franked for a salute. Chaises full of police-officers set out almost every evening from London on a cruize, and the robbers, if taken, are hung upon the spot where the crimes were committed, fastened to the gallows, and left to figure there in their perukes and full dress; for, gentle reader, every person who is hanged in England must be well shaved and dressed for the operation: he must have a peruke *bien-frisée*, a pair of white gloves, and a nosegay in his hand! They usually go drunk with spirits to the gallows! but every criminal has the right of presenting a petition in person to the king!

What the *crebs* are, at which Englishmen ruin themselves and their families by enormous bets, we cannot guess. The *amateurs outrés* of horse-racing, or ultra-men of the turf, are called blackleggs, from the colour of their boots, which they never take off; and the Bond-street loungers derive their appellation from that light repast in the middle of the day which they take in the *eating shops*, and which is called *lounge*. The patriots in England are called *les anciens Wigths*, or, according to another authority, *les Wighs*.

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This, however, is less curious than the accuracy of the French journalist, who quoted the Independent Whig by the title of *La Perruque Indépendante*. *L'île de Wiggh* (from whence, perhaps, the patriots take the name) is the Cythera of the English, and the place of resort for stolen marriages. But the reader will by this time be disposed to cry *Ohe jam satis!* and we may say with the poet,

'So of enough, enough;—and now no more.'

The 'Journal' of the French traveller has no blunders of this kind, no illiberality, no hostile feeling, and few prejudices of any kind. The writer indeed, being born in France, having resided twenty years in America, and married an Englishwoman, was so connected with the three countries as to have the strongest moral reasons for wishing the prosperity of all. He spent two years in England without any other object than that of seeing the country: and few travellers have seen so much of it. His book has appeared under some disadvantages in England; it was ushered into the world with a pert, puffing advertisement, and is disfigured with paltry prints containing some of the very worst representations of noted places that we ever remember to have seen. There is also a self-sufficiency in the writer detracting something from the respect to which his general good sense largely entitles him; he has no relish for Handel, none for Raffael or Niccolo Poussin, none for Milton; and he speaks contemptuously of the greatest musician, the greatest painter, and the greatest poet, without suspecting any deficiency in his own ears and eyes and intellectual faculties. But in the main, the book bears marks of an observant, candid, and intelligent mind; to other countries it will impart much information respecting the real state of England; in this it must necessarily be read with less interest than elsewhere; but it is one of those works which derives value from time,—that which conveys no knowledge, and imparts little amusement to the present generation, may communicate both when this age shall have past away, and its momentous annals become a tale of the times that are gone.

Coming from New York, and accustomed during so many years to American society, M. Simond compares what he saw in England rather with America than with his native country. He praises the comfort and cleanliness of his lodgings at Falmouth, one of the last places where an Englishman would find either; but such accommodations, he says, would cost more in the smallest town in America, or in fact could not be had. He finds the servants not only more obliging and industrious than those in the New World, but as looking better pleased and happier than persons of the same station in the land of political equality; where indeed the ostentation of what is as substantially enjoyed in England serves only to excite vulgar

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rags stuck in as in America, where people build but do not repair.' These marks of squalid poverty are to be found among us, but they are not frequent enough to meet the eye of a traveller. He thought there were far fewer children to be seen about the houses; —the old world is not less prolific than the new, and the children were probably at school or at work. Our rivers suffer by comparison with the Delaware, and the Hudson, and the St. Lawrence. He repeats the story of a lady, who, asking an Englishman if they had in England any rivers like the Seine, interrupted herself, and added laughingly, 'How can I be so silly? it is an island; there are no rivers!' And M. Simond adds, 'I really think the lady was not so very much in the wrong.' He seems to think that the beauty of a river must be in proportion to its magnitude, and so determined is he to see nothing beautiful in the rivers of an island, that when speaking of the prospect from Richmond Hill, he says the prospect would not be materially injured if the Thames were dried up, 'and its muddy bed filled and sanded over.' It is no wonder that he has so little knowledge of pictures and of poetry! that he should call the song of the nightingale 'a lively, pleasing, vulgar sort of melody,' and say that Hamlet is 'one of the most ill-conceived and inexplicable of Shakspeare's plays.' Such opinions in all matters of taste might be expected in the man who can see no beauty in the Thames at Richmond. *Non omnes omnia possumus*; and it is well for us that we cannot; for if all men possessed the same powers, coveted the same objects, and pressed forward after the same pursuits, there would be more bickering and jostling than there is in a world wherein, Heaven knows! there is already but too much. The painter has no need of the musician's ear; the musician stands as little in want of the painter's eye: the analyzing and anatomizing spirit which the physical sciences demand would stifle the imagination and deaden the feelings of a poet; while the man of business and the man of the world require only such talents as are the world's current coin, and bear the impress of the age. In some rare instances, indeed, the germs of every intellectual faculty seem to have been given in such proportions, that the gifted possessor might have attained to pre-eminence in any line which he chose; but life is not long enough to cultivate them all, and perhaps the mind, in this its limited sphere, has not scope for their developement. If the ruling faculty does not, like Aaron's rod, swallow up the rest (which it seems to do where great powers

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Laying aside his volumes for the present, we must notice those of Mr. Silliman, who visited Europe with the pleasant and honourable commission to purchase philosophical and chemical apparatus, and books for Yale College in Connecticut. Coming in this character, the American traveller brought with him such feelings as became a man of letters and a member of that commonwealth in which all distinctions of country should be forgotten, or remembered only when principles and paramount interests are at stake. His Journal represents England to the Americans as it is, and exhibits to the English a fair specimen of the real American character. For there are two distinct classes of people in America; the descendants of those old settlers who carried with them habits of strict morality and austere religion; and the modern swarm of emigrants, renegadoes and refugees, who are neither incommoded with one nor the other. The former have outgrown the intolerance and bigotry of their ancestors, but retained their virtues, and embellished them by humaner manners; they have been born under the form of government for which their fathers sighed in secret, and are republicans as much by principle and duty, as by prejudice and inheritance. Of such persons the federal party is chiefly composed. 'It has on its side,' to use the words of the Gallo-American traveller, 'a decided majority of the talents, the wealth, and the *gentility* of the country; from all appearance, I might say, of the morality also' —he adds, 'if I was not aware that much may be placed to the account of principles which are the effect of situation.' Most of the men who from principle bore arms against England during the revolution are now of this, which is the English party, to which Washington himself adhered during the last years of his life. But this party is as inferior in numbers as it is superior in every moral and intellectual qualification to the democrats, as they style themselves. Many of these are descended from persons who left England, not on account of their virtues, nor for their good deserts; a large proportion are emigrants of the present generation; of this class undoubtedly there are many who left their native country in the hope of bettering their condition by honest and honourable industry;

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or religious, but for the sake of escaping their creditors and the laws of their country, adventurers of the worst description, men of no fortunes, or of broken ones, with principles as loose as their allegiance, inflamed hearts and blasted characters,—the disgrace of the country which they have left, and the pest and scandal of that which has received them. It is certain that far the greater number of those newspapers which laboured so assiduously to create a war between England and the United States, and which during that war endeavoured not less assiduously to exasperate it by every imaginable means of insult and audacious falsehood, were edited, not by Americans, but emigrants, Scotch, Irish, and English.

Mr. Silliman is a good representative of the best American character. He is republican enough, while he admires the cheerfulness and willingness of the servants in England, to consider the surly manners of the same class in America, and '*the sullen salvo for personal dignity*' with which they render their services, as proceeding from a cause which a patriot would not wish to remove,—the multiplied resources and superior condition of the lower orders in America. No person will dispute the position that lesser evils are to be disregarded when they necessarily arise from a greater good; that position, however, is not applicable here. The inconvenience, in itself not inconsiderable, and of which all Americans complain, arises from the absurd manner in which principles of political equality have been promulgated; and instead of being, as Mr. Silliman persuades himself, indicative of a happier state of things than exists in England, it is symptomatic of a most perilous disease in the body politic. Universal suffrage has literally made the people the sovereign in America; and the Gallo-American traveller has most ably pointed out the dangers which for that reason are in full view. Governors must obey the sovereign people or be dismissed,—but the sovereign people are the multitude, and the multitude are the poor; they envy the rich, and in America there is nothing to soften the inequality,—no ties of hereditary respect,—no gradation of ranks,—scarcely any distinction but the broad and perilous one between the poor and the rich. The measures of government in America must therefore be unfavourable to the rich, and consequently to commerce, which is in that country the only road to riches.

'A little more poverty in the multitude,' says this judicious writer, 'and property will fall an easy prey by such means as an income tax assessed

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assessed arbitrarily by commissioners in support of any popular measures,—by the establishment of a national paper money,—by a *maximum*, perhaps. The insecurity of property will then operate, as it has done everywhere, in Turkey, in Persia, for instance, and in a less degree in those parts of Europe where the government could raise arbitrary taxes on industry, and where the administration of justice was dependent. The insecurity of property is invariably followed by relaxation of industry and improvements, ignorance and rudeness, and finally the establishment of a simple arbitrary government. It is no new observation, that every revolution contains the seeds of another most opposite in its nature, and scatters them behind it. We have yet to see what is to spring up in America from a purely popular revolution.'

Mr. Silliman is disgusted with our Vauxhall, and with the open and scandalous immoralities by which the London theatres are disgraced; the principles which call forth this condemnation may be derived from the old Puritans, but they are well founded; and well regulated minds must acknowledge that the censure is but too well deserved. The prejudices of a white man who has been accustomed to the sight of slavery exist in him still so strongly, that he is disgusted at the catastrophe of Inkle and Yarico in the play,* and wishes it were possible 'to extricate Mr. Inkle,' as he calls him, 'from so unpleasant an embarrassment as that of acknowledging a sable female for his wife,' which, he says, in a great measure destroys the moral effect of the story. This is language which we should not have expected from a moral and religious man; but it shews how impossible it is to breathe without injury an atmosphere contaminated with slavery. Our young gentry appeared to him 'probably the handsomest men on earth;' this he ascribes in great measure to their habits of activity, which keep them in florid health, and to the 'correctness' of their dress. There is less finery, he says, than in America, and very few fops; 'the footmen are almost the only coxcombs seen in London.'—Mr. Silliman, it is to be feared, did not happen to pass through Bond-street or St. James's at the fashionable hours. In the country he is struck with the striking similarity of our domestic manners to those of New England, and expresses his surprize 'that a lapse of almost two centuries, and a state of things in many important particulars so widely different, should not have produced a greater deviation in the new country from the original manners and habits of the parent island.' This we rejoice to hear: for assuredly no manners were ever more favourable to the development of our moral and intellectual nature, nor more conducive to private happiness and public weal, than the domestic manners of England. Wherever

* The afterpiece that night happened to be Tom Thumb, and Mr. Silliman gravely criticises it as if it were a serious composition.

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these seeds are sown they will bring forth the same fruits; and the best wish that can be formed for mankind is, that they may be disseminated as widely as possible. Profligate demagogues, the renegadoes of one country and the pests of both, may assist an infatuated faction to excite and foster in the Americans a hatred towards England; but it is an unnatural hatred,—a monstrous enmity,—for no circumstance can possibly destroy the bonds of affinity between the two nations; they have lisped the same mother-tongue, they have been fed at the same breasts of religion,—they derive their knowledge from the same reservoirs and fountain springs;—they communicate in the same bread of life. The American is indebted to England for every thing which has humanized, every thing which may adorn, every thing which can ennoble his character: and that the old Americans, the genuine people of the country feel this, is evinced by the volumes before us. England is to them what Italy and Greece are to the classical scholar, what Rome is to the Catholic, and Jerusalem to the Christian world. Almost every hamlet, says Mr. Silliman, has been the scene of some memorable action, or the birth place of some distinguished person. It is interesting to observe this feeling, and trace its manifestation in a writer who makes no ostentation of his feelings, and who never distigures his plain and faithful journal by any affectation of eloquence or of sentiment. He visited Thomson's grave at Richmond, the house in which he had resided, and the summer-house in the garden where he composed many of his poems. He wished also to visit Pope's villa, and his grotto, and his willow, which had not then been cut down; but 'positive orders' had been given that no person should see the house, and 'we were obliged,' he says, 'to content ourselves with merely an external view of a building which was once honoured by the presence of the illustrious bard.—I make no reflexions on Sir John Briscoe, the present possessor: he may have the best reasons for this seemingly illiberal conduct.' At Hampton Court he was imprest with a thought 'partaking at once of moral grandeur and of grateful melancholy, that he was actually *in a palace*, and that kings, queens, and illustrious men had trod the boards that were then beneath his feet.' He describes to his countrymen the colour, the flight, and the song of the skylark, 'so much celebrated by the poets,'—and the Tower guns, 'of which they read so often in the newspapers,' and which in latter years have so often excited the proudest feelings of patriotism and joy in every true Englishman within hearing of their triumphant sound. An American who remembers that he is English by descent, language, and religion,—that is to say, by every tie of moral and intellectual relationship, may be envied for his sensations in England. Greece and Italy, however interesting the recollections which they awaken, and

and however sublime the thoughts and feelings which they may call forth—give also a melancholy sense of earthly instability, and force upon us a humiliating contrast between elder and later times. But England, in the full glory of arts and arms, in the plenitude of her strength and the exuberance of her wealth, in her free government and pure faith, just laws and uncorrupted manners, public prosperity and private happiness; England, in each and all of these respects, presents an object not to be paralleled in past ages or in other countries,—an object which fills with astonishment the understanding mind, and which the philosopher and the Christian may contemplate not only with complacency but with exultation, with the deepest gratitude to the Almighty Giver of all good, and the most animating hopes for the further prospects and progress of mankind.

On his first entrance into London, the 'City of Cities,' as he justly calls it, the American traveller, who had been long anticipating the emotions which he should then experience, was not a little disappointed at finding himself perfectly unmoved; but he soon discovered the comfort of its accommodations, so different from those which an American city affords to a stranger, and found all the gratification which he had expected in beholding the seat of the great empire and its objects of ancient or modern interest: unlike in this to the Gallo-American writer, who, when he speaks of an old city, says that it is 'consequently' ugly; but that writer is as uniformly unfortunate in all observations connected with taste, as he is judicious in his general remarks. The contrast between these writers in taste and in feeling is curiously shewn by their remarks upon Oxford. M. Simond says, 'it looked old, dusty, and worm-eaten, the streets silent and deserted.' 'No place,' says Mr. Silliman, 'ever impressed me with such feelings of admiration and awe, and I presume it is without a parallel in the world. Instead of the narrow and dirty lanes of trading towns, and the confused noise of commerce, there are spacious and quiet streets, with fine houses of stone. The whole town has an unrivalled air of magnificence and dignity.' M. Simond accredits the refuted calumnies of what he is pleased to call 'a certain illustrious literary association,' and says that when Oxford ceased to teach exploded doctrines, it taught nothing at all in their stead. Mr. Silliman, on the contrary, inquires farther, and is better satisfied, and affirms that the English universities have been greatly misrepresented in America. They cannot, he says, be fairly compared with the more circumscribed institutions in his own country:—if the parallel were to be made, it should be with some individual college, then the American institutions would have less reason to shrink from the comparison,—'comparatively his own colleges are more respectable than he had

Mr. Silliman acknowledges that the literary men of England write their language with more purity than most literary men in America, and that in England gross blunders at the bar and in Parliament are not so common as in the American Congress and courts of law: but he insists (and in italics) that *the English language is more correctly spoken at this time by the mass of the American, than by the mass of the English nation.* This assertion is founded upon a common and easy mistake as to the nature of provincial dialects, and upon a curious fact in the history of language. There are no provincial dialects in America; emigrants from all parts of Great Britain have met there, and intermixed with each other, and with natives of the country; the peculiarities of dialect have necessarily been melted down into the general speech, which is common English; and this is the language, therefore, which all children learn as their mother-tongue. The low-bred Londoner does not transmit his vulgar shibboleth, and the child of the Northumbrian is free from the *burr* which sticks in the throat of his father. Dialects can only be preserved by collective bodies speaking the language which they acquired in their youth; they cannot therefore continue in promiscuous colonies. But there is a wide difference between provincial and vulgar dialects; the former is only a different and antiquated form of our genuine speech, and as such it is recognized, whenever men of genius have thought proper to write in it. Without referring to earlier or inferior writers, it is sufficient to mention Burns,—a poet of such exquisite felicity, that his writings are relished by persons who are obliged to study them as a foreign language. And in the 'Antiquary,' and the other novels from the same masterly hand, the mixture of northern dialects, which considerably impedes the pleasure of a south country reader, must, in a far greater degree, enhance the delight with which these spirited tales are perused by persons who are familiar in what we may be allowed to call our Doric dialect. Vulgarisms, on the contrary, are always offensive, and must exist wherever ignorance and vulgarity are found: from these, which are the real corruption of language, it is not possible that America should be more free than England. There are other corruptions which arise from fashion, affectation, and the various causes which are always operating to vitiate the style of the day and debase literature: these also will be found in both countries, and plentifully in both;—the crop of weeds is one which never fails.

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fails. With regard to Americanisms, as they are called, it would be unphilosophical in the extreme to condemn them by wholesale, as contraband. No author ever shackled himself by more absurd restrictions (not even the Lipogrammatists, or those who built altars and hatched eggs in verse) than Mr. Fox, when he resolved to use no other words in his history than were to be found in Dryden. The vocabulary of a living language never can be limited; new words will frequently be set afloat, and if they are struck in the mint of analogy—if the standard be lawful, and the die good, they must become current coin. Such words, whether we receive them from America, or America from us, enrich the language, of which we are joint heirs, and which is the common wealth of both.

It is observed by Mr. Silliman, that the opinions of the English concerning his country are in violent extremes, America being with some another name for barbarism and anarchy, and with others for overflowing liberty, plenty, and happiness. There are individuals, he says, 'whose admiration of America knows no bounds—whose language concerning us is always that of extravagant encomium, and who heap odium upon their own country in proportion as they exaggerate the advantages of ours.' In the course of his travels, he fell in with Winterbotham, the dissenting minister, who being imprisoned in the early part of the French Revolution, for uttering sedition in a sermon, occupied the time of his confinement in the compilation of a history, or more properly an account, of America. Winterbotham's was a hard case: he himself always denied having used the expressions for which he was found guilty, and it was the firm belief of his friends and of his congregation, that he had been convicted upon false evidence: it is the more honourable to him, that being thus an aggrieved man, he should afterwards have condemned himself for entering into the views of the political reformers. 'I heard him say,' says Mr. Silliman, 'that he considered the views of his old coadjutors as hostile to religion and the best interests of mankind;' and in proof of this, he related a number of anecdotes concerning the communications made to him by his associates in Newgate, who had fallen into like condemnation. 'One of them told him that his views and those of his friends were not confined to the reformation of the government, and that when affairs should come into their hands, not a public teacher of religion should be suffered to exist.' Winterbotham, who had not contemplated such extremities, resolutely replied, 'Sir, I am a preacher; and the moment I get free from prison, I shall preach again. Then, Sir, replied his companion, I will be the first to plunge a dagger into your bosom.' This fact alone ought to prove what indeed no reflecting person can doubt, that if the fabric of government in this country was overthrown, the English Revolu-

tion would have its Robespierres and its Heberts; its proscriptions and persecutions; a course as bloody as that which we have witnessed in France; and in all probability, a far more deplorable termination.

We will quote one more anecdote from Mr. Silliman, and in his own words. It is related upon the authority of a gentleman old enough to have known the fact, and respectable enough to be entitled to full belief.

'It seems that Hume received a religious education from his mother, and early in life was the subject of strong and hopeful religious impressions; but as he approached manhood they were effaced, and confirmed infidelity succeeded. Maternal partiality, however alarmed at first, came at length to look with less and less pain upon this declension, and filial love and reverence seem to have been absorbed in the pride of philosophical scepticism; for Hume now applied himself with unwearied and unhappily with successful efforts, to sap the foundation of his mother's faith. Having succeeded in this dreadful work, he went abroad into foreign countries; and as he was returning, an express met him in London, with a letter from his mother, informing him that she was in a deep decline, and could not long survive; she said she found herself without any support in her distress; that he had taken away that source of comfort upon which in all cases of affliction she used to rely, and that she now found her mind sinking into despair: she did not doubt that her son would afford her some substitute for her religion, and she conjured him to hasten to her, or at least to send her a letter, containing such consolations as philosophy can afford to a dying mortal. Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland, travelling day and night; but before he arrived, his mother expired. No permanent impression seems however to have been made on his mind by this most trying event; and whatever remorse he might have felt at the moment, he soon relapsed into his wonted obduracy of heart.'

A story like this requires no comment. Thus it is that false philosophy restores the sting to Death, and gives again the victory to the Grave!

The Duc de Levis thinks that this philosophy had very little to do in England. The people of that country, so 'renowned for the rectitude of their judgment,' had been 'cured of the deplorable follies of puritanism, even before the Revolution of 1688, and at this time it is not necessary to live long in England to discover that theism is the most common religious opinion,' and that the Establishment is supported and respected merely as a useful institution. The Duke seems to believe that he compliments the English by delivering this opinion. Were it well founded, there would be no hope of that stability in our political constitution which the writer thinks certain. There are but three changes, he says,

says, which the English constitution can undergo: it may become an absolute monarchy, the Parliament either being destroyed, or retaining only a nominal existence;—it may become an aristocracy, the monarchy being abolished, and Parliament uniting in itself the executive and legislative powers;—it may become a democracy, administered by revocable and temporary representatives, the monarchy and the peerage being abolished. The Duke proceeds to shew with sufficient force, the reasons which render the two first of these changes in the highest degree improbable; the other alternative he dismisses with contempt: it is so little probable, he says, and such a government has so little analogy with the manners, the habits, and the prejudices of our *old* Europe, that he shall not dwell upon it;—it would evidently be nothing more than a state of anarchy and transition: but is it equally certain that we are in no danger of being brought into that state?

'One thing,' says the Gallo-American observer, 'surprizes us more and more every day,—it is the great number of people who disapprove not only the present measures of Ministers, but the form and constitution of the government itself. It is stigmatized as vicious, corrupt, and in its decay, without hope or remedy but in a general reform, and in fact a revolution. It appears to me that the friends of the administration, and of all administrations, are in a small minority: of the other two parties, one does not seem disposed to approve of any administration, and neither of the present. This is a most alarming state of things; a spark might set the whole political machine in a blaze; and yet looking around at the appearance of all things, it seems a pity that so much good should necessarily be abandoned in pursuit of better, and by the means of a revolution. Every body disclaims a revolution *à la Française;* but who is so presumptuous as to fancy a revolution, when once begun, can be guided and stopped at pleasure?'

The question is easily answered: every revolutionary faction, and every revolutionary leader,—witness, the Constitutionalists, the Girondistes, and the Jacobines in France; witness, La Fayette, Brissot, Petion, Danton, and Robespierre.

These were the first feelings of a judicious, dispassionate, and perfectly impartial observer. As he remained longer in England, and travelled farther from the metropolis, he thought that the spirit of discontent was in great measure confined to London; and that in the country fewer persons spoke of revolution, either to wish or fear it, or believe the people ripe for it. By this time he began to understand something of the excess to which the spirit of party is carried in England, to the destruction of all sense of right and wrong, honour, veracity, patriotism, and principle of every kind; but in supposing that the public themselves saw this in the same light, M. Simond was mistaken: party writers, he says, speaking in

in particular of the anarchist journals, ' are not believed sincere, and without that belief there is no real persuasion.' This is true as far as it regards the well-informed class of society with whom the traveller conversed, and from whom he forms his judgement; but it is not to this class that the apostles of anarchy direct their inflammatory discourses; it is to the credulous, the ignorant, and the half-informed, that they address themselves; it is to the countrymen who sit round the ale-house fire, open-eared, sucking in sedition with their tobacco; it is to the manufacturers and journeymen, who believe in their weekly newspaper as they do in Leake's pills, and swallow both poisons with implicit faith; it is to the great mass of an uneducated people. That the great mass of our population should be in a state which renders them the easy dupes of every mischievous demagogue, is not the fault of the present age; we, at least, have seen and acknowledged the evil, and though no adequate measures have yet been adopted for remedying it, still a beginning has been made: but meantime the evil exists in its full force, and we feel but too sensibly how the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, according to the just ordinance of Heaven and the usual course of human events.

' The liberty of the press,' says M. Simond, ' is the palladium of English liberty, and at the same time its curse,—a vivifying and decomposing principle, incessantly at work in the body politic. It is the only plague, somebody has said, which Moses forgot to inflict on Egypt. This modern plague penetrates, like the vermin of old, into the interior of families, carrying with it defamation and misery.' The private nuisance, however, has been in a great degree checked by the heavy damages which were awarded some years ago in a case of flagrant slander; before that time the infamous attacks which were made upon the characters of women, married or unmarried, rendered this abuse a national disgrace. But the public evil continues, and exists in an aggravated degree. ' There is not,' says the American traveller, ' another government in Europe who could long withstand the attacks to which this is continually exposed;' and again, ' the threatening storms of faction hovering incessantly over the British horizon,—the exaggerations of debates,—the misrepresentation of party papers,—give to this country the appearance of being perpetually on the brink of revolution.' In his judgement the danger is more apparent than real, because military usurpation is impossible in a country like England where the people are by long habit and principle averse to a military system, and because an ambitious reformer would find himself installed as minister by his success, and must then inevitably discover that the reforms concerning which he had long and loudly declaimed are impracticable This indeed is certain. But it is not of usurpation that we are in danger;—

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danger;—usurpation, whether civil or military, is one of the latter stages of revolution; and overturn! overturn! overturn! is as much the maxim of the reformers, as it is the text of the Luddites their practical disciples. However willing some among our demagogues might be to enact the part of Lord Protector, their leaders resemble Cromwell as little in their talents as in their private morals; for Cromwell, though he continued to bear the semblance of enthusiasm after he had ceased to be an enthusiast, was always a religious man, and exemplary in all the domestic relations of life. The danger is that we may be brought into a state which ultimately renders usurpation practicable, and disposes the great majority to submit to it willingly, or even gladly, for the sake of security, which must ever be their chief desire, as it is indeed the first object of civil society. Six years have elapsed since this writer thought the danger was 'more apparent than real.' During that interval great changes have taken place. We were then involved in a war, the longest, the most arduous, and ultimately the most triumphant, in which this country was ever engaged. The tide of that war had not yet begun to turn in our favour; but although the Northern prophets predicted our defeat as inevitable, and declared that no man 'above the level of a drivelling courtier or a feeble fanatic could look at the contest without trembling every inch of him for the result;' and though Lord Wellington was vilified week after week by the foul-mouthed and ignorant journalists of an audacious faction, and his military talents held up to contempt, the events of the war occupied the largest share of the public attention; the impulse which its expenditure gave to manufactures and agriculture employed all hands in profitable activity, and every heart which was not cankered took a lively interest in the just and honourable cause of its country. Never was any war terminated more gloriously. From the mouth of the Tagus to the Garonne the French were beaten inch by inch, and this career of military achievement was concluded by a victory of which it is no exaggeration to say that it has dimmed the splendour of all former fields, and that it will be remembered to the honour of the British name, as long as the name and the language of Britain shall endure. Peace had been the desire of all parties; the rulers and the sound part of the people looked to it as the object of the war; the factious clamoured for it, some from the mere principle of opposition, which implies the absence of any other principle; some, perhaps, from mistaken notions of humanity; and others, the self-styled friends of liberty, from an unnatural and traiterous attachment to the enemy of their country—that enemy a murderer, a liberticide, a military despot, the most faithless, the most ruthless, the most prodigal of blood. Peace was at length effected, and as it ought to be; we won it in battle, and dictated the terms before

before the walls of Paris. This was a great and sudden change, and such a change, however desirable, however necessary, however beneficial at last, could not occur without much immediate inconvenience. It was not our military departments alone which were upon the war establishment, it was every branch of trade, and every kind of industry which was in any way connected with the war or influenced by it. The ordnance, for instance, employed the foundries, the gunsmiths, &c. &c. these manufactories called upon the iron and brass works, and the furnaces kept the colliers in activity: thus it was in every part of the great political machine, (the most complicated that ever existed,) wheel within wheel, and when one was checked, the obstruction was felt through all. The whole annual war expenditure to the amount of not less than forty millions was at once withdrawn from circulation. But public expenditure is like the fountain-tree in the Indian paradise, which diffuses in fertilizing streams the vapours which it was created to collect and condense for the purpose of more beneficially returning and distributing them. A vacuum was inevitably produced by this sudden diminution, and the general dislocation which ensued may not unaptly be compared to the settling of the ice upon a wide sheet of water: explosions are made and convulsions are seen on all sides, in one place the ruptured ice is dislodged and lifted up, in another it sinks; sounds inexpressible by language, and wilder than the howlings of the wilderness, are emitted on every side, and thus the agitation continues for many hours till the whole has found its level, and nature resumes in silence its ordinary course.

A like effect must always be occasioned by the transition from war to peace, different in degree according as the war has been more or less protracted, according to the scale on which it has been carried on. The transition from peace to war, so infinitely deplorable in other respects, brings with it less disturbance to the trading concerns of the community; those merchants whose dealings lie with the enemy are ruined, and credit receives a sudden shock, but the effects are partial and transitory; and an increased activity produces an increased circulation, and on all sides a demand for labour. In the present case many causes concurred to aggravate the embarrassment which unavoidably accompanied the return of peace. As the country had never before been engaged in so momentous a contest, the expenditure had been greater than any country had ever before sustained, and the exertions of every kind greater than ever had been made before by any known nation. We were at one time cut off from foreign supplies of grain, and we had to feed large armies in an unproductive land. Extensive tracts of ground which had hitherto lain waste were therefore, at great expense, but with the prospect of an adequate return, brought into cultivation

cultivation in all parts of Great Britain; on a sudden the question came upon us at the return of peace, whether we were to open the ports that provisions of every kind might become as cheap as possible for the good of the whole community, or whether the general good would not be better consulted by shutting them, and keeping up the price of agricultural produce, to save the agricultural interest from loss. Here was a question which at first sight appeared simple to every man, whether he saw the black or the white side of the shield, and as plain as his own direct personal interest; but it belongs to the metaphysics of political economy, and is in reality infinitely complicated and infinitely difficult. And this point was not mooted for the discussion of speculative men to be considered at leisure and dispassionately investigated in indifferent times; it was brought forward as a practical question of immediate vital importance, and debated with all the blind vehemence of private interest and popular prejudice. While the Corn Bill was in debate, the evil which the landholders deprecated was going on; and when the bill was passed, the proposed remedy which had been solicited so eagerly, and so violently opposed, produced no perceptible effect in either way. The dislocation had taken place in the natural course of things, and in the natural course things found their level,—but while they were finding it, great inconvenience arose, and widely extended distress. The agriculturists received a severe shock; the credit on which they used to rely was withdrawn, the markets fell, and ruin stared them in the face.

A set of miserable sciolists have maintained that selfishness is the foundation of all our virtues as well as of all our vices, the ruling passion and prime impulse of the best men as well as of the worst;—there is therefore no other difference, upon this philosophy, between Epictetus and Tiberius, or Howard and Buonaparte, than that the one was a better calculator than the other. The opinion is not less execrable in morals than the principle itself is prejudicial when operating in ordinary life, whether as it regards individuals or communities. Heavy as the taxes were during the war, the rents of land were raised in more than an adequate proportion; a disposition too generally prevailed to exact from the tenant the largest possible sum. When the revulsion took place, the tenant was equally disposed to make his advantage of the landlord, and demanded a reduction not less exorbitant than the former advance. Each party in its turn endeavoured to profit to the uttermost by the unfavourable situation of the other,—the standard of equity was disregarded. High rents, which were as much the consequence of moral as of political causes, of error as of circumstances, have had their share in producing the existing distress; and those landlords who had screwed them to the highest point, are the persons who

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now experience the most inconvenience; where the advance had been moderate, the tenants were able to withstand a temporary pressure. The manufacturing and commercial interests owe much of their embarrassment in like manner to the avidity with which immediate gain has been pursued. The iron trade, for instance, is one which has suffered most. Some years ago this was so lucrative a branch of business that great capitalists and even men of rank crowded into it; men who were actually rich, and who in other times would have believed themselves so, could not be contented with the safe and regular returns which their property would have yielded in land or in the funds, but for the sake of enormous profit risqued it, making themselves dependent upon chances and circumstances which they could neither foresee nor controul. The gain being in proportion to the extent of the works while it was a lucrative concern, every man extended his works to the utmost; the possibility of producing more iron than might be required was not taken into the account; more therefore was produced than the country could consume, or than vent could be found for by exportation, and the trade was literally ruined by its prosperity, as overfeeding brings on disease in the animal body and death.

This, though the most striking instance which could be given, is not the only one; there are many articles with which the market both at home and abroad has been overstocked. For it must not be dissembled that both America and the continental nations have learnt to manufacture for themselves many things for which they had been accustomed to depend upon England. It is vain to imagine that improvements in machinery can for any length of time be confined to the country in which they are invented, and attempts to prevent manufacturers from emigrating by penal statutes, are not only oppressive, but inefficacious. Both men and machinery have found their way abroad; the manufacturing system has struck root there; we may perhaps find out new markets, (certainly neither enterprize nor activity will be wanting in the search,) but very many of the old ones are preoccupied, and must continue to be closed against us. There is no ultimate evil in this: on the contrary, it would be easy to shew that great ultimate good must arise from it, both to ourselves, and to the general interests of mankind,—from which no nation can separate its own with impunity. But the unavoidable temporary consequences are disappointment and loss, with no inconsiderable degree of embarrassment and distress. While other countries have thus been learning to manufacture for themselves, (and this, it should be remembered, they would have done in peace as well as in war, and probably sooner in peace,) improvements have continually been made in our machinery at home, all tending to diminish the necessity for human labour,—here also

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is a great prospective good, and a great present evil; the good permanent, the evil only for a season. And still farther to lessen the demand for labour, when sufficient employment could not be found for adults, children have been taken from their mother's side, from the sports which should have invigorated their bodies, and the schools which should have disciplined their mind and given them at least the rudiments of morality and religion, to be worked night and day amid the filth and stench of manufactories, to the sacrifice of enjoyment, health, morals,—of all which distinguishes immortal man from brute animals, and all which renders life—mere animal life—desirable! These coinciding causes have thrown upon the public a vast number of persons, able and willing to work, but unable to obtain occupation, and this at a time when the landed interest on whom they are thrown are least able to support the burthen.

Things were not in this state when M. Simond thought that the danger of political convulsion in this country was more apparent than real. Our agriculture was then in the highest degree flourishing, the revenue every year more productive than the last; trade, though fluctuating in its different branches, pre-eminently prosperous on the whole: the proprietors of lands, in the observer's own words —'out of the vortex and safe at anchor;' and the monied men eager 'to buy land, being a safe property and a permanent revenue, and because there was an inundation of wealth in the country.' Then also events of the utmost magnitude and moment were passing upon the great political stage; every man was more or less interested in the tremendous tragedy of war, and the columns of the factious journalists, our Brissots and Marats, Girondistes and Jacobines,—Whigs, Ultra-Whigs, and downright Anarchists, were in great part occupied with the detail of passing events,—so that, though they drugged every thing with poison, the venom itself was diluted, and there was less of it. Yet even then it was the first feeling of this judicious observer, that a spark might set the whole machine in a blaze; and when more knowledge of the country and of the people had lessened the force of his first impressions, and made him believe, as he hoped, that a state of things productive of such infinite good was in no danger of being subverted; he still perceived that no other government in Europe could long withstand the attacks to which this is constantly exposed; that the abuse of the press is the curse of English liberty, and that the press has in it a decomposing as well as a vivifying principle:—let us beware how we suffer the decomposing one to predominate! It has already been at work too successfully and too long. The outrages of the Luddites—in consequence of which the manufacturers are removing from Nottingham, and the next generation may perhaps see grass growing in the streets of that now populous city—were not occasioned by any grievances real or imaginary, nor by any actual

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substance. It was not 'Poverty and his cousin Necessity who brought them to those doings,' and to that deplorable end;—it was the spirit of factious discontent, excited for the purposes of revolution by demagogue orators, and demagogue journalists, who now do not even affect to conceal the object at which they aim. If one man instigates another to commit murder, the instigator, as well as the instrument, is punished: here the instruments alone have suffered, and the greater criminals proceed with unabated or even increasing zeal in their endeavours to provoke fresh excesses, and hurry on fresh victims to destruction, without compunction for the past, and regardless by what means they may accomplish the consummation which they seek.

This temper has been unequivocally shewn upon the present distress among the labouring and manufacturing classes. Such numerous bodies of men having been thrown out of employ, every good man perceived the necessity of affording them temporary relief, and the propriety of alleviating the poor rates by voluntary aid, till alterative measures of permanent policy could be devised and brought into action for gradually removing a burthen that was becoming intolerable. It was as obviously expedient that this should be done, as that the surgeon should apply a turniquet to the shattered limb till he can amputate it. And to this course common humanity and common sense instantly pointed. British feeling and British generosity have never been appealed to in vain. But in what manner has this appeal been answered by the Ultra-Whigs and the Radical Reformers,—the knife and cautery men? It is the old story of the needy Knife-Grinder and the Friend of Humanity, in which the Rights of Man are prescribed, and the Sixpence refused. What was there feigned in playful satire has been the exact course pursued by our demagogues, in the avowed hope that unrelieved distress may exasperate the people against the government, and with the deliberate intention of inflaming the ignorant multitude, and setting them on.

There was, according to our judgement, a great error committed by the distinguished and excellent persons in whom the subscription originated. The names and the donations of the dignitaries of our church were all that was required from them; their personal appearance at a public meeting, and that meeting too in a tavern, was inconsistent with their profession and their rank. When it is necessary for them to recommend charity by precept as well as example, it should be by their pastoral charges in their professional character, not by exposing themselves as individuals

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to a verbal contest with faction and vulgarity. These observations apply in part also to the Royal Personages who came forward upon the same occasion, with the same excellent motives, but, as it appears to us, with similar imprudence. Parliament is the place where their opinions may be delivered with dignity and effect. Public meetings should be left to those whose brazen fronts and brazen voices qualify them for such theatres: and were they left wholly to the orators of Palace Yard and the Common Hall, the spokesmen would not long be able to impose upon their auditors, credulous as such auditors are; they would quarrel among themselves, each striving to be cock of the dunghill; the coarsest appetite would at length be palled by the offal with which these men diet it; and even if the public, growing weary of the same endless declamation, should not discover the folly of some, the profligacy of others, and the misrepresentations and falsehoods of all, there would be no danger of their mistaking the character of such meetings, or imputing to them an undue importance. But when illiterate men, listening to their weekly allowance of politics, hear that Princes and Primates, the highest characters and the most sacred ones of the realm, have presented themselves at a tavern, to be contradicted, browbeaten, and hooted down by men some of whose names they had never heard before, and others better known for their misconduct than for any good deserts; when this extraordinary account —prejudicial enough in the simple truth, is rendered still more so by the malicious manner in which the whole proceedings are represented to the advantage of the demagogues, and by the revolutionary seasoning with which it is served up,—is it not likely that their respect for what ought most to be respected should be sensibly diminished, and that they should suppose the revolution which is to render all ranks equal by pulling down the great, and elevating the low, has actually commenced?

A provincial paper is now lying before us in which it is affirmed, that a systematic revolution has been effected by the politics of Mr. Pitt. The liberties of the country having been overturned, and the whole wealth of the nation absorbed by taxation, 'what the people are instigated by their sufferings to do afterwards,' the incendiary says, 'is not a Revolution, it is the just and natural effort of men to recover the possession of prosperity for themselves and their posterity,—it is the uncontroulable exertion of a people striving to regain their rights, to exist as men, and to act as a community. The scheme of public subscription, he says, is a specious mode of delusion, which the honest and independent poor even in the midst of their want justly regard as an insult. The alleviation of their miseries can proceed only from the restoration of their rights as men: patient endurance can never be the fate of this realm,—we will not be still and die quietly while a drop of

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The orators and journalists of this active and noisy faction tell the poor that the subscription which would allevate their immediate necessities is a mockery and an insult; and instead of giving them bread, or devising means for employing them in public works, they advise them to cry out for such measures and pursue such conduct as lead immediately to popular revolution,—of all curses the greatest which the Almighty in his anger could inflict upon this nation. One orator exhorts the people to refuse payment of the taxes; another recommends that the national debt should be extinguished by a vote of parliament,—parliament of course being previously reformed, so that it may consist of representatives who will not scruple at passing such a vote; a third advises that the tithes be sold and the produce funded; a fourth demands universal suffrage;—and some of these united politicians engage never to cease their exertions till they shall have obtained what they call speedy, radical and effectual reform;—patient endurance, they tell us, shall not be their fate, they will not be still, their cry shall be too general to be mistaken and too powerful to be resisted. Were there any limits to human folly and human wickedness, it would be incredible that there should be men erroneous enough, and criminal enough—with the example of France before their eyes (fresh and reeking as those horrors are!) to hold forth language like this, and exert themselves zealously and perseveringly to convince the mob that the physical force is in their hands, and that it is their own fault if they submit longer to be governed by the educated and intellectual part of their countrymen. Have these persons ever asked themselves what would be the consequence of the measures which they advise? if universal suffrage were established, whether it would afford universal employment for the quiet and industrious part of the people as surely as it would for the worthless, the turbulent, the mischievous and the wicked? if the church property were seized, whether the title deeds of the landholder would long be considered as giving him an indefeasible right to his estates?—if the national debt were extinguished, whether the public would be benefited by the ruin of the funded proprietors, that is, whether the body would derive advantage from having one of the limbs paralysed, and whether national prosperity be the natural and necessary consequence of national bankruptcy, the breach of national faith and the loss of national character? finally, if the people, according to the advice of one of these popular representatives, were to refuse payment of the taxes—WHAT THEN? Let these men suppose themselves successful in their projects, and following in imagination the career of their ambition, ask themselves this question at every step,—WHAT

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THEN? If they should succeed in instigating the people to resistance, to rebellion, to civil war, to revolution, WHAT THEN? What might be the consequences to this great—this glorious—this venerable country, He only can tell without whose inscrutable will no calamity can befall us; the consequences to themselves may be foretold with perfect certainty,—guilt, insecurity, fear, misery, ruin, unavailing repentance, violent death, and infamy everlasting. It was remarked by one of the numerous French demagogues who fell into the pit which they had digged, that Revolutions were like Saturn and devoured their own children. Should there be a Revolution in the other world, said Danton to one of his friends, when they were on their way to the guillotine, —take my advice and have nothing to do with it! Danton asked pardon of God and man for having instituted the Revolutionary Tribunal: it was only on the first anniversary of its institution that he was carried before it to receive sentence himself,—so short is the reign of a Revolutionist!

Perhaps if M. Simond had seen England under its present aspect, he might have thought that the danger was real as well as apparent. But there is a *vis conservatrix* in the state, and the preventive means which exist are easy and effectual. It is only necessary to enforce the laws and to stop the progress of sedition by such punishment as shall prevent a repetition of the offence,—any other is absurdly inappropriate. Let the sheriffs and magistrates refuse to call such meetings as manifestly tend and certainly are intended to agitate the people. Let the civil power be strengthened wherever it is needful, by swearing as constables every man who is a known friend to good order, mobs would then be so speedily suppressed that the turbulent and misguided would not venture to invade the property of their neighbours and disturb the peace of the country. Arm the sound part of the people then with the law, let them fully understand the power with which it invests them, and that if they will stand by the law, the law will stand by them. Let it but be made known that '*England expects every man to do his duty*' and the sense of duty will be found as strong in men who are thus armed and called upon, as it proved at Trafalgar and at Waterloo. It is needless to observe how desirable it is, on every account, that the civil power should be preferably employed wherever it is possible,—and there are many cases where it may be effectually employed when military force is of no avail. In the counties where the Luddites continue their combinations, it is the custom that, before any frames are broken, one of the committee waits on the owner of the machinery, ordering him to desist from using it, and in case of refusal threatening him with the destruction of his property;—the men who carry this threat are suffered quietly to depart; the members of their committees are

stable, and every man also whom he should recommend as trustworthy: when the well disposed are thus combined under the law, for the protection of peace and order, we shall cease to hear of depredations which have too long disgraced the country. And here we cannot refrain from noticing the conduct of those magistrates in the Eastern counties, who capitulated with the agricultural rioters, and not only acceded to the demands of a mob, but even consented to deliver up men who had been apprehended in the act of rioting, and were then in custody. This was as flagrant a breach of duty as it would be in an officer to desert his post, or turn his back upon the enemy in the hour of battle. The nation has as much right to look for firmness from its magistrates as from its soldiers and its sailors.

M. Simond concludes his journal with a parallel between the French and English nations, drawn with moderation, discernment, and in the spirit of good will towards both. We cannot conclude more appropriately than by pursuing the parallel, and applying it to the state of England at this time, and that of France at the commencement of the Revolution. We have our men of rank, like the Duc de Biron, who act from error rather than ill-design,—but who would do well to remember that the last words which he uttered upon the scaffold, were 'I have been false to my King, my Order, and my God!' We have those who unite in themselves wealth, fashion and talent, the gifts of fortune and of nature, like Herault Sechelles and St. Just,—but who like them are corrupted by evil principles and evil desires; and who, if they were once 'in blood, would find that sin must pluck on sin;' we have our literatuli and philosophists like the Girondistes;—our lawyers like Barnave, only without his eloquence;—our Rabauts de St. Etienne who would fain exchange the dissenting pulpit for the tribune;—our professors of humanity like Robespierre who wrote a treatise against the punishment of death; our journalists like Camille and Hebert; our Petions and Santerres; and if the season for indulging such dispositions were arrived, our Marats, Billauds and Carriers would not be wanting: but on the other hand we have a moral and religious people sensible of the blessings which they possess; a gentry who will stand by the law and exert themselves to maintain it; a loyal army and navy; a government which has raised us to the highest pitch of glory; and a constitution which is the admiration and envy of the whole civilized world, which has been transmitted to us by our fathers, and which we will transmit to our children—so help us God!

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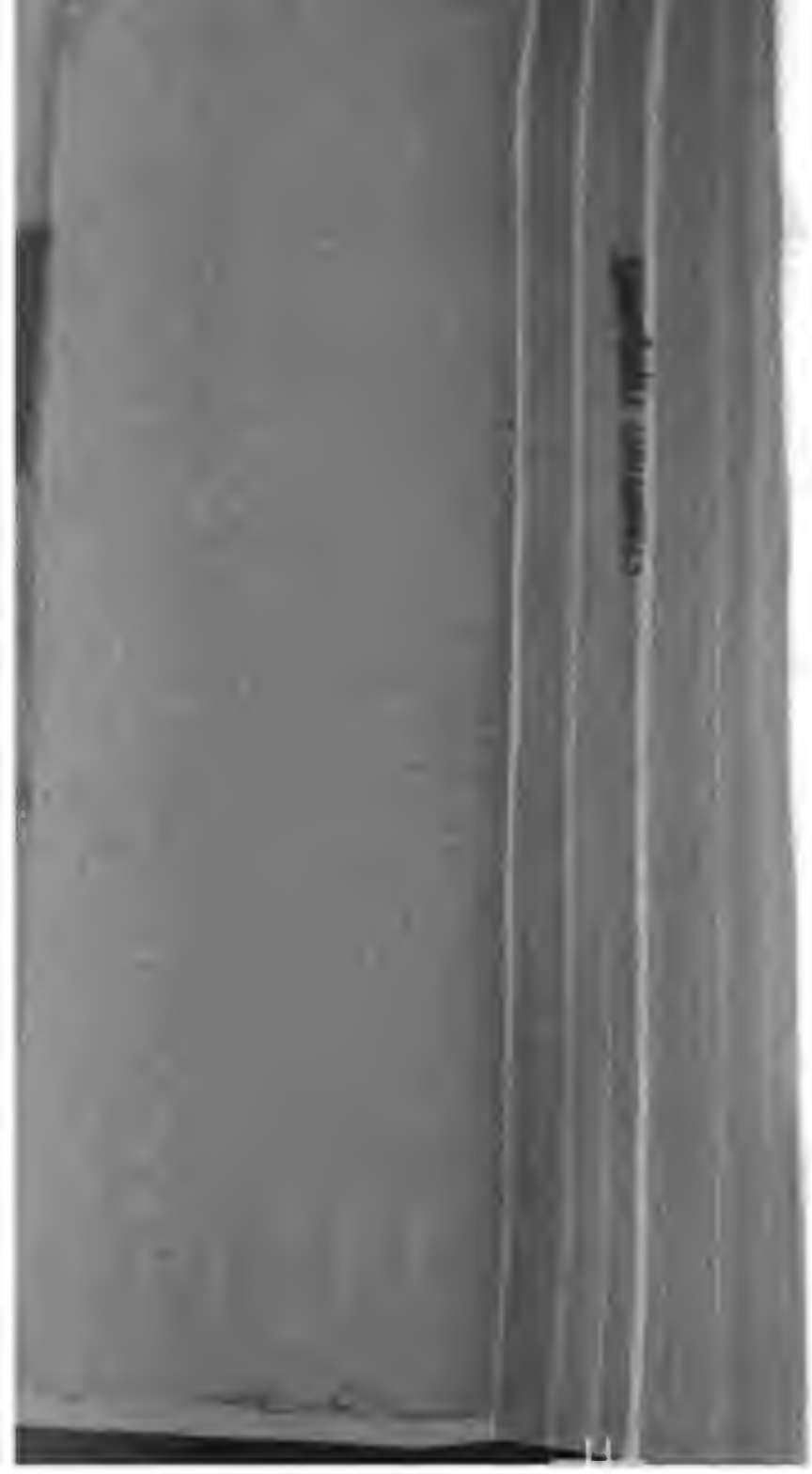

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